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VENUS AND ADONIS

1593

FACSIMILE

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HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
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Sidney Lee.

SHAKESPEARES
VENUS AND ADONIS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1593

FROM THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS reproduction in collotype facsimile of the unique copy in the Bodleian Library of Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* forms, with the accompanying reproductions of the earliest editions of *Lucrece*, *Sonnets*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and the play of *Pericles*, a supplement to the facsimile reproduction of the First Folio, which the Oxford University Press issued in 1902. All the compositions which find a place in the present publication were excluded from the First Folio, and this undertaking therefore completes the presentation of Shakespeare's writings in their most authentic shape.

The five volumes which are dealt with here were published in Shakespeare's lifetime in varying conditions, which are described in detail in the editorial introductions. All the volumes are of the highest bibliographical rarity, and in cases

where more than one copy of the first edition exists, that one in the best state of preservation has been chosen for reproduction.

Not merely the first edition of these Shakespearean volumes, but all the reissues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, survive in very few copies. With a view to perfecting the bibliographical story, reproductions in facsimile are given of the title-pages of the rarest of these reissues.

Thanks are due to the Curators of the Bodleian Library for permission to reproduce the original editions of *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, of *Lucrece*, 1594, of the *Sonnets*, 1609, and of *Pericles*, 1609. Mrs. Christie Miller has generously permitted the reproduction of her copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, which is in the library at Britwell. This volume has not been photographed before, and is in far finer state than the only other copy known—that in the Capell Collection in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Of the fifteen illustrative title-pages, six are reproduced by kind permission of the Curators of the Bodleian Library; five by permission of

the Trustees of the British Museum; three by permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge; and one—the *Venus and Adonis* of 1599—by permission of Mrs. Christie Miller of Britwell.

In the case of each of the five works, the editor has endeavoured to give a history of all surviving copies of original editions and of early reissues, as well as to indicate their present homes. In the notes to his introductory essays he has made specific acknowledgement to the many owners who have aided him at particular points in this difficult part of his research. Among those who have given him much general assistance, he feels it right to mention here the American collectors, Mr. E. Dwight Church, Mr. W. A. White, and Mr. Marsden J. Perry; Mr. George Parker Winship, Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. Strickland Gibson, of the Bodleian Library; M. Hugues Vaganay, Librarian of Les Facultés Catholiques of Lyons; Mrs. Strong, Librarian to the Duke of Devonshire; Mr. R. E. Graves, Librarian of the collection at Britwell; Mr.

Strachan Holme, Librarian to the Earl of Ellesmere; Mr. F. J. Payne, whose full and competent notes on textual points have been very suggestive; and Mr. W. B. Owen, late Scholar of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, who has given the editor valuable help in the collation of the texts and has rendered him much other service in preparing the work for the press.

October 1, 1905.

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I

SHAKESPEARE'S poem of *Venus and Adonis* has a peculiar fascination alike for the poet's biographer, critic, and bibliographer. It is sufficient to mention three points of interest. Firstly, the volume, alone in the great roll of Shakespeare's works, includes a precise personal statement from the dramatist's own pen respecting its composition. Secondly, it supplies a singularly illuminating clue to the relations subsisting between Shakespeare's early work and the poetic efforts alike of his contemporary fellow-countrymen and of the poets of the Italian Renaissance. Thirdly, it was the earliest of his writings to find its way to the printing press, and, although the early editions were extraordinarily numerous, exceptionally few early copies survive. Neither the intrinsic nor the extrinsic character of the volume is to be exactly matched in variety of interest in the whole range of Shakespearean literature.

Points of interest.

No more valuable fragment of autobiography exists than the dedicatory letter bearing the poet's signature, which is prefixed to the original edition of *Venus and Adonis*. It is addressed to 'The Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield'. Only one other of Shakespeare's works, *The Rape of Lucrece*, was similarly distinguished by a prefatory epistle from the poet's pen, and that was addressed to the same patron. But the inscription before the *Venus and Adonis*, which is somewhat fuller and yet at the same time somewhat simpler in expression than its successor, differs from it, too, in supplying

'First heir of my invention.'

information under the author's hand as to the chronological place which the work fills in the long list of his achievements. Shakespeare, in his letter to the Earl of Southampton, declares his *Venus and Adonis* to be 'the first heir of my invention'.

The frank tone of the address to the Earl combines with evidence from the poem's internal characteristics almost to compel the critic to interpret those words—'the first heir of my invention'—in their obvious sense. A difficulty inevitably suggests itself. By the year 1593, when the poem was first published, Shakespeare had written at least four original plays, and had revised as many more by other hands.[1] None of these eight plays had yet gone to press, but such work must have been composed subsequently to 'the first heir' of the author's 'invention', if that phrase is to be taken quite literally. The needs of the situation are, however, easily satisfied by the assumption that *Venus and Adonis* was written, or at any rate sketched out, several years before it was published. The theory, which there is abundant internal and external testimony to justify, that this tale in verse was in all essentials the earliest of Shakespeare's experiments in poetry, does not exclude the likelihood that it was freshly elaborated before it was printed. There is indeed ground for the suggestion that the work lay in manuscript in the author's desk through four or five summers, during which it underwent occasional change and amplification.

The tone of the poem.

Shakespeare's assurance that the poem was the first-fruits of his mighty faculty is amply confirmed by its tone

[1] The four original plays are in my view *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; the four revised plays are in my view *Titus Andronicus* and the three parts of *Henry VI.*

and subject. Neither makes it easy to quarrel with the conclusion that it was originally drafted while the poet's quick sympathetic intelligence was first growing conscious of its power. From the purely literary point of view the work often reaches heights of poetic excellence, which might have glorified the maturity of lesser men. But, viewed in relation to Shakespeare's ultimate achievements, it shows the promise of greatness more plainly than the fruition. The signs of immaturity are not to be mistaken. The lascivious temper which plays about the leading incidents is more nearly allied to the ecstasies of adolescence than to the ripe passion of manhood. There are many irrelevant and digressive details which, though as a rule they bear witness to marvellous justness of observation and to exceptional command of the rich harmonies of language, defy all laws of artistic restraint. The metre, despite its melodious fluency, is not always so thoroughly under command as to avoid monotony and flatness. The luxuriance of the imagery is one of the poem's most notable characteristics, and for the most part it serves with precision its illustrative purpose. But there are occasional signs of the juvenile tendency—of the vagrant impulse—to accumulate figurative ornament for its own sake. Nearly all the figures are, moreover, drawn from a somewhat narrow round of homely experience, from the sounds and sights of rural or domestic life. The 'froward infant still'd with dandling', the changing aspects of the sky, the timid snail creeping into its shell, the caterpillar devouring foliage, are among the objects which are employed by the poet to point his moral. All betray an alert familiarity with everyday incidents of rustic existence. The fresh tone and the pictorial clearness of the many rural similes in the *Venus and Adonis* seem, in fact, to embody the poet's early

impressions of the country-side,—impressions which lost something of their concrete distinctness and filled a narrower space in his thought in adult years, amid the multifarious distractions of the town.

The subject-matter.

The subject, too, savours of the conditions of youth,—of what Shakespeare called in his *Sonnets* (LXX. 9) 'the ambush of young days'. Shakespeare chose to occupy his budding fancy with a somewhat voluptuous story—an unsubstantial dream of passion—which was first revealed to him in one of his classical school-books, and had already exercised the energies of famous versifiers of his own epoch in England and on the continent of Europe. As in the case of most youthful essays in poetry, the choice of so well-worn a topic as Venus and Adonis shows Shakespeare to have embarked at the outset of his poetic career in a consciously imitative effort, even if the potency of his individuality stamped the finished product with its own hallmark. Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* had emulated the example of Theocritus and Bion, the pastoral poets of Greece, in narrating the Greek fable of Venus and Adonis. Ovid's poem filled a generous space in the curriculum of every Elizabethan school, and at all periods of his career Shakespeare gave signs of affectionate familiarity with its contents.

But Ovid was only one of the literary companions of Shakespeare's youth, and the Latin poet dealt with this tale of Venus and Adonis in bare outline. In spite of his deep obligation to the great Roman, Shakespeare did not confine his early poetic studies to him. There are ample signs that he filled out Ovid's brief and somewhat colourless narrative on lines suggested by elder English contemporaries, Spenser and Marlowe, Lodge and Greene. In finally manipulating the theme there cannot be much doubt, too, that Shakespeare

worked up some vitalizing conceptions which were derived from the Italian poets. Long before he wrote, foreign writers had elaborated the simple classic myth in narrative verse which closely anticipated his own in shape and sentiment.

Most of the varied influences which moulded Shakespeare's poetic genius, indeed, find a first reflection in *Venus and Adonis*. In it, recent impressions of the country life of Warwickshire seem to be fused, not merely with schoolboy devotion to Ovid and youthful enthusiasm for the new birth of English poetry, but with genuine appreciation of the taste and feeling which the Renaissance had generated in all cultivated minds of Western Europe. On foundations offered by the novels of Italy and France—some of the most characteristic fruit of Renaissance literature—Shakespeare at the height of his powers reared many of his best-known plays. The same elements of literary sustenance, the same force of literary sympathy, which fed the stream of Shakespeare's genius in its maturity, seem, in the eye of the careful student, to course in embryo through *Venus ana Adonis*, 'the first heir' of his invention.

II

Distribution of the story.

CRITICS of *Venus and Adonis* hardly seem conscious of the fact that the story of Venus and Adonis engaged the attention of poets in Italy, France, and Spain, as well as of England, both before and after Shakespeare approached the theme.[1] The extent to which Shakespeare was acquainted with the preceding foreign efforts may be difficult to appraise, but that

[1] J. P. Collier strangely wrote of *Venus and Adonis* sixty years ago: 'It was quite new in its class, being founded on no model either ancient or modern; nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards.'

he had learned something of them is a proposition that is hard to refute. In any case it is desirable to indicate briefly the distribution of the story in the literature of the European Renaissance, not merely because the attempt does not seem to have been made before, but because only thus is Shakespeare's work, whatever its precise measure of indebtedness, set in its rightful place in the broad current of contemporary thought and aspiration. Shakespeare's achievements are commonly treated in isolation—as work detached from the great movements of his epoch. In many instances the supreme quality and individuality of his genius may largely justify the critic in ignoring the links that bind the poet to his era. But in the case of *Venus and Adonis*, no such transcendent merits are in question. He writes on a lofty level. But the plane along which he moves is that in which many others of the century had their being, and his literary no less than his historic position is misrepresented, when the similar work of those who wrote a generation or two before him, or at the same time as he, is passed by in silence.

The Greek festival of Adonis.

The story of Venus and Adonis, which had its source in Phoenician or Assyrian mythology, was absorbed at an early period by the religion of Greece. The earliest poems in honour of Adonis, the beloved of Venus, who was prematurely slain in a boar-hunt, were elegiac hymns written to be sung at an annual religious festival commemorative of the youth's sad death.[1] Sappho and Praxilla wrote such lyrics

[1] The compilers of the Vulgate version of the Old Testament introduced a reference to the familiar Adonaic festival. Cf. 'Et introduxit me per ostium portae domus Domini, quod respiciebat ad Aquilonem : *et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem*' (Ezek. viii. 14). The Hebrew text reads Thammuz, the god of light. According to the story as it was ultimately incorporated into the religion of Greece and of all the lands by the shore of the Eastern Mediterranean, Adonis, after his wooing by Aphrodite (Venus) and his physical death in the boar-hunt, was suffered, at the earnest entreaty of the

of lamentation for ritual observances in the sixth century B.C. But it was three centuries later, in the closing epoch of classical Greek literature, when the worship of Adonis flourished in its chief glory, that the theme was developed to best effect by Theocritus and Bion, the Greek pastoral poets of Sicily. The fifteenth of Theocritus' Idylls describes the celebration of the festival of Adonis, and includes a beautiful psalm sung in the hero's honour. The finest of all Greek poems on the theme is Bion's pathetic *Lament for Adonis*, which enjoyed the admiration of the poets of the Renaissance, and ultimately suggested to Shelley his *Adonais*, the great elegy on Keats.

Idylls of Theocritus and Bion.

goddess of love, to spend in spirit half the year in Hades with Persephone (Proserpina) and half the year on earth with Aphrodite. The myth seems an anthropomorphic interpretation of the annual birth and decay of vegetation, Adonis being identified with the spirit that brings the flowers and fruits year by year to life, and then deserting them leaves them to decay. This interpretation is confirmed by the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (κῆποι Ἀδώνιδος), which was conferred throughout Greece in classical times on earthen vessels, in which plants were brought to fruition with exceptional rapidity and then usually faded as quickly. Many classical authors mention these flower-pots under the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (cf. Plato, *Phaedrus* 276). In *1 Henry VI*, i. 6. 6–7 Joan of Arc's 'promises' are likened to

> Adonis' gardens
> That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next—

sure evidence of ripe classical knowledge in the author of this scene. Spenser in his *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii, Canto vi, Stanzas xxix–liii) gives an elaborate description of 'The Garden of Adonis', which he represents allegorically as the great treasury of Nature's seeds—

> The first seminary
> Of all things that are born to live and die
> According to their kinds.

Developing his theme somewhat irregularly, Spenser finally makes the 'garden' the eternal home of the immortalized hero Adonis, where he is visited by his lover Venus (Stanzas xlvi–xlix). Milton, doubtless imitating Spenser, wrote of

> Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
> Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
> Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son.
> (*Paradise Lost*, ix. 439–41.)

Ovid's narrative.

From Greek literature the story spread to Roman. Ovid's narrative of the fable in his *Metamorphoses* (x. 520–738) is a mere skeleton, and is awkwardly obscured by the interpolation of the independent story of Hippomenes' foot-race with Atalanta (ll. 560–707). But Ovid caught something of the temper of Theocritus and Bion, and added a few mythological details. It was through the Latin that the tale in the first instance reached the poets of Western Europe. Dante's slight allusion to Venus' infatuation (*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 64–6) and Chaucer's apostrophe to Venus in *The Knight's Tale* (2227–8)—

> For thilke loue thou haddest to Adon,
> Have pitee on my bitter teres smart,

are Ovidian reminiscences.

Shakespeare, too, gained his first knowledge of the myth from Ovid. He had opportunities of reading the Ovidian tale in both Latin and English from his school-days. Golding's English verse translation of the *Metamorphoses*, of which the publication was completed in 1567, was constantly reprinted during Shakespeare's lifetime, and the dramatist adapted many passages from it in plays of all periods of his career.

Ovid's account of Venus' infatuation for Adonis, of her warnings against the ferocity of the boar, of his love of the chase, of his death in the boar-hunt, of the goddess' grief, and of her lover's transformation into a purple flower, are the broad bases of Shakespeare's poem. Apart from verbal coincidences, some of its leading characteristics—the free employment of pictorial imagery, and the frank appeal to the senses—indicate that Ovid, whether in the Latin original or in the English translation, was a primary source of inspiration. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid passed indeed beyond the bounds of the Latin poet's brief version of the

simple story of Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare drew crucial hints for his superstructure from two independent episodes of the *Metamorphoses*, firstly from the wooing of the reluctant Hermaphroditus by the maiden Salmacis (bk. iv), and secondly from the hunting of the Calydonian boar (bk. viii). The coyness, which is the main characteristic of Shakespeare's Adonis, does not distinguish Ovid's Adonis, who is mildly responsive to Venus' embraces; it is the characteristic of another of Ovid's mythical heroes, Hermaphroditus. Such lines in Golding's rendering of the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus as

Leave off, (quoth he), or I am gone and leave thee at a becke
With all thy tricks,
and
Striue, struggle, wrest and writh (she sayd) thou froward boy thy fill,
Do what thou canst thou shalt not scape,

can be matched almost verbatim in Shakespeare's poem. There is nothing faintly resembling them in Ovid's tale of Venus and Adonis. The white figure of the boy Hermaphroditus, gleaming beneath the water as he bathes, is likened by Ovid to an image in *ivory* or a white *lily* encased in clear glass.[1] Adonis' white hand is compared by Shakespeare to

A *lily* prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or *ivory* in an alabaster band. (363–4.)[2]

But it is possible that Shakespeare interwove this Ovidian

[1] In liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea siquis
Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia, vitro (Ovid, *Met.* iv. 354–5).

[2] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 241–2, Shakespeare quotes as symbolic of extravagant wealth, '*Jewels in crystal* for some prince to buy . . . tend'ring their own worth, from where they were *glass'd*.'

story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus at second-hand—that he appropriated it from an original poetic adaptation by an English contemporary, Thomas Lodge.[1] It is beyond reasonable doubt, however, that Shakespeare's eye caught direct Ovid's description of the Calydonian boar, which figures in the eighth book of his *Metamorphoses*. Golding thus renders Ovid's description of the brute of Calydon (*Metamorphoses*, viii. 284–6):—

His *eies did glister* blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
His *brawned necke*, right dredfull was his *heare* which grew as thicke
With pricking *points* as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed *Pikes* set close *in battall ray*,
The sturdie *bristles* on his *back* stoode staring up alway.

In Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* the boar is pictured thus (619–21, 625–7):—

On his *bow-back* he hath *a battle set*
Of *bristly pikes*, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, *like glow-worms*, shine when he doth fret; . . .
His *brawny sides*, with *hairy bristles* arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's *point* can enter;
His short thick *neck* cannot be easily harm'd.

By way of acknowledging a large indebtedness to Ovid, Shakespeare selected a somewhat self-complacent quotation from him as the motto of his poem. On the title-page are the two lines from Ovid's *Amores* (I. Elegy xv. 35–6):—

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.[2]

[1] See pp. 32 sq. infra.

[2] Ovid's *Amores*, translated by Marlowe about 1589, was first printed about 1597. That translation was probably accessible to Shakespeare in manuscript. Marlowe rendered the cited lines thus:—

Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs.

But had Shakespeare gone to Ovid alone, his *Venus and Adonis* would not have taken the shape which is familiar to us. The scholars of the Renaissance rediscovered in the sixteenth century the Greek pastoral poetry of Sicily, and many poets of the Renaissance, while they continued to pay much deference to Ovid, sought inspiration in Theocritus and Bion as well. Not Ovid's *Metamorphoses* alone, but also Bion's elegy was translated into all the vernacular tongues of Western Europe, and it was sometimes under the Greek influence, and sometimes under the Latin, and more often under the two influences combined, that there came to birth the massive *corpus* of poetry on the classical legend in Italian, French, Spanish, and English.

In the Renaissance poetry of Italy.

Through the Renaissance literature of Italy the story spread rapidly. At the end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth century it was a frequent theme in Italy of scholarly Latin verse [1], and early in the sixteenth century it found its way into the vernacular Italian poetry. The vogue of the story was greatly extended by an Italian rendering of Bion's elegy (wrongly assigned to Theocritus under the title of *Epitafio di Adone di Teocrito*), which appeared in a collection of *Rime Toscane* in 1535.[2] A very

[1] Numerous Latin poems on Venus and Adonis by Italian scholars, including Alciati, Sannazaro, and Minturno, are found in Gruter's *Delitiae Italorum Poetarum*, vol. i, pp. 32, 90, 1311; vol. ii, pp. 723, 924, 1452. In *Pontani Opera*, 1503, an epigram *De Adonide et Venere*, p. 10, gives a vivid description of nature's grief on Adonis' death; see also *De conversione Adonidis in citrium*, p. 139. Slight reference is made to Adonis by Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*. He is mentioned under Ovidian influence as a type of ardent lover, Canto vi, Stanza 57, and as the child of an incestuous union in Canto xxv, Stanza 36.

[2] This was first published in Paris in 1535 and reissued in Venice in 1538 and 1547. The author's name is given on the title-page as Amomo; nothing else seems known of him. Cf. F. Flamini's *Studi di istoria litteraria italiana e straniera*, 1895, pp. 256 sq.

few years later three well-known figures in the history of Italian literature developed almost simultaneously the theme in original Italian verse. All wrote in the same eight-lined stanza under Greek and Latin influences, which were mingled in different proportions, but they arranged the common material according to their individual fancy.

Dolce.

Lodovico Dolce, who translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Euripides' tragedies into Italian, besides writing many original plays and poems of classical temper, published in 1545 his *La Favola d'Adone* ('The story of Adonis') in eighty-four eight-lined stanzas. Dolce followed Ovid slavishly, even setting on Venus' lips the interpolated tale of Hippomenes' suit of the swift-running Atalanta. But he seems to essay some originality by making Jove contrive Adonis' death at the entreaty of Juno, who is jealous of Venus and seeks to injure her.[1]

Tarchagnota.

The second Italian poem, *L'Adone*, was in seventy-four eight-lined stanzas, and was by an Italian of Greek origin, Metello Giovanni Tarchagnota. His work was published at Venice in 1550. Tarchagnota avoids Dolce's digressions, and is his superior in passionate and picturesque expression.[2] He felt more nearly the spontaneous charm of the Sicilian poetry.

Parabosco.

Within less than a decade a versatile friend of Dolce, Girolamo Parabosco, an organist at St. Mark's, Venice, who made a reputation as writer of madrigals as well as of novels and poems, tried his hand on the theme in a poem of

[1] Dolce's poem was appended to the first issue of his play called *Il Capitano*, which appeared at Venice, 1545. The British Museum has no earlier edition than that of 1547.

[2] Of the first edition, which is extremely rare, there is a copy in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum. The copy in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Rome was reprinted at Naples in 1898, edited by Angelo Borzelli. Tarchagnota, who died at Ancona in 1566, was a Greek and Latin scholar and an industrious compiler in prose, chiefly from Greek and Latin. His poem *L'Adone* seems his sole surviving experiment in verse.

fifty-four eight-lined stanzas—*La Favola d'Adone.* He worked on the simple lines of Tarchagnota, and strictly confined himself to depicting Venus' passion and Adonis' death.[1]

The warmth of feeling which is inherent in the legend was reflected by Dolce, Tarchagnota, and Parabosco, in the comparatively sober colours which were characteristic of the Greek poets. The like restraint is observable in the briefer Italian poems on the subject which figure in the 'Rime' of Luigi Groto, called *Cieco d' Hadria* (Venice, 1577), and in *L' Adone, idillio di Ettore Martinegro* (Venice, 1614). But ultimately a more famous poet of the Italian Renaissance, Giovanni Battista Marino, gave freer play to a lascivious imagination, and wove round the story a voluptuous epic in twenty cantos, which was again entitled *L'Adone.* Marino, as an extant letter proves, designed near the outset of his career a poem of Adonis on the restricted plan which Parabosco and Tarchagnota adopted. He also translated anew Bion's *Lament.* But the work grew under his hand, and finally emerged in the prolix and affected collection of mythological improprieties, which has given him claim to rank with the chief literary masters of lubricity. Marino's poetry was well known to Shakespeare's contemporaries[2], but his epic

Marino.

[1] This was first published at Venice as an appendix to the third book of Parabosco's *I quatro libri delle lettere amorose*, Venice, 1561. The literary work of Parabosco, who died in 1557, and of Dolce, was not unfamiliar to the Elizabethans. Watson notes that two of his 'passions' (Nos. lxv and c) in his *Hecatompathia* (1582) were based on 'the invention of M. Girolamo Parabosco', and Drummond of Hawthornden records that in 1612 he read Parabosco's *Lettere amorose*—the volume which includes the poem *L'Adone.* George Gascoigne's tragedy of *Jocasta* is a translation of Dolce's version of Euripides' *Phoenissae*, and Lodge acknowledged that several poems in his *Margarite* were written 'in imitation of Dolce, the Italian poet'. I can find no reference in Elizabethan literature to Tarchagnota.

[2] As early as 1592 the poet Daniel issued by way of appendix to the collection of sonnets, which he entitled *Delia*, a translation of one of Marino's poems, which he called *The Description of Beauty.*

of Adonis was not completed till 1623—long after Shakespeare's poem was published. The history of his endeavour, however, affords salient proof that the topic persisted in Italian literature throughout Shakespeare's career.

In the Renaissance poetry of France.

Melin de St. Gelais.

Passerat.

A like story has to be told of the history of the tale in France. It gained its first hold on French readers, when Melin de St. Gelais published in 1547 a beautiful rendering in French of Bion's *Lament.* This was probably completed ten years earlier, and was constantly reprinted. Before 1574 a graceful lyrist, Jean Passerat, penned a short poem in 134 lines of riming couplets called *Adonis, ou la Chasse du Sanglier.* It is a simple narration on Ovidian lines of Adonis' beauty, of Venus' infatuation, of her warnings of the boy against devotion to the chase, of his impetuous challenge of the boar, of his death, and his transformation into a flower.

Gabriel le Breton.

Subsequently the fable was turned by another French writer to more complex uses. It was made the basis of a tragedy called *Adonis,* by Gabriel le Breton, a Paris lawyer, who published his work in 1579. The play was designed as an allegorical elegy on the death of King Charles IX of France, on May 30, 1574. Adonis represents the dead king, and Venus typifies grief-stricken France. Venus' lamentations show more tragic power than appears in any contemporary adaptation of the theme. The machinery involves the introduction of characters like Mars, Diane, Cupidon, L'Ombre d'Adonis, and two shepherds, Montan and Sylvain, in addition to the hero and heroine. But the conventional lines of the tale are generally respected, and there are no intricacies of plot.

In the Renaissance poetry of Spain.

In Spain it was Italian example which directly inspired the treatment of the story. One of the most accomplished of Spanish statesmen, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza,

who in the course of his diplomatic occupations visited both Italy and England during the first half of the sixteenth century, produced in 1553 a Spanish poem called *Fábula de Adonis*, in eight-lined stanzas, which enjoyed wide popularity in the peninsula. Don Diego narrated the legend after the manner of Dolce. Other Spanish poets subsequently repeated Mendoza's experiment. In the miscellaneous collection of poetry, the *Cancionero jeneral* of Amberes, which appeared in 1557, there figured an attractive poem on the subject in short metre. A writer of repute, Juan de la Cueva (1550–1609), penned in eighteen 'ottavas reales' the *Llanto de Venus en la muerte de Adonis*[1], and there is a stilted sonnet by Lope de Vega's friend Juan de Arguijo (d. 1629), entitled *Venus en la muerte de Adonis*. Finally, in the last decade of the century, the theme was elaborately recast by a more distinguished pen. Lope de Vega's tragedy entitled *Adonis y Venus*, which greatly developed the ancient legend, is the most notable adaptation of the story in the literature of Spain.[2]

Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

Juan de la Cueva.

Lope de Vega.

Thus a cursory survey of the literature of the European Renaissance shows not merely that the story of Venus and Adonis had already travelled far and wide before it engaged Shakespeare's attention, but that it was still enjoying active life abroad while he was working upon it. The strong family resemblance which exists among the component parts of this many-languaged Adonic literature is mainly due to the common sources in classical poetry. Only where there recur in two or more poems details or reflections or

Family likeness among the Renaissance poems.

[1] *Obras poeticas*, Seville, 1582.

[2] Cf. Observaciones preliminares, ix–xxv, before Lope's tragedy *Adonis y Venus* in *Obras de Lope de Vega publicadas por la Real Academia Española*, Tomo vi, Madrid, 1896. Several narrative poems on the same subject appeared in Spain during the seventeenth century. Cf. Alonso de Batres' *Fábula de Adonis y Venus*, and Juan de Moncayo y Gurrea's *Venus y Adonis* (Zaragoza, 1652).

imagery which are not derived from Ovid or Theocritus or Bion can any theory of immediate interdependence deserve a hearing. There are too many details peculiar to Shakespeare's poem and to its Italian predecessors, to preclude the suggestion that Shakespeare was acquainted with the latter and absorbed some of their ornaments and episodes.[1] The deliberate setting of the scene of *Venus and Adonis* amid flowers blooming under the languorous heat of summer skies is outside the scheme of the Latin or Greek poets. Yet this is a feature which is common to the work of Shakespeare and the Italians. Dolce gives (Stanza vii) an enchanting picture of the pleasant spot ('alma stagion') where Venus and Adonis first meet:—

Shakespeare and the Italian poets.

> Quivi tra gigli le vermiglie rose
> Vi dimostrano ogn' hor liete & vezzose.

Parabosco (Stanza iii) is equally alive to

> L' herbette e fiori et ogni verde stelo

which deck out the fair trysting-place ('la bella stagione'), and nearly bury Adonis out of sight. Shakespeare is no more sparing of references to lilies and roses. Flowers—'blue-veined violets' and primroses—embroider the bank (ll. 125, 151) whereon Venus lies while she tempts Adonis. Again, Tarchagnota's opening stanza shows the afternoon sun shining on the flowery meads:—

> Nè l' ardente stagion, che in ciascun prato
> Secca ogni vago fior, ch' odor rendeva;
> Era già Phebo oltre il merigie andato,
> E partendo men caldo il ciel faceva.

[1] A similarity meets us in the preliminary pages. Each of the early Italian poems is preceded, as in the case of Shakespeare's work, by a very short dedicatory epistle in prose addressed to a patron. In two cases the patron is a man, and in the third a woman. The pointed brevity of the salutation, and the employment of prose instead of verse, are somewhat rare characteristics which are precisely paralleled in Shakespeare's two narrative poems.

The sun's rising or falling rays constantly illumine Shakespeare's story, which opens in the dawn of a summer's day.[1] The sunlit atmosphere, no less than the flower-strewn grove, seems redolent of an Italian origin.

There are indeed other and more definite accretions to the classical legend, both in Shakespeare and the Italian poets, which seem to indicate loans levied by the English poet on his foreign predecessors. The impressive execration of death which Shakespeare puts into Venus' mouth has the true ring of poetic fervour, and bears the stamp of the Shakespearean mint (ll. 931–54, 991–1002). But Shakespeare appears there to work up an episode in the Italian poem of Tarchagnota, who set on Venus' lips an impassioned complaint, in a like number of lines, of the blind cruelty of the hard-favoured Tyrant (Stanzas liv–lix). 'Tu morte crudel,' 'o cosa mostruosa e strana,' cries the Venus of the Italian poet at the thought of Adonis' loss; Death, she sorrowfully reflects, destroys the pleasure of mortal life as suddenly as it devours the beauty of the flowers of the field. The sentiment is clothed by the Venus of Shakespeare in richer language, yet it is doubtful if it would have had its precise place in the English poem's machinery, but for the Italian suggestion.[2] Again, Venus' final retractation in

[1] Cf. Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn. (ll. 1–2.)
A summer's day will seem an hour but short. (l. 23.)
And Titan, tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them. (ll. 177–8.)
The sun ariseth in his majesty:
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold. (ll. 856–8.)

[2] In introducing Venus' apostrophe to Death, the Italian poets themselves developed a very slight and bare hint in Bion's *Lament*, where Venus is made to describe Adonis as 'journeying to Acheron, that hateful king and cruel' (στυγνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ ἄγριον).

Shakespeare of her railing indictment of Death seems to grow out of the goddess' gentle cry in the Italian of Tarchagnota, when Death claims her lover:—

Io ti perdonerei ciò che fatto hai.

Venus is represented, too, by Shakespeare as excusing the boar's murderous assault on Adonis on the ground that the fatal thrust was an amorous embrace, to which the brute was provoked by the boy's beauty. Venus exclaims in Shakespeare's poem:—

He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.
'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.
(*Venus and Adonis*, ll. 1110–16.)

The boar's appeal to Venus after Adonis' death in Tarchagnota's poem is to like curious effect:—

Ti giuro, che il voler mio non fu mai
Di offender questo tuo sì caro amante:
Ben è egli il ver, che tosto, ch' io mirai
Nel corpo ignudo sue bellezze tante,
Di tanta fiamma acceso mi trovai,
Che cieco a forza mi sospinsi avante,
Per baciar la beltà, che il cor m' apria,
Et ismorzar l'ardor, che in me sentia.
(*L'Adone*, Stanza lxv.[1])

[1] This episode is of Greek classical origin. It is the topic of the last poem in the ordinary collections of Theocritus' idylls, although the author was some late imitator of Theocritus, and not the poet himself. Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus' Latin epigram called *De Adone ab Apro Interempto* deals with the same theme (cf. Shakespeare, Variorum edition, 1821, xx. p. 784). The Theocritean idyll was rendered into crude English verse in a volume entitled *Six Idillia . . . chosen out of the right famous Sicilian poet Theocritus*, Oxford, 1588,

III

The story in England.

BUT it was not only the Ovidian outline and Italian adaptations that Shakespeare assimilated. None had chosen the legend for independent treatment in England before Shakespeare. But many Elizabethan poets of earlier date had made incidental reference to the tale, and had laid special stress on features of it which Shakespeare seems to have elaborated in emulation of them.

Spenser's treatment of it (1586).

Spenser in his Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney adapts the details of the fable to his special purpose. Spenser figuratively credited his hero with Adonis' precise manner of death. 'Astrophel' is slain in the chase by 'a cruel beast', who inflicts a wound in his thigh, and his corpse is metamorphosed into a flower. Spenser, too, sets on the lips of Sidney's lady-love Stella the pathetic lamentation which poetic tradition assigned to Venus on the discovery of Adonis' dead body. Spenser's description of the flow of blood from the boar's fatal thrust, and the transformation of the fair white corpse into a flower 'both red and blue', anticipate Shakespeare's account of how

> in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
> A purple flower sprung up.

The curious identity of tone, as well as of topic, can only be appreciated by a close study of the two poems side by side. The metre of Spenser's *Astrophel*, moreover, was that adopted by Shakespeare in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. Many a critic might be forgiven if he mistook such a stanza as the following

of which only one copy—in the Bodleian Library—is known (cf. reprint in *Some Longer Elizabethan Poems*, ed. A. H. Bullen, Constable's edition of Arber's *English Garner*, 1903, pp. 123, 146). But the Italian version of Tarchagnota has far closer affinity to Shakespeare's treatment of the incident, than the English translation of the Theocritean idyll or Minturnus' epigram.

from Spenser's *Astrophel* for one of those with which *Venus and Adonis* concludes:—

> His pallid face, impictured with death,
> She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
> And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
> Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft:
> And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,
> But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

Spenser made a second and an undisguised allusion to the legend in the *Faerie Queene*, where he described 'the dear Adonis', the paramour of fair Venus, lying

> Lapped in flowers and precious spicery

in the fruitful garden called by the name of 'the wanton boy'. It is in the garden of Adonis that Nature, in Spenser's allegory, harbours her seeds of life—a philosophical conception which is happily overlooked by Shakespeare.

It is important to note that Spenser ignores the coy modesty of Adonis. It is not a point on which Ovid is quite explicit, and most of his successors leave it uncertain whether Adonis welcomed or rejected Venus' embraces. In some of these writers' pages Adonis' loving ardour, despite his devotion to the chase, is no cooler than that of Venus. Shakespeare diverges further from the Ovidian scheme in making the boy's impatience of Venus' advances the pivot of the tale. Two other English poets, Robert Greene and Marlowe, had already seen, albeit dimly, the poetic value of this development of the legend. Robert Greene devoted to the story two lyrics which figured in his prose romances, and in both the boy's sensitive shyness is brought into prominence. One of these lyrics, in the six-lined stanza of

Robert Greene.

Shakespeare's poem, which was introduced into the novel of *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588), opens thus:—

In Cypres sat fayre Venus by a Fount
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kist the wag, her darling of accompt,
The Boie gan blush, which when his lover see,
She smild and told him loue might challenge debt
And he was young and might be wanton yet.

Greene's second lyric on the theme which figured in his tract called *Never too late* (1590) is a pathetic appeal on the part of Venus to the disdainful boy:—

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye?
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Marlowe.

It is more interesting to note that Marlowe, in his translation of the *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus, went out of his obvious path in order to bring Adonis' coldness into signal relief. In that translation Marlowe mentions Adonis more than once. In one place he gives the youth the epithet 'rose-cheek'd', which is not warranted by the Greek text. That word is borrowed by Shakespeare when he first introduces Adonis to his reader in the third line of his own poem—a plain acknowledgement of obligation. In another place of *Hero and Leander* Marlowe interpolated three original lines, of which the Greek is quite innocent. These describe the grove where

Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.

Marlowe's genius exercised a powerful fascination over Shakespeare's youth, and in all probability under such influence Adonis' disdain of the goddess of beauty became the central motive of his first poem.

There was much material at Shakespeare's hand which may well have encouraged him to develop Marlowe's hint. Another popular tale which was wholly concerned with a youth's disdain of a beautiful woman's embraces was accessible to him, and it was easy to graft its main features on the legend of Venus and Adonis. Ovid before he approached the tale of Venus and Adonis in his *Metamorphoses* had elaborated the less conventional topic in the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. That story of Ovid had attracted attention in Elizabethan England. It had been rendered independently into loose pedestrian English rhyme by one Thomas Peend. His *Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. . . . With a morall in English verse* was published in a small octavo in 1565.[1] But there was little in Peend's doggerel to serve Shakespeare's purpose. There was far more in Golding's literary rendering of Ovid's tale. But Shakespeare clearly supplemented that source by another.

The story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

It is of great importance to bear in mind that some four years before the publication of *Venus and Adonis*, an Elizabethan poet, Thomas Lodge, presented with much exuberant and original detail a different hero's disdain of a different heroine's advances. In 1589 appeared Lodge's narrative

Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589.

[1] A freer version followed at a later date, and has been very doubtfully assigned to Francis Beaumont, the dramatist. This was first published anonymously under the title of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* in 1602. It is in heroic verse and is of much literary interest. The rare copy in the Bodleian Library was reprinted in the *Shakespeare Society Papers* (1847), vol. iii. pp. 94–126. In Cranley's *Amanda* (1635), Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is mentioned 'with Salmacis and her Hermaphrodite' among a number of 'songs of love and sonnets exquisite'.

poem of *Glaucus and Scilla.* Lodge's work was penned in the metre of Shakespeare's poem, and in the opening stanzas, before he arrives at his real theme, he rapidly and quite parenthetically describes Adonis' death and Venus' grief. With Lodge's prefatory sketch critics are generally agreed that Shakespeare was familiar. Venus, according to Lodge, hastened after Adonis' fall to the grove

> Where all pale with death he lay alone,
> Whose beauty quaild as wont the lillies droop
> When wastfull winter windes doo make them stoop.

What followed, Lodge described thus (Stanza xxii):—

> Her daintie hand addresst to clawe her deere,
> Her roseall lip alied to his pale cheeke,
> Her sighes, and then her lookes and heavie cheere,
> Her bitter threates, and then her passions meeke,
> How on his senseless corpes she lay a crying,
> As if the boy were then but new a dying.

But such stanzas are merely prefatory illustration of the main theme of Lodge's poem, and it is Lodge's treatment of that theme which suggests the extent of Shakespeare's indebtedness to the poem. The story of Glaucus and Scilla resembles that of Venus and Adonis in being one of the many which the modern world borrowed from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (xiii. 905 sq.). But Lodge radically changed his Ovidian material. The Latin version presents a normal pursuit of a modest maiden Scylla by an impassioned lover Glaucus. Lodge took on himself to reverse the position of the man and woman. His tale tells of the refusal of Glaucus to countenance the lascivious advances of Scilla. No doubt Lodge knew Ovid's legend of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. But he develops the woman Scilla's eager passion with a richness

of detail, which is not found in Ovid's legend of Salmacis, and which Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, alone in literature, seems to rival. To Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla* Shakespeare's verse obviously owes much. Innumerable are the touches in which Venus's yearning appeals to Adonis, as told by Shakespeare, recall Scilla's yearning appeals to Glaucus, as told by Lodge. A comparison of the three following stanzas of Lodge with three stanzas of Shakespeare shows the manner of the latter's dependence on the former.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

l. 829
And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

l. 835
She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

. . . . . .

l. 847
For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says ''Tis so:' they answer all ''Tis so;'
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

GLAUCUS AND SCILLA.

l. 697
Eccho her selfe when Scilla cried out, O loue!
With piteous voice from out her hollow den
Returnd these words, these words of sorrow, (no, love)
No loue (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth Eccho)
To everie word the nimph did answere so.

l. 703
For euerie sigh, the rockes returne a sigh:
For euerie teare their fountaines yield a drop;
Till we at last the place approached nigh,
And heard the nimph that fed on sorrowes sop
Make woods, and wanes, and rockes, and hills admire,
The wonderous force of her untam'd desire.

l. 709
Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst Eccho sings
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth Scilla
The wretch repeats: and then her armes she wrings
Whilst Eccho tells her this, he hateth Scilla.
No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth Eccho) then,
Then fie on men; when she said, fie on men.

The popularity of the six-line stanza.

From whatever point of view Shakespeare's poem is examined there emerge manifest signs of its close association with the contemporary trend of literary endeavour in England as well as on the continent of Europe. It absorbed from all available quarters suggestions and ideas of many degrees of

dignity. Shakespeare's genius transmuted most of his ingredients and fused them into a rich and consistent work of art. But the constituent elements deserve careful attention. The choice of metre is a final testimony to the young author's readiness to accept accessible guidance. The sixain or six-lined stanza, riming ababcc, which Shakespeare adopted, was among the commonest of all forms of verse in both English and French poetry of the sixteenth century. George Gascoigne, in his *Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1575), writes familiarly of 'sixaines' as the fitting vehicle 'for shorte phantazies'. Puttenham described the 'staffe of sixe verses' as 'most usual' and 'very pleasant to th' eare'.[1] The most notable example of the employment of the sixain before Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is offered by Edmund Spenser's *Astrophel, a pastoral elegy upon the death of . . . Sir Philip Sidney*, which was written in 1586, and after wide circulation in manuscript was printed for the first time in 1595. The poetic lament by the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister, which is appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, is also in the same metre; so, too, is Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses' in his *Complaints*, 1591. A longer effort in the six-line stanza is, as we have seen, the narrative poem by Thomas Lodge entitled *Scillaes Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the unfortunate loue of Glaucus*, which appeared in 1589. Robert Greene penned numerous short poems in sixains, and Nicholas Breton published in 1592 in the six-lined stanza a long allegory together with a religious

[1] Cf. Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589), Book ii, Chap. ii, 'Of Proportion in Staffe.' Puttenham also notes of 'the staffe of sixe verses' that it 'also serueth for a greater complement then the inferiour staues, which maketh him more commonly to be vsed'. Chaucer twice uses the six-lined stanza with an exceptional scheme of rime, once in the Envoy to the short poem *Womanly Noblesse*, where the rimes run ababaa, and again in the Envoy to *The Clerkes Tale*, where the rimes run ababcb.

rhapsody under the joint title of *The Pilgrimage to Paradise, ioyned with the Countess of Penbrookes loue.* The skilful management of the metre by Spenser, Lodge, and Breton—the pleasant alternation of the alternately riming quatrains with the riming couplet—left Shakespeare small opportunity of improvement, and although his mastery is for the most part complete he did not travel far beyond the bounds that his predecessors had assigned the stanza.[1] Of the attraction that the metre had for him in early life, he has left an interesting testimony outside the poem. In what is probably his earliest play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, he attempted to turn sixains to dramatic uses, and one of the hero Biron's speeches, Act i, Sc. 1, ll. 151–62, is in regular six-lined stanzas. But the awkward experiment was not repeated on the stage, and its main interest lies in the evidence it offers of Shakespeare's predilection for the metre at a very early stage of his career.

Reception of Shakespeare's poem.

The reception accorded Shakespeare's work was extraordinarily warm. Reprints were numerous during the remaining twenty-three years of Shakespeare's life. References to it are frequent in contemporary literature, and are couched for the most part in highly commendatory terms. So signal a success is adequately explained by the vigorous freshness of the poem. Subsidiary causes are to be found in the voluptuous treatment of the story, and in a natural affinity,

[1] Of the many long poems written in sixains subsequent to *Venus and Adonis*, it will be sufficient to mention Southwell's *St. Peter's Complaint* (1595), Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594), his *Cassandra* (1595), his *Lady Pecunia* and *Complaint of Poetrie* (1598), J. C.'s *Alcilia* (1595) and Marston's *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image* (1598). The metre was so common before *Venus and Adonis* came out that it would be unsafe to assume that its vogue was substantially extended by the success of Shakespeare's work. But Barnfield's plagiarisms of Shakespeare's *Venus* are so constant and unblushing that his choice of metre may safely be assigned to the influence of Shakespeare's poem.

which the legend's previous popularity attested, between the tale and the spirit of the times. A very early critic, the Jesuit Robert Southwell, deplored, from the Christian point of view, the pagan frankness of 'the first heir' of Shakespeare's 'invention'.

> Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,
> In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are spent.

But the general tone of ingenuous approval may be gauged by Francis Meres' insistence in 1598 that this and other of the dramatist's poems proved that 'the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare'. Next year John Weever, in his enthusiastic sonnet in praise of 'our honey-tongued Shakespeare', declared that

> Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
> Fair fire-hot Venus charming him to love her

were, with the other issue of his brain, children of Apollo by some heaven-born goddess. The university wit who penned about 1600 the academic plays of *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and *The Return from Parnassus* voiced popular opinion when he wrote, 'Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer; I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare and to honour him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow.'

In the seventeenth century there was a popular tendency to rank *Venus and Adonis* with improper literature and to insist on its erotic tendency.[1] But the essential beauty of

[1] Cf. Middleton's *A mad world my masters* (1608), where the jealous Harebrain, speaking of his newly-married wife, says, 'I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets, as *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*; O, two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife.' Richard Brathwaite, in *The English Gentlewoman* (1631), includes the poem in a list of 'books treating

the theme gives small warrant for the degrading classification. Shakespeare himself urged a juster view when he introduced a charming reference to the airy aesthetic significance of the fable in the Induction to *The Taming of The Shrew* (Induction, Sc. 2, ll. 51–5):—

> Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
> Adonis painted by a running brook,
> And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
> Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
> Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

One effect of Shakespeare's poems was to increase the popularity of the topic among contemporary writers. The four sonnets on Venus and Adonis by B. Griffin and other anonymous hands which figure in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (the poetic miscellany unwarrantably assigned by the publisher to Shakespeare), and *The Shepheard's Song* by H[enry] C[onstable], which first appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600), are paraphrases of Shakespeare's verse, and they bring to no unworthy close the roll of poetic adaptations of the classic story in the literature of the English Renaissance.[1]

of light subjects', which ladies ought to avoid: '*Venus and Adonis* are unfitting Consorts for a Ladies bosome' (p. 139).

[1] Two poems of the sixteenth century, which dealt with the story of Adonis' incestuous birth as related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book x, should doubtless be reckoned among the Shakespearean progeny. Mirrha, after an incestuous union with her father Cinyras, was, according to the myth, changed into a tree, which gave Adonis miraculous birth. The earlier poem on the subject, *Mirrha, the mother of Adonis; or Lustes Prodigies*, was by the actor William Barksted (1607); the other, entitled *The Scourge of Venus, or The Wanton Lady, with the rare birth of Adonis*, was written by H. A. in the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and published in 1613. Barksted's poem ends with an eulogy on Shakespeare's effort:—

> But stay, my Muse, in thine owne confines keepe,
> And wage not warre with so deere lov'd a neighbor,
> But, having sung thy day song, rest and sleepe
> Preserve thy small fame and his greater favor:

IV

The first chapter in the history of the publication of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* throws an interesting sidelight on Shakespeare's biography. It brings the poet temporarily into close association with a fellow townsman of Stratford-on-Avon, Richard Field, who seems to have been born in the same year as himself. The fathers of the two men had been friends and neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon. Richard Field's father, Henry Field, was a fairly prosperous tanner. He died in 1592, when his neighbour John Shakespeare, the poet's father, attested in accordance with custom 'a trew and perfecte inventory' of his goods and chattels. Meanwhile Richard Field had left Stratford to follow the trade of a printer in the metropolis of London. On September 29, 1579, Richard at the usual age of fifteen was apprenticed to a London printer and stationer of good repute, George Bishop.[1] But it was arranged five weeks later that he should serve the first six years of his apprenticeship with a singularly interesting member of the fraternity, Thomas Vautrollier, a Frenchman who had originally come to London as a Huguenot refugee, and had established his position by publishing North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* in 1579, a book which

The publication of the poem.

The printer Richard Field.

His song was worthie merrit (*Shakspeare* hee)
Sung the faire blossome, thou the withered tree;
Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
Hath purchast it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.

It is perhaps worth noting that copies of Barksted's *Mirrha* and H. A.'s *Scourge of Venus* were bound up with copies of *Venus and Adonis* (1636) and *Lucrece* (1616), and of some other early poetical tracts, in a volume, in the library of Thomas Pearson, which fetched £1 2*s.* 0*d.* at the Pearson sale of 1788.

[1] Besides Richard Field and his brother Jasper, who was apprenticed to Richard in 1592, two other of Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon contemporaries were apprenticed to London printers in the poet's early life, viz.:—Roger, son of John Lock, a Stratford glover, on Sept. 2, 1577, to Richard Pickering, citizen and stationer of London, and Allan, son of a Stratford tailor, Thomas Orrian, to Thomas Fowkes, stationer, on March 1, 1585.

was soon to be closely studied by Shakespeare, and was greatly to influence his work. Field's relations with Vautrollier became very intimate. Vautrollier was a man of wide sympathies and independent views, which somewhat prejudiced his career in London. Threats of prosecution for printing a heretical book by the sceptic Giordano Bruno led him to retire temporarily (1584–6) to Edinburgh, where he established a press, and was patronized by the Scottish king, James VI. In his absence from England his printing business in London was carried on by his wife Jacquenetta with Field's aid, but he resumed control of it before his death in July, 1587.

Field and Vautrollier.

Field's career before 1593.

Field was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on February 6, 1587, and subsequently filled all the great offices of the society.[1] On the threshold of his career he seems to have married Vautrollier's widow Jacquenetta.[2] In the autumn of 1588, he was carrying on business with her in the house in Blackfriars near Ludgate, which had been occupied by Vautrollier. He adopted his old master's device of an anchor in an oval with the motto, *Anchora Spei.*

The earliest work, on the title-page of which Field's name figures, was a pamphlet describing the defeat of the Spanish Armada called *The Copie of a Letter sent out of England to John Bernardino Mendoza.* It appeared in October, 1588, and was described as 'printed by I[acquenetta] Vautrollier for R. Field'. Next year Field both printed and published single-handed several books of importance, including Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie*[3], and *A summarie and true*

[1] He was recognized as a master printer in 1596, was admitted to the Livery, July, 1598, was warden in 1605 and was master in 1619 and 1622.

[2] Cf. Plomer's *Wills of English Printers and Stationers* (Biblogr. Soc.), p. 27 (Vautrollier's will) and p. 50 (Field's will).

[3] The licence for Puttenham's book, originally granted to Thomas Orwin in November, 1588, was transferred by him to Richard Field 'dwelling in the black-Friers, neere Ludgate', April 7, 1589.

discourse of Sir Francis Drakes West Indian Voyage (of 1585–6), with five maps of very high interest.[1] At the same time he acquired Vautrollier's interest in many interesting undertakings, chief of which was North's translation of Plutarch; no less than three editions of that work were printed by Field.[2] Each succeeding year Field's business career was distinguished by some new venture of importance. In 1591 he produced the first edition of Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a handsome volume liberally illustrated with copper plates, of which a second edition came from Field's press in 1607. On February 7, 1592, a young brother, Jasper, came from Stratford to serve him as apprentice.

The copyright of *Venus and Adonis.*

Field was thus building up a highly valuable and dignified connexion when in the early spring of 1593 he undertook the printing of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.* The early association of the two men doubtless led Shakespeare to entrust to Field the earliest work that he sent to press. But despite the personal relation between author and printer, there is nothing to show that Shakespeare took a larger control of the publication than was customary with contemporary authors. It is clear that Shakespeare made over to Field all rights in the volume, for what consideration is not

[1] Field printed two editions of this valuable volume in this same year (1589); they are distinguished from one another by the presence on the last page of a line of errata which is present in one and absent from the other. In both editions is this note from Field's pen, 'The reader must understand, that this Discourse was dedicated, and intended to have bene imprinted somewhat before the comming of the Spanish Fleete upon our coast of England: but by casualtie the same was forgotten and slacked for a time of some better leasure.' A third edition of the book of the same year from entirely different type was issued subsequently by another printer, 'Roger Ward, dwelling upon Lambard Hill, neere olde Fish-Streete.'

[2] In 1579 Vautrollier had published the first edition of North's translation in partnership with J. Wright. The first edition which Field printed was published jointly by him and Bonham Norton in 1595. Field reprinted it with additions in 1603, when he and Thomas Wight published it. In 1612 Field reprinted the book and published it by himself.

known. The copyright became Field's exclusive property, and he soon exercised his privilege of parting with it to another trader. Interesting and instructive as is Field's professional connexion with Shakespeare, it did not last long, nor did it seriously influence the author's fortunes for good or evil.

The grant to Field of the Stationers' Company's licence to publish the volume was thus entered in the Company's Register [1]:—

> [1593] xviij^{o} Aprilis
>
> Entred [to Richard Field] for his copie under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and master Warden Stirrop, a book intituled Venus and Adonis. vj^{ds}

It is probable that the publication followed within two or three weeks. The first edition bears on the title-page the date 1593.[2] Copies were certainly on sale in June.

John Harrison's shop.

The book was not sold to buyers by Field. The division of labour between the producer and the distributor of books was in Shakespeare's day well recognized. Title-pages as a rule mentioned the name of both producer and distributor, i.e. of both printer and publisher (or seller).[3] Field entrusted the sale and distribution of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* to one John Harrison, whose shop was at the sign of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard. John Harrison was a wealthy stationer of older standing than

[1] Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 630.

[2] A note supplied by Isaac Reed to the Variorum edition of 1803 (ii. 152) transcribes a manuscript memorandum bearing date June 12, 1593, which notes the purchase for 'xiid' of 'The Survey of Fraunce with the Venus & Adhonay of Mr. Shakspere'.

[3] It was usually stated on the title-page, in cases where the printer owned the copyright, that the work was 'printed by A, *and sold by* B', or 'at the shop of B'. When, as was common, the publisher (not the printer) owned the copyright, the formula usually ran:—'Printed by A (i.e. the printer) *for* B (i.e. the publisher).'

Field. He had been in continuous occupation of the shop known as the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard since 1559. Field was already in close business relations with him when he acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*.[1] It was in conformity with a recognized practice that the imprint on the title-page of the first edition ran :—'Imprinted by Richard Field and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.' Next year a second edition came out in precisely the same conditions from Field's press. The unaltered title-page announced that copies were to be sold at Harrison's shop.

The first transfer of the copyright.

The copyright of *Venus and Adonis*, of which Field was the first owner, has a somewhat complicated history. The details illustrate the confused methods of Elizabethan publishing. Shakespeare may be absolved from responsibility for the involutions of the story. A new chapter opens after the appearance of the second edition early in 1594. A few months later, on June 25 of that year, Field found it convenient to make over the copyright in the poem to the publisher Harrison. The transfer is thus recorded in the Stationers' Company's Register[2]:—

John Harrison, second owner, June 25, 1594–June 25, 1596.

[1594] 25 Iunij

Assigned over unto him [i.e. Master Harrison, Senior] from Richard Field in open Court holden this Day a book called Venus and Adonis vj^d^.

The which was before entred to Richard Field 18 Aprilis 1593.

With this act of self-abnegation on Field's part another has to be associated. In this same month of June, Shakespeare

[1] Field had been employed by Harrison to print in 1590 an elaborate treatise on mechanical inventions by Cyprian Lucar, and in 1592 had at Harrison's expense produced two works by foreign authors :—Simon Verepaeus's *De epistolis Latine conscribendis*, and an English translation of Vasco Figueiro's *The Spaniards Monarchie and Leaguers Olygarchie*.

[2] Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 655.

had his second poem, *Lucrece*, ready for the press. Contrary to expectation, the copyright of the *Lucrece* was acquired on June 9, not by Field, but by Harrison. The arrangement, whatever its cause, was a perfectly friendly one; Field accepted a commission from Harrison to print in 1594 the original edition of *Lucrece*, of which Harrison had just acquired the copyright, as well as a third edition in 1596 of *Venus and Adonis*, the copyright of which Harrison had bought from Field two years previously. In the latter case the imprint ran:—'Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison.'

That issue of 1596 brought to a close the association alike of Field and Harrison with the publishing of Shakespeare's writings. The three earliest editions of *Venus and Adonis* and the first edition of *Lucrece* came from the press of the poet's fellow townsman, and there the connexion of his press with Shakespeare's work ended.

Field's device.

The title-pages of the four issues of Shakespeare's poems which Field printed are all distinguished by a large printer's device, which Field had borrowed of his master Vautrollier. It consists of a suspended anchor, of which the ring is grasped by a right hand issuing from clouds. Two leafy boughs cross each other about the anchor, and the whole is enclosed in a heavily scrolled and ornamented frame of oval shape, within the top of which hang capital letters forming the motto *Anchora Spei*. Vautrollier possessed at least four forms of this device, and Field seems to have employed as many. Those appearing on the title-pages of the *Venus and Adonis* of 1593 and 1594 are from one plate; that on the *Lucrece* of 1594 is from another of somewhat different design. Both are of good workmanship. The discrepancies, although slight, are well marked; the chief is that the intertwined boughs cross each other *behind* the shaft of the anchor in the first two

editions of *Venus and Adonis*, and in *front* of the shaft in the first edition of *Lucrece*; the inner beading of the oval frames also differs.[1] The device assumes quite a new form in the third edition of the *Venus* of 1596: the pattern is simplified and far more roughly engraved.[2]

William Leake, third owner of the copyright, June 25, 1596–Feb. 16, 1617.

The ownership of the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* underwent a third change in the author's lifetime in the summer of 1596, just two years to a day after Harrison acquired it. Harrison, who was advanced in age, appears to have reorganized his business in that year. He moved from his old premises, the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, to a house, on which he bestowed the same sign, in Paternoster Row, and he made over his former house, with some important items of his stock there, to another prominent stationer, William Leake. On June 25, 1596, the transaction, so far as it bore on Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, was duly entered in the Stationers' Company's Register thus:—

[1596] 25 Iunij.

Assigned ouer vnto him [i.e. William Leake] for his copie from master harrison thelder, in full Court holden this day.

[1] The *Lucrece* pattern of 1594 is more frequently met with than the *Venus* of 1593–4. The *Venus* pattern of 1593–4 appears in Field's issue in 1596 of Sir John Harington's *A new discourse of a stale subject called 'The Metamorphosis of Ajax'*. Of the *Lucrece* pattern, a rough cast figures in Vautrollier's edition of *Essaies of a Prentise*, 1584; a fine impression was set by Field before Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, and the first edition of the second volume of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which Field printed in 1596 for William Ponsonby. The general scheme of the device was a crude adaptation of the famous Aldine anchor, entwined with a dolphin. Antoine Tardif, a well-known sixteenth-century printer of Lyons, fashioned a new device of an anchor with a dolphin within a heavily ornamented scroll and bearing the punning motto, *Festina tarde*. The arrangement of Tardif's device and motto resembles that adopted by Vautrollier (cf. L. C. Silvestre's *Marques Typographiques*, Paris, 1853–67, No. 509). Vautrollier's and Field's motto is common. Spenser, in his *Shepheards Calender* (1579), adopted as 'Colin's embleme' the Italian words *Anckora Speme* (i. e. Hope the anchor).

[2] See facsimile on p. 60.

by the said master harrison's consent. A booke called. Venus and Adonis vjd.

Leake fills an important place in the bibliographical history of Shakespeare's first poem, although Shakespeare did not presumably concern himself with his intervention. He controlled the publication for a period approaching twenty years—for the rest of Shakespeare's lifetime and for ten months after the poet's death. He issued three editions. The first which seems to have come out under his auspices was dated 1599, and was apparently printed for him by Peter Short. Another followed about 1600. In July, 1602, he moved to new premises in St. Paul's Churchyard—to a building bearing the sign of the Holy Ghost—and before the end of the year he produced a new edition of the poem, on the title-page of which he gave his new address. He now seems to have employed Humphry Lownes to print the book. Other editions may have come from his press, but no copies of them survive.[1] On February 16, 1617, he transferred his chief copyrights, including *Venus and Adonis*, to 'Master [William] Barrett', and there the third chapter in the publishing history of the poem closed. Leake's two successors enjoyed brief reigns. Barrett, the first of them, at once reprinted the volume in 1617, but there his interest in it ended. Three years later, on March 8, 1620, he transferred *Venus and Adonis* and the other property that he had acquired of Leake to John Parker. The title-page of one edition of 1620 bears Parker's initials (J. P.), and then on May 7, 1626, he made the book over to John Haviland and John Wright

William Barrett, fourth owner, Feb. 16, 1617–March 8, 1620.

John Parker, fifth owner, March 8, 1620–May 7, 1626.

John Haviland and

[1] In 1607, Robert Raworth, a printer, who purchased Adam Islip's press the year before, was charged before the Star Chamber with printing *Venus and Adonis*, which was 'another's copy'. Raworth was found guilty, and his printing office was for a time forcibly closed, by way of punishment. It is uncertain whether Raworth succeeded in circulating his piratical reprint. No copy has been met with (cf. Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 701, 703–4).

jointly. The official entry in the Stationers' Company's Register runs thus:—

John Wright, sixth owners, May 7, 1626–1640 (?).

7° Maij 1626

Assigned over unto them [i.e. to John Haviland and John Wright] by master Parker and by consent of master Islip warden A Booke called Venus and Adonis vjd.

John Haviland was a printer, not a bookseller, and he alone actively controlled the newly-purchased copyright. At least two editions—those of 1630 and 1636—came from his press, and the bookseller whom he employed to distribute the copies was 'Francis Coules in the Old Bailey without Newgate'. On September 4, 1638, the title of Haviland and his partner Wright to the poem was confirmed anew by the officers of the Stationers' Company's Registers. After 1640, the copyright passed to Edward Wright. He had begun life August 6, 1604, as apprentice to Haviland's partner, John Wright, doubtless his uncle. Edward Wright did not adhere to the volume long. On April 4, 1655, he assigned it to one William Gilbertson, who acquired at the same time a share in *Lucrece*. Gilbertson was the last publisher to claim any exclusive property in *Venus and Adonis*. It is likely enough that both he and his immediate predecessor Edward Wright issued new editions, but no copies survive to confirm the suggestion; and the two men have left small impression on the history of the book.

Edward Wright, seventh owner, 1640 (?)–April 4, 1655.

William Gilbertson, eighth owner, April 4, 1655.

There were thus eight formal transfers of the copyright of the poem with due payment of fees in the course of sixty-two years—a proof that the volume retained throughout that long period a marketable value in the sight of publishers. The authorized London editions numbered at least eleven; a serious attempt was made to infringe the copyright in London in 1607, and there was a surreptitious issue at Edinburgh in 1627. In 1675 a rough reprint was issued by

The chap-book syndicate of 1675.

a London syndicate of chap-book publishers. That curious venture brings to a close the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century chapter of the bibliopolic history of the poem.

V

The parent text.

THE text of all the editions is based on the original version of 1593. Each issue of subsequent date appears to reprint one or other of its near predecessors with more or less fidelity. The alterations are slight, and are due to the compositors or correctors of the press. Efforts to systematize the irregular spellings of the first issues and occasionally to remove grammatical solecisms account for most of the variations. But in a few instances new misprints or unwarrantable alterations in the order of words are introduced through the carelessness or presumptuous ignorance of compositor or proof-corrector. How trifling and arbitrary were the changes in the early editions, may be judged from the characteristic fact that in the inscription before the dedicatory epistle 'Wriothesl*ey*' in the 1593 edition appears as 'Wriothesl*y*' in the 1594 edition, and as 'Wriothesl*ie*' in the 1596 and many subsequent editions.

The misprints of 1593.

On the whole, Field's text of 1593 may be held to have adhered to Shakespeare's manuscript with reasonable closeness, but it presents defects of the sort which confutes the theory that Shakespeare himself corrected the proofs. The praises lavished on Field's press-work by Shakespearean critics of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, seem on a thorough examination to require qualification. Misprints are few; they do not exceed ten in all, and only one of them, slight enough in itself, can cause the reader perplexity. In line 185 the present participle 'souring' is disguised under the unintelligible pair of words 'so wring'. The nine other misprints are 'Witin'

for 'Within' (235); 'aud' for 'and' (301); 'bnt' for 'but' (393); 'Ho' for 'He' (545); 'nor' for 'not' (615); 'the th' impartiall' for 'th' impartiall' (748); 'had' for 'was' (1054); 'crop's' for 'crops' (1175). None of these are likely to mislead. But misprints are not the main defects of the volume. A more serious flaw lies in the careless discrepancies which characterize the spelling of common words. Very little time must have been spent on the revision of proof-sheets of a book in which some of the commonest words were spelt indifferently two or three ways in contiguous stanzas. Elizabethan spelling was impatient of strict law, but well-printed books observed within their limits a definite system in the treatment of ordinary words. In the first issue of *Venus and Adonis* chaos reigns supreme. In the same stanzas we have both 'kis' (207) and 'kisse' (209), and both 'sun' (193) and 'sunne' (198), while elsewhere (750) we meet with a third variant in 'sonne.' Similar irregularities are 'blood' (555) and 'bloud' (1122); 'bore' (1003) and 'boare' (1112); 'desier' (36) and 'desire' (547); 'eyes' (120) and 'eies' (1050); 'flood' (824) and 'floud' (in 'floud-gates', 53); 'flower' (8) and 'floure' (1055); 'inchaunt' (145) and 'inchanting' (247); 'lion' (1093) and 'lyon' (884); 'litle' (132) and 'little' (1179); 'pray' (i. e. 'prey', 58) and 'praie' (1097); 'rain' (360) and 'raine' (71); 'sayes' (851) and 'saies' (1173); 'skie' (485) and 'skye' (815); 'spite' (173) and 'spight' (1133); 'in spite of' (173) and 'despight of' (751); 'spirit' (one syllable, 882) and 'sprite' (181); 'sproong' (1168) and 'sprong' (1171).

Discrepancies of spelling.

The occasional use of contractions and of the symbol '&' for 'and' is probably an endeavour on a clumsy printer's part to prevent the over-running of the line in which they are present. But it is just possible that they reproduce a characteristic of the author's manuscripts. In Shakespeare's extant signatures, some of the letters are represented by the abbrevia-

Signs of contractions.

tive symbols. Nevertheless a careful printer setting up type from a manuscript which admitted contractions would expand them as a matter of course. In the 1593 text of *Venus and Adonis* the letters 'm' and 'n' are in the twenty-one following instances represented by the cursive abbreviation of a hyphen above the preceding vowel, viz.—'lōg' (83), 'thē' (='then' twice in 137), 'strēgthles' (153), 'frō' (167, 443, and 1050), 'strōg' (297), 'dūbe' (406 and 1146), 'woūding' (432), 'non-paimēt' (521), 'hādling' (560), 'dissēble' (641), 'thē' (='them,' 666 and 899), 'hoūds' (678), 'drēcht' (1054), 'cāst' (='canst,' 1077), 'vpō' (1170), 'cōpares' (1176).

Capital letters.

Even thus the catalogue of irregularities is unexhausted. Capital letters for common nouns within the lines are used sparingly but with the utmost irregularity.[1] The word 'boar', which occurs seventeen times, is thrice honoured with a capital B; 'horse' is similarly treated twice out of eight times; 'lions' once of three times; and 'queen' four of six times. Among some other words which bear a capital initial without reasonable cause, are 'Eagle' (55), 'Primrose' (151), 'Painter' (289), 'Ouen' (331), 'Moone' (492), 'Caterpillers' (798), 'Tapsters' (849), and 'Tygre' (1096). It is easy to produce hundreds of like words which are printed without any distinguishing mark.

Inflexional irregularities.

Other irregularities in spelling affect the inflexions of both the present and past tenses of verbs. The third person singular of the present tense ends indifferently with *-eth*, or *-es*, or *-s*. The latter two terminations, which are unaffected by metrical considerations, are always interchangeable. Thus

[1] A different sort of typographical carelessness is the substitution of a small letter for a capital in the first word of line 1048 ('which' for 'Which'), and in two catchwords, respectively, after line 427 ('what' for 'What') and after line 1099 ('when' for 'When'). The catchword is omitted altogether after line 666 (page 30).

we find 'neigh*s*' (262) and 'neigh*es*' (307); a single line (311) gives us 'spurn*es*', 'scorn*s*', and 'feel*es*'. It is difficult to explain by philological law why the *e* before the final *s* is omitted in 'locks' (228), 'falls' (594), 'breeds' (742), 'lends' (790), 'begins' (835), or 'sings' (836), and is yet inserted in 'sweares' (80), 'heares' (702), 'leapes' (1026), 'lookes' (1063), or 'bowes' (1171). A like uncertainty broods over the past tense of verbs. The customary *-ed* is represented by as many as seven varying forms, *-ed*, *d*, *'d*, *de*, *'de*, *t*, *'t*, which are employed at the compositor's will without logical justification. Such discrepant forms as 'prison*d*', 'drown*d*', 'cal*d*', 'rayl*d*', 'prouok'*t*', 'wreak'*t*', 'hem'*d*', 'unwitness*ed*', 'asham'*d*', 'smoothr*ed*', 'perplex*ed*', 'imprison*d*', 'open*d*', 'trench*t*', 'dre[n]ch*t*', and 'stop*t*', are taken from a succession of fourteen stanzas (ll. 979–1062) which were chosen at random. A few lines below we find the forms 'liu'*d*' (1080), 'di*de*' (1080), 'liu'*de*' (1085), and 'lurk*t*' (1086) within a seven-line limit.[1]

It is incredible that a practised penman would have suffered so many inconsistencies to remain in the proof if the opportunity of removing them had been given him. On the whole it seems improbable, either that Shakespeare's responsibility for the text went beyond the mere act of handing his manuscript to Field, or that Field's corrector of the press possessed average efficiency.

The text of 1594.

In Field's new edition of 1594 the type of that of 1593 was reset throughout from a printed copy. The signatures are repeated (B–G in fours and Hi) and the number of leaves are again seven-and-twenty. The signature F[i] is however omitted. The typographical changes only affect the spelling of words and are due to the compositors' vagaries. No other

[1] Cf. A. Wuerzner, Die Orthographie der ersten Quarto-Ausgabe von Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* und *Lucrece*, Vienna, 1887, 8vo.

authority attaches to any of them. The contractions are for the most part removed, but several are confusedly inserted in new places; 'VVhen' (641) is replaced by 'VVhē', 'wound' (1052) by 'woūd', though the succeeding word 'drēcht' is reproduced as 'drencht'. The more obvious misprints are removed, and in some places the spelling is improved; e.g. 'yron' (269) is replaced by 'iron'; 'lyon' (678) by 'lion'; 'ougly' (1041) by 'ugly'; 'desier' (36) by 'desire'; 'donne' (749) by 'done'; 'sproong' (1168) by 'sprung'; 'smel' (1171) by 'smell'; 'wil' (1188) by 'will'. Most words ending in '-ie' in the first edition are given the modern termination of '-y' in the reissue. 'Stormie', 'lustie', 'angrie', 'beautie', 'heauie', 'prettie', 'drie', &c., reappear in 1594 as 'stormy', 'lusty', 'angry', 'beauty', 'heavy', 'pretty', 'dry', &c. On the other hand in several places the spelling assumes cruder and less familiar shapes in the new edition; e.g. 'tongue' (1069) becomes 'tong', 'Shepherds' (455) becomes 'sheapheards', 'henceforth' (1081) becomes 'hencefoorth', 'destroy' (760) becomes 'destroie'. The only actual changes of words are unimportant, and on the whole are disadvantageous. In line 123, 'Loue keepes his reuels where there *are* but twaine,' the new edition reads *be* for *are*. In line 203, 'O had thy mother borne so *hard* a minde,' the new edition reads 'so *bad* a minde'. In line 484 'all the *earth* releeueth' is replaced by 'all the *world* relieveth'. More definite injury is done to the sense in line 353, where 'tender' is suffered to displace 'tendrer' (i.e. more tender). There was clearly no intention on the part of the compositor or publisher to revise the text systematically. The variations are due to the accidental and occasional intervention of the corrector of the press. Nevertheless all the new readings of 1594 were religiously followed in the subsequent reprints.

The emendations of 1594.

Leake's edition of 1600.

Leake's edition of 1600 has some textual importance, which gives it a better title to rank with its predecessors of 1593 and 1594 than with any other issue. It contains a few typographical variations which have some intrinsic interest. The more notable changes are:—'smothers' (54) for 'murthers'; 'ill-natur'd' (134) for 'ill-nurtur'd'; 'the parke' (231) for 'a parke'; 'kisses' (519) for 'touches'; 'sight' (746) for 'fight'; 'imperiall' (748) for 'impartiall'; 'their obscuritie' (760) for 'darke obscuritie'; 'Bids thē leave quaking, *wills* them feare no more' (899) for 'Bids them leave quaking, *bids* them feare no more'; 'imperial' (996) for 'imperious'; 'and shall be blasted' (1142) for 'bud, and be blasted'; 'sharpest sight' (1144) for 'truest sight'; 'seemes most' (1157) for 'showes most'. That the hand of an editor, albeit of a clumsy kind, is responsible for these alterations may be deduced from the somewhat complete reconstruction of line 574 by the same pen. The old reading, 'What though the rose have prickles, yet tis pluckt?' is replaced by 'What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd.'

Gradual deterioration of the text.

The further emendations which distinguish subsequent editions are comparatively unimportant. But typographical alterations, mostly of a minute kind, never ceased. By the time the text reached editors and printers of the eighteenth century it had gradually travelled far from that of the original issue, all copies of which for a long time disappeared. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Malone recovered a copy of the *editio princeps*, and with its aid he restored the text to its primordial shape.

VI

The small number of surviving copies of early editions.

THE strangest fact to be noticed in regard to the bibliography of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is that, though there were at least six editions issued in the poet's lifetime and seven in the two generations following his death, in the case of only two—the second and the sixth—of these thirteen editions do as many as three copies survive. In regard to the twelve other editions, the surviving copies of each are fewer. Of the editions of 1596, 1627, 1636, and 1675 two copies of each are known. Of the editions of 1593, 1599, 1600, 1617 and 1620, and the two editions of 1630, only one copy survives in each case. It is quite possible that there were editions in other years of which every copy has disappeared. But no more singular circumstance has yet been revealed in bibliographical history than that thirteen early editions of a sixteenth-century work should have been traced and only twenty-one exemplars of them all should be now known to bibliographical research. It is not extravagant to estimate that each sixteenth- or seventeenth-century edition of *Venus and Adonis* averaged 250 copies. On that assumption it will be seen that 3,729 copies have perished out of the 3,750 printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This wholesale mortality is doubtless the penalty the work paid for its popularity and accessibility. The copies were eagerly read and re-read, were quickly worn out and were carelessly flung away.

Distribution of surviving copies.

The present distribution of the twenty-one copies of the early editions which are known to survive is interesting. Eighteen are now in Great Britain and three are in America. The Bodleian Library at Oxford has the high distinction of

owning as many as nine; of these one came from the library of Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (No. X); a second came from the library of Anthony à Wood (No. XVI); three were presented by the great Shakespearean scholar, Edmund Malone (Nos. I, VI, and VIII); two were bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott (Nos. III and

ERRATUM

Page 54, line 7, *for* twelve other editions *read* eleven other editions.

the Bodleian Library, was bought bound up with other poetical tracts for *6d.*

The following is a detailed account of each of the Census of copies.

surviving twenty-one copies of the early editions.[1] For purposes of reference they are numbered consecutively.

FIRST EDITION, 1593. No. I. Bodleian (Malone) copy of 1593.

Of the first edition, which is reproduced in this volume, only a single copy is known to exist. It is among the books which belonged to Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The story of Malone's acquisition of the rare volume is interesting. At the outset of his career as a Shakespearean commentator he sought in vain for any early edition of *Venus and Adonis*. In his behalf, Thomas Longman, 'bookseller, of Paternoster Row,' offered, without result, a guinea for that of 1593 in an advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle* on April 15, 1779. In 1780, in his 'Supplement to the edition of Shakespeare's plays' which Dr. Johnson and George Steevens had jointly prepared in 1778, he issued a text of the dramatist's 'genuine poetical compositions'. But he found it impossible to print *Venus and Adonis* 'from the original copies'. 'Though much inquiry was made for it,' Malone wrote in the Advertisement, 'the editor has not been able to procure the first edition.' He acknowledged, however, the loan from Dr. Farmer 'of a copy of that poem published in 1600'. Dr. Farmer's copy, which was without a title-page, is now in the Bodleian Library with Malone's books (see No. VIII, *infra*).[2] A few years after the publication of his text

[1] Much information respecting the extant copies of *Venus and Adonis* is collected in Justin Winsor's valuable, but inaccessible, *Shakespeare's Poems: a bibliography of the earlier editions* (Library of Harvard University, Bibliographical Contributions, No. 2, Cambridge, Mass., 1879). Valuable suggestions are made in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. 38, 1895, preface; in Charles Edmond's Preface (v–xxii) to *Venus and Adonis from the hitherto unknown edition of* 1599 (1870), and in Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual* (ed. H. G. Bohn, s. v. Shakespeare, 1864). I have personally inspected most of the volumes described which remain in England. I owe my main knowledge of those in America to descriptions furnished by their present owners. I have to thank the American collectors, Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., and Mr. Marsden J. Perry, for courteous replies to my inquiries.

[2] On April 29, 1779, Malone wrote to the Earl of Charlemont, 'Do you happen to be possessed of any ancient edition of Shakespeare's poem of

of the poem in 1780, Malone discovered a copy of the edition of 1596, and he noted down thirty-nine variations on his private copy of his reprint of the edition assigned to 1600.[1] It was not until August, 1805, that Malone's search for the original edition of 1593 was rewarded with success. In that month he acquired for what he called 'the enormous price of twenty-five pounds' from William Ford, a bookseller of Manchester, a copy of the edition of 1593. With the *Venus and Adonis* was bound up a copy of *Licia, or poems of Love*, by

FIRST EDITION, 1593.

Venus and Adonis? The booksellers have repeatedly advertized for the earliest copy of it, but have not yet been able to get it.' The Earl replied on May 10, 'I am not possessed of any ancient copy of the *Venus and Adonis*' (MSS. of James, 1st Earl of Charlemont, *Hist. MSS. Comm. 12th Report*, App. Part x, 1891, vol. i, 1745–83, p. 347). The following two letters from W. Ford of Manchester, the seller of the volume of 1593 to Malone, are in the Bodleian Library and are here printed for the first time. They are bound up in a volume of Malone's letters, numbered SC 28578 (ff. 156 e, 156 f) :—

'Manchester, July 20, 1805.

Sir, On receiving this you will be shown the Vol. of Venus and Adonis —the lowest price of which will be Twenty-five Pounds—the Licia prefixed to the Vol. is as great a rarity as the other nor have I been able to discover any notice of it in Warton, Ames, nor Ritson. Probably you may be more successful. I have not disclosed to Mr Bickerstaff the Price I ask you for it, tho' he is furnished with another Price to ask for it, in case of your refusal. Had I not been disposing of my Books, an offer of 30 gs should not have induced me to have parted with it. I am in possession of some other Pieces of our old English Poets as Spencer, Brown, &c. which are now at Binding, as great rarities as the above, which if I have the pleasure of writing to you again I will describe more particularly.

I remain very respectfully your
Hble Sert W. Ford.'

The second letter runs :—

'Sir, Yours I duly recd enclosing a Bank Bill Val. 25. 17. 0 for which I have given you credit and am much obliged to you.

The Bible shall be sent for your inspection the first opportunity.

I lately purchased a curious colln of Books; among them was an old quarto Vol. of Plays, containing Green's *tu quoque*, Shakspere's *Henry 4* and 5th, Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, and several others all first editions. I sold it immediately otherwise shd have wrote you about it. I remain

Sir your obliged servant
W. Ford.

Manchester
August 30 - 1805 -'

[1] This copy with Malone's manuscript annotations was kindly lent to the present editor by Messrs. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, London.

FIRST EDITION, 1593.

Giles Fletcher, which was published in the same year, and of which also no other complete copy has been met with. The volume is now numbered Malone 325, and bears on the fly-leaf an autograph note by Malone, of which the last sentences run :—'Many years ago I said that I had no doubt an edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, but no copy of that edition was discovered in the long period that has elapsed since my first notice of it, nor is any other copy of 1593 but the present known to exist.' No second copy has been yet discovered in the century that has elapsed since Malone wrote these words.

The copy—a quarto—measures $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$, and is in good condition. The leaves number twenty-seven. The title-page and dedicatory epistle are unsigned leaves, but the text of the poem is printed on leaves bearing signatures in fours from B (B ij, B iij) to H. The copy has been twice reproduced already; firstly, in 1867, by Mr. E. W. Ashbee, in lithographic facsimile, at the expense of James Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps] (only fifty impressions were taken, of which nineteen were destroyed, and thirty-one alone were suffered to survive); secondly, in 1886, by Mr. William Griggs, in photo-lithography, for the Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch of Piccadilly (No. 12, with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symons).

SECOND EDITION, 1594.

Of the edition of 1594—also a quarto—Malone remained in ignorance to the last. But at least three copies with the title-pages identical with those of the first edition were known to others in his time, and remain accessible. The three copies are now, respectively, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the library of Mr. A. H. Huth.

No. II. Brit. Mus. (Grenville) copy, 1594.

The British Museum copy was at one time the property of Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., the well-known collector in the early years of the nineteenth century. He stumbled upon it in one of his Lancashire rambles, in a volume which also contained the first edition of the *Sonnets* of 1609 and was purchased for a few pence.[1] At the sale of Jolley's library in 1844 it was bought

[1] See T. F. Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 1824, p. 808.

by Thomas Grenville for £116, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum in 1846. It measures $6\frac{13}{16}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$. The edges are somewhat closely cut, and some pages are slightly mended. It is bound in olive morocco by Clarke. It was reproduced by Mr. E. W. Ashbee in 1867, together with the edition of 1593. SECOND EDITION, 1594.

The Bodleian copy (Malone Additional 886) was bequeathed to the Library by Thomas Caldecott, an ardent student of Shakespeare, in 1833. With it are bound (in red morocco) first editions of *Lucrece* (1594) and the *Sonnets* (1609). The signature of an early owner, 'Thomas Newton,' appears on the last leaf. A manuscript note by Caldecott on the fly-leaf runs thus:—'I purchased the contents of this volume, June, 1796, of an obscure bookseller, of the name of Vanderberg, near St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. He had cut them with several others out of a volume, put each of them separately in blue paper, and priced them at 4*s.* and 5*s.* Some time after he told me that he had met with them among many others at a bookseller's auction.' The copy measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{6}{8}''$, and the edges are closely shaved. No. III. Bodleian (Caldecott) copy, 1594.

The third copy of the 1594 edition, which is generally regarded as the finest, belonged, until 1864, to George Daniel, of Canonbury, and was purchased at the Daniel sale in 1864 by Mr. Henry Huth for £240. It measures as much as $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{13}{16}''$.[1] No. IV. Huth copy, 1594.

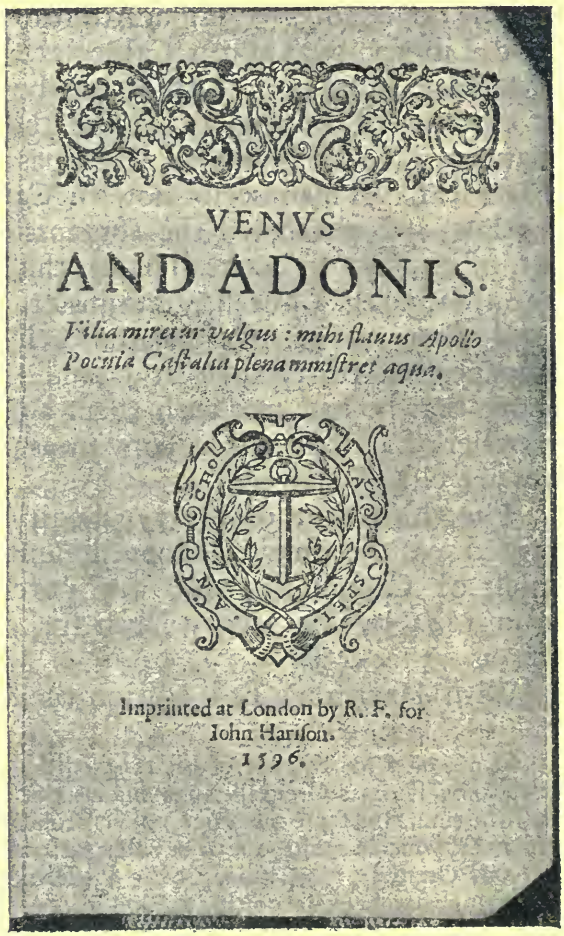
With Harrison's first edition of 1596, the form of the THIRD EDITION, 1596.

[1] Hints of a fourth copy of the 1594 edition exist. Such a copy seems referred to by Thomas Grenville in a manuscript note before his copy in the British Museum. He there mentions, not very coherently, 'a copy sold by Pickering in 1843, which I sold again to buy this preferable [Jolley] copy'. It would appear that Grenville himself bought the Pickering copy in 1843, and sold it the following year, before acquiring the Jolley copy. The Pickering copy, which Grenville judged to be inferior to the Jolley copy, can hardly be identified with the fine Daniel copy which has no recorded history, but which is distinctly superior to the Jolley copy. The Pickering is yet to be traced. At Daniel's sale, a single leaf (F iiij) of the edition of 1594, belonging presumably to a fifth copy, was bought by Halliwell for £2 1*s.* 0*d.* and was presented by him to the Shakespeare's Birthplace Library at Stratford-on-Avon, where it is on exhibition. It contains ll. 907–54, beginning 'A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes' and ending 'Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour'.

THIRD EDITION, 1596.

book was changed. The quarto shape gave place to the octavo, and the quarto shape was never resumed. The signatures henceforth run A to D iij in eights. Though the page was slightly smaller, each bore as much type as before, and the leaves continued to number twenty-seven. The text of 1594 is followed in the issue of 1596 with small typographical change. Field was the printer. Two copies are extant—one in the British Museum, and the other in the Bodleian. The British Museum copy, which measures $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 2\frac{15}{16}''$, is bound in half-(olive) morocco with red cloth sides, and is preserved in a russia leather case. It is in good condition, although one or two of the concluding leaves are stained. The book was in the library of Sir William Bolland, at whose sale in 1840 it was bought by Benjamin Heywood Bright for £91. At Bright's sale on April 7, 1845, it was bought by George Daniel for £91 10*s.* 0*d.*[1] The underbidder was Thomas Grenville. At

No. V. Brit. Mus. copy, 1596.


VENVS
AND ADONIS.
Filia mirentur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.
Imprinted at London by R. F. for
Iohn Harison.
1596.

[1] Daniel wrote in the book the following note:—'This most precious

the Daniel sale in 1864, the British Museum acquired the copy for £336. The press-mark is C. 21. a. 37.

THIRD EDITION, 1596. No. VI. Bodleian (Malone) copy, 1596.

The other copy, in the Malone collection of the Bodleian Library (Malone 37), measures only $4\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3''$, and the margins are closely shaved. It originally formed part of a volume of early poetical pamphlets which was sold at Dr. Bernard's sale in 1698 for 1*s.* 3*d.*; Thomas Warton bought it for 6*d.* in 1760 'out of some rubbish in a broker's shop'. His brother, Joseph Warton, gave it to Malone before 1785. Malone modestly wrote of the volume in 1791: 'If it were now to be produced at an auction, it would undoubtedly be sold for three or four guineas.'[1] He detached the *Venus and Adonis* from the collection, inlaid all the leaves in paper measuring $9'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$, and bound it up with inlaid copies of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597 and 1599), of *Richard III* (1597), of *King Lear* (1608), and of *Titus Andronicus* (1611).

FOURTH EDITION, 1599. No. VII. Britwell copy, 1599

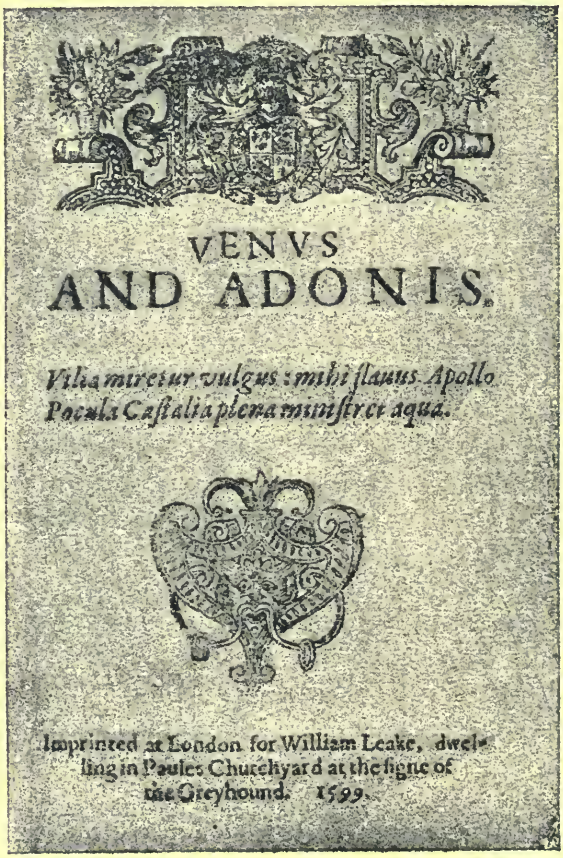
The first extant edition bearing Leake's imprint is dated 1599. Only a single copy exists, and that did not come to light till 1867. The existence of such an edition was not previously suspected by bibliographers. It was discovered in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall, near Northampton, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart., by Mr. Charles Edmonds in September of that year. Mr. Edmonds had been sent to Lamport Hall by Henry Sotheran & Co., the London booksellers, to report on the state of Sir Charles' library. Mr. Edmonds discovered some twenty rare poetical tracts published at the end of the sixteenth century in the disused

volume is from the Libraries of ye late W. [Sir William] Bolland and B. H. Bright, Esq^rs. At Mr. Bolland's sale [in 1840] (at ye rooms of Messrs. Evans) it was bought by Mr. Bright for £91. At Mr. Bright's sale [no. 5067] (at ye rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Co.) on 7 April, 1845, I became the Purchaser for ye sum of £91 10*s.* 0*d.* George Daniel, *Canonbury Square.*'—He also inserted in the volume the following note, which he received in the sale-room from the bookseller Thomas Rodd :—'There are three marquises wanting the *Venus*, one will I fear push hard at her. I do not think there is any lik[e]lihood of your getting her under £101. I know that it will not go under £91 10*s.* 0*d.* T[homas] R[odd].'

[1] Prior's *Malone*, p. 179.

FOURTH EDITION, 1599.

lumber-room. All were in good condition in contemporary vellum binding, and in many cases the leaves were uncut. But the most interesting feature of this treasure-trove was the vellum-bound volume in perfect condition which sheltered within its covers Leake's edition of *Venus and Adonis* dated 1599, a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* published in the same year, and a copy of *Epigrammes and Elegies by I. D. and C. M. At Middleborough.* (The last pamphlet consisted of epigrams by Sir John Davies, and certain of Ovid's Elegies translated by Christopher Marlowe, and was issued in London—not, as stated, at Middleborough—in all probability in 1598.) This rare volume of triplicate interest was sold in the summer of 1895, by Sir Charles Isham, to Mr. Christie Miller of Britwell Court, Maidenhead, together with much else that was valuable in the Lamport treasure-trove. The 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which is now at Britwell, measures $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$; the signatures run as before in eights from A to D iij; and it consists of twenty-seven leaves. The text follows that of 1596, but there are some


VENVS
AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound. 1599.

ignorant variations of spelling. The ornaments on the title-page altogether differ from those employed by Harrison and Field, and suggest that the printer whom Leake employed was Peter Short. A typed facsimile, limited to an edition of 131 copies, was published by Messrs. Sotheran & Co. in 1870. FOURTH EDITION, 1599.

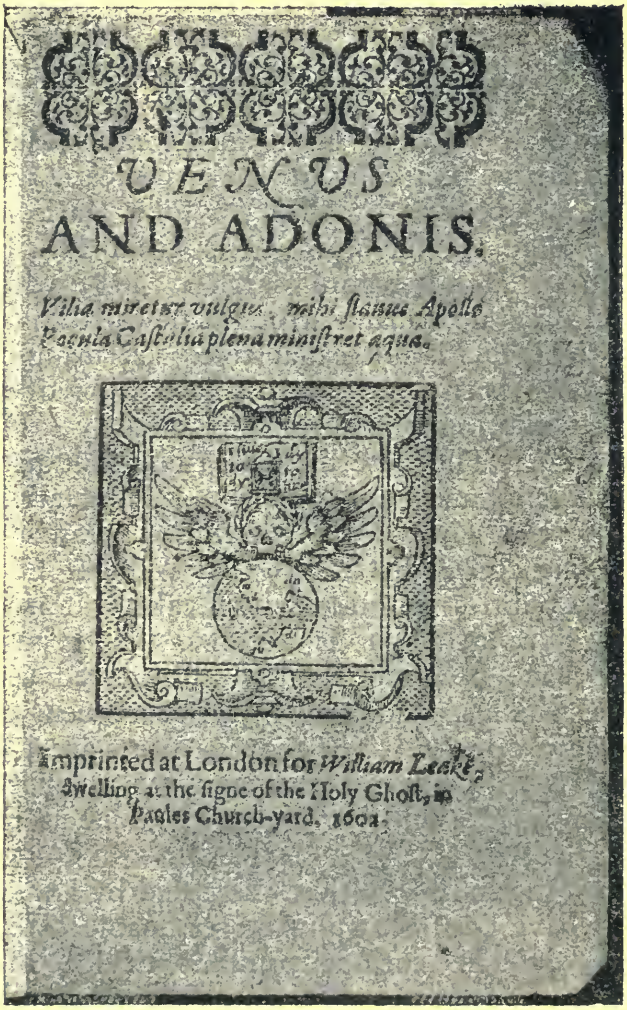
Of a succeeding issue, only a single copy is again known to be extant. This copy, which lacks a title-page, is in Malone's collection at the Bodleian Library (Malone 327). It is bound up with a copy of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, which has the imprint 'printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison' and the date 1600. The volume was a gift from Dr. Farmer to Malone, who collated it before March 24, 1785, with the 1596 edition, and drew up a manuscript list of thirty-nine changes, which is extant, but is not exhaustive.[1] A manuscript title-page which has been supplied to this edition of the *Venus*, merely copies the *Lucrece* imprint ('printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison,' 1600). The date may be right, but the printer's and publisher's names are errors. John Harrison's connexion with the *Venus and Adonis* had ceased with the transfer of the copyright in 1597 to William Leake. The edition was doubtless published by Leake. It is of textual importance, for although it follows the typography of 1599 there have been deliberately introduced several new misreadings, which are adopted in all subsequent editions of the seventeenth century. The measurements are $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 2\frac{9}{10}''$. The signatures (A–D iij) in eights, and the number of leaves, which are unpaged, twenty-seven, are the same as in previous issues. FIFTH EDITION, 1600? No. VIII. Bodleian (Malone) copy, 1600?

A new—the sixth—edition was issued by Leake in 1602. It seems to have been set up, with reasonable care, from the text of 1600. The curious printer's device, in a square scrolled frame on the title-page, shows a winged and laurelled skull surmounted by an hour-glass in front of an open book, inscribed 'I liue to dy. I dy to liue': beneath the skull is a globe showing the Western hemisphere and the sea with a ship. SIXTH EDITION, 1602.

[1] See No. I, p. 57, note 1.

Sixth Edition, 1602.

The device was probably that of Humphry Lownes, who seems to have printed the volume for Leake. An edition of Robert Southwell's *Saint Peter's Complaint*, which was probably printed


VENUS
AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Imprinted at London for *William Leake*,
dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in
Paules Church-yard. 1602.

in the same year (1602), although the title-page is undated, bears the same device and has the imprint, 'Printed by H[umphry] L[ownes] for William Leake.' Three copies

survive—respectively in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, and the Earl of Macclesfield's library. SIXTH EDITION, 1602.

An alteration was made in the type of the title-page after a few copies were struck off: for the comma which originally followed the word 'vulgus' in the middle of the first line of the Latin quotation, there was substituted a colon, which figures in two of the three extant copies of the edition. The copy in the British Museum alone has the comma on the title-page. There is no other distinction in the type of the three copies.[1]

No. IX. British Museum copy, 1602.

The British Museum copy of the 1602 edition, with the unique 'comma' title-page, measures $5\frac{3}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$. The ownership can be traced some distance back. It was bought by the commentator, George Steevens, at the sale of Dr. Chauncey's library on April 15, 1790, for eight shillings. James Bindley paid £1 11*s.* 6*d.* for it at the Steevens sale on May 21, 1800. The price leapt up at Bindley's sale in 1819 to £42, when it was bought by Mr. Strettel of Canonbury. At Strettel's sale, in 1841, the bidding only reached £26 5*s.* 0*d.* and no sale was then effected, but George Daniel soon afterwards acquired it for £40 8*s.* 6*d.* Daniel sold the copy to the British Museum at a slightly higher price. There are manuscript notes, dealing with the successive changes of ownership, in the hands of Steevens (who knew of no other copy), Bindley, and Daniel. On Sig. B 1 (line 303) is the following good manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand:—'To bid the wind a bace. Base or Bace—a sport used among country people called Prison-Base in which some persue to take others

[1] The Cambridge editors vaguely credit each of the three copies with typographical peculiarities, and treat each as representative of a different edition, thus attributing to Leake three editions in 1602. A comparison of the three does not support this allegation. A careful collation of the Earl of Macclesfield's copy, which was kindly lent to the British Museum by the Countess of Macclesfield for the purpose, with the British Museum copy, shows that the two are at all points identical in type, save for the punctuation on the title-page. The paper of the Bodleian copy is perhaps of a quality slightly inferior to that of the Museum and Macclesfield copies.

SIXTH EDITION, 1602. No. X. Bodleian copy, 1602.

Prisoners—and therefore To bid the wind a Base, is by using the Language of yt sport To take the wind Prisoner.'

The Bodleian copy of 1602 (8°. M 9, Art B S) bears the autograph signature of Robert Burton. It has been in the Library since 1640, when it was forwarded in conformity with the clause of Burton's will: 'If I have any books the University Library hath not, let them take them.'[1] This copy was the first edition of the poem to pass the portals of the Bodleian Library. That Burton was well acquainted with *Venus and Adonis* is clear from a mnemonic quotation of four lines in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621).[2] Burton's copy is now bound up with five other tracts, only one of which was his property. The *Venus* comes second in the volume. Some of the leaves are uncut.[3] The measurements are $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$.

No. XI. Macclesfield copy, 1602.

The third surviving copy of the 1602 edition is in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. It has, like the Bodleian copy, the 'colon' title-page. It is a perfect copy in admirable preservation, and has been strongly bound in recent years by Hatton of Manchester. It was probably acquired by the first Earl of Macclesfield, the Lord Chancellor, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The measurements are $5'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$. There

[1] Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian*, 1890, p. 90.

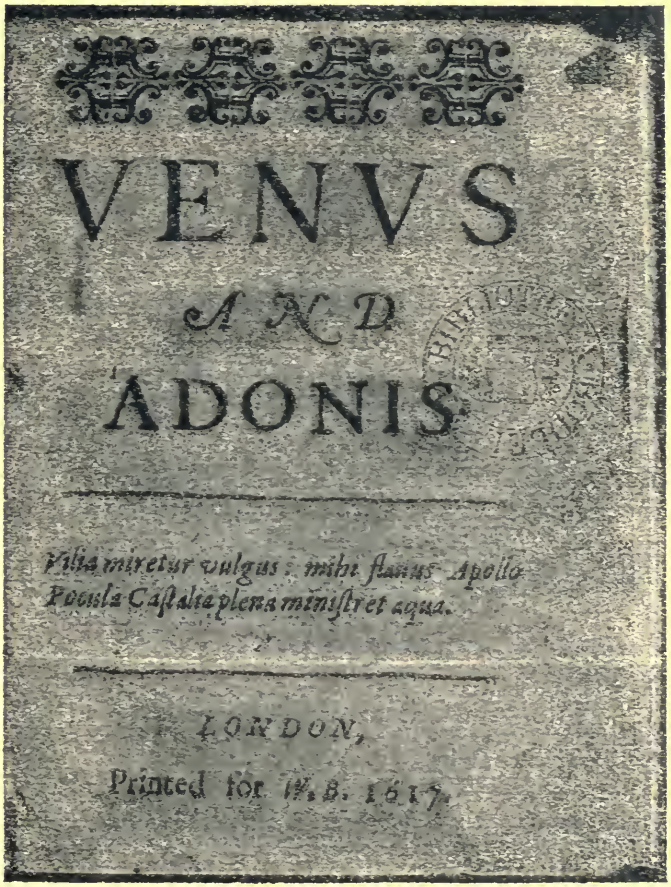
[2] Burton quotes the four lines from memory (ed. Shilleto, vol. iii, p. 79) thus:—'When *Venus* ran to meet her rose-cheeked *Adonis*, as an elegant Poet of ours sets her out,

The bushes in the way
Some catch her [by the] neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her legs to make her stay,
And all did covet her for to embrace.' (ll. 871–4.)

Burton's allusion to Shakespeare as 'an elegant Poet of ours' is curious. He only seems to quote Shakespeare in two other places in his *Anatomy*, once from *Lucrece*, ll. 615–6 (vol. i, p. 91), and once from *Romeo and Juliet* (vol. iii, p. 216). Burton makes several other references to the story of Venus and Adonis, but only as it figures in classical authors.

[3] The opening tract, *The Devill of Mascon, from the French* (Oxford, 1658), is not of much interest. But the third tract, Laneham's *Letter*, concerning the Kenilworth Entertainment of 1575, bears, like *Venus and Adonis*, the autograph signature of 'Robtus Burton'.

are traces of the existence of two other copies of this edition. In the Bagford collection of title-pages at the British Museum, there is a title-page which precisely corresponds with that of Lord Macclesfield's exemplar. The library of the great Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which the book- SIXTH EDITION, 1602.


VENVS
AND
ADONIS

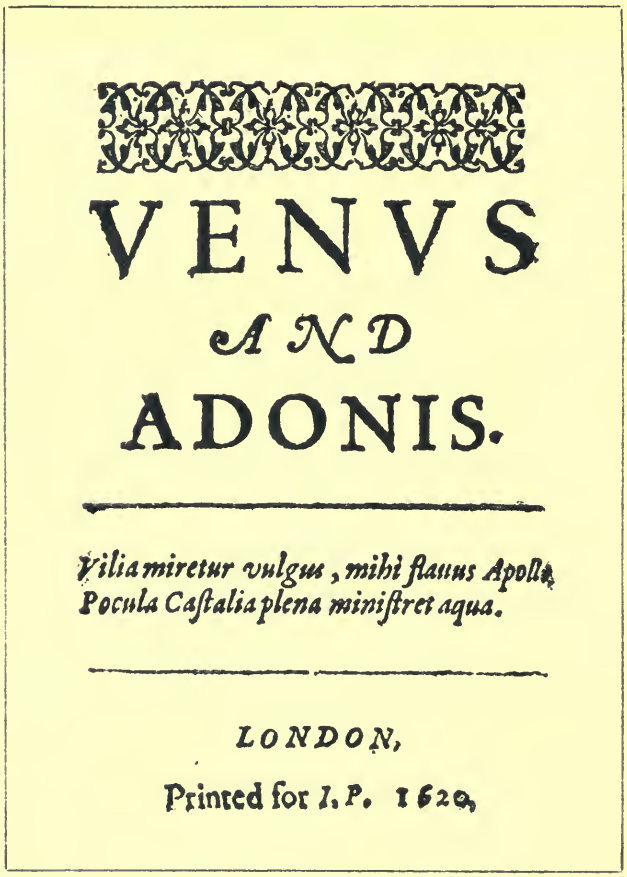
Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

LONDON,
Printed for W. B. 1617.

seller Osborne dispersed in the middle years of the eighteenth century, contained very few early editions of Shakespeare's works, but the *Catalogus Bibliothecae Harleianae* (1743–5) enumerates among them a copy of *Venus and Adonis* dated 1602.

SEVENTH EDITION, 1617. No. XII. Bodleian (Caldecott) copy, 1617.

A unique copy of the edition of 1617 was included in Thomas Caldecott's bequest in 1833 to the Bodleian Library[1] (Malone 890). It bears the imprint 'Printed for W. B. 1617.' W. B. was William Barrett, the publisher or bookseller who



VENVS

AND

ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

LONDON,

Printed for *I. P.* 1620.

purchased the copyright of Leake in 1617. The volume is a small octavo ($4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{16}''$) with the same signatures and the same number of leaves as its immediate predecessors. The text seems identical with that of 1602.

[1] Dyce in his edition of Shakespeare mentions an edition of the year 1616. There is no other trace of it, and Dyce may have been thinking in error of the edition of *Lucrece* of 1616.

A unique copy of the edition of 1620—'Printed for I. P.' (i.e. John Parker)—is among the books left by Capell to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is bound with a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599, which follows it. The volume belonged at one time to 'Honest Tom Martin' (1697–1771) of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford. At the end there is the note in old writing, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' The measurements are $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$. It is a small octavo, faithfully reproducing the edition of 1617, although the title-page has the comma instead of the colon in the Latin quotation, as in the early impression of the 1602 edition (No. IX).[1]

EIGHTH EDITION, 1620. No. XIII. Capell copy, 1620.

A special interest attaches to the edition of 1627, of which two copies are now traceable. This edition was printed not in London, but in Edinburgh, and is the first example of the printing outside London of any work of Shakespeare. The Edinburgh printer and publisher who undertook the venture was John Wreittoun, a man of substance, with a shop, as he states on the title-page, 'a litle beneath the Salt Trone.' It is possible that the publisher's neighbour, Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet, who was an admiring critic of Shakespeare, suggested the venture.[2] A copy of an early edition of the poem was in Drummond's library

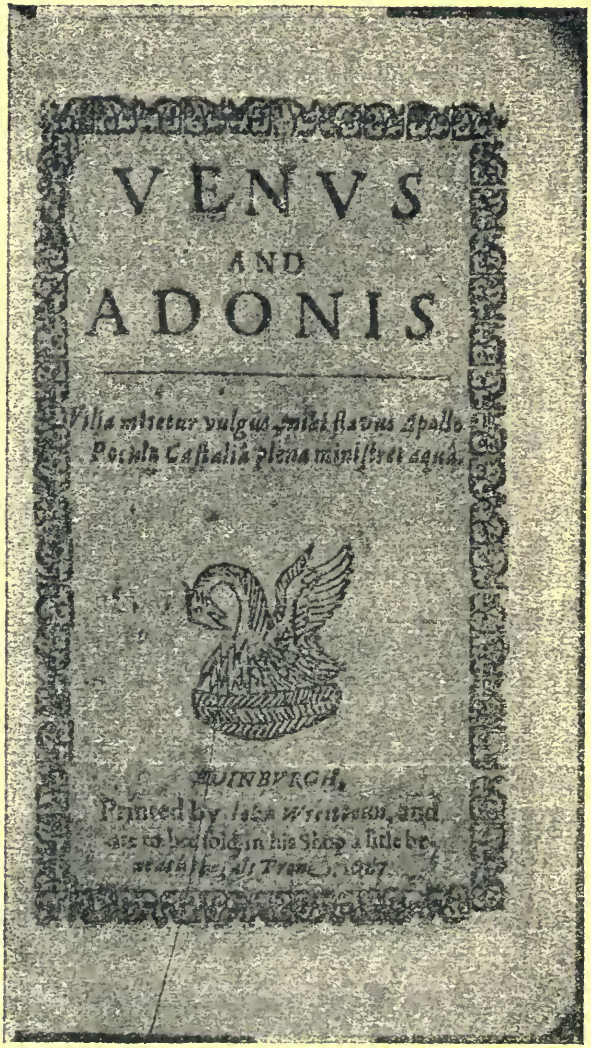
NINTH EDITION, Edinburgh, 1627.

[1] The erroneous statement of the Cambridge editors in their first edition (1866) that a second copy of the 1620 edition was bought in 1839 for the Bodleian Library is corrected in their second edition (1895). The copy of *Venus and Adonis* bought in 1839 had no title-page and was for a time wrongly identified with the edition of 1620. From that edition it differs materially. It more probably belongs to the year 1630 (see No. XVII).

[2] Wreittoun began business in 1624 'at the Nether Bowe, Edinburgh'. He removed in 1627 to 'the Salt Trone', where he made his reputation. There he seems to have remained till 1636, when he retired from trade, after producing as many as fifty-six books. He died in 1640. His wife, Margaret Kene, seems to have been sister of the second surviving wife of the well-known Edinburgh printer, Andro Hart (d. 1621), the friend and publisher of the poet Drummond of Hawthornden, who recommended his friend Drayton to publish with him. For my knowledge of Wreittoun's career I am mainly indebted to information kindly given me by Mr. J. P. Edmond, now Librarian to the Writers of the Signet at Edinburgh, and by Mr. H. G. Aldis, of the Cambridge University Library.

NINTH EDITION, 1627.

before 1611. Wreittoun apparently reprinted, with a few corrections of his own, Leake's edition of 1602. The Cam-


VENVS
AND
ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministret aquâ.

EDINBVRGH,
Printed by Iohn Wreittoun, and
are to be sold in his Shop a little be-
neath the Cross. 1627.

bridge editors needlessly conjecture that he derived his copy from a manuscript transcript of that edition. Although one or two changes are for the better, and accidentally correspond

with the readings of the two earliest quartos, Wreittoun's text is defaced by many misprints of his own invention (cf. 'seaseth' (line 25) for 'seizeth'; 'winkt, and turnde' (90) for 'winks, and turns'; 'rivals' (123) for 'revels'; 'thus' (205) for 'this'; 'relieue, the' (480) for 'relieveth'; 'screeks' (531) for 'shrieks'; 'through' (967) for 'throng'; 'their' (1040) for 'her'). The pages are numbered for the first time and the numbers run 1 to 46 (misprinted 47). NINTH EDITION, 1627.

Of the two extant copies of Wreittoun's volume one is in the British Museum, and the other is in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The British Museum copy, which measures $5\frac{5}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$, is bound in calf. It is in a soiled condition; the title is cropped and inlaid, and several leaves are repaired. It was at one time the property of George Chalmers, whose book-plate is preserved in it. It was sold at Chalmers' sale (pt. ii, no. 558) in 1842, for £37 10*s.* 0*d.*, the catalogue giving the wrong date, 1607. Benjamin Heywood Bright was the purchaser; at the sale of his books in 1845 (no. 5068) it was called 'unique'; it was then bought for £35 for the British Museum. No. XIV. Brit. Mus. copy, 1627.

The second copy, now in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York, is a far finer copy than that in the British Museum, and is 'the only perfect copy known'. It is in the original vellum binding with uncut leaves. A preliminary leaf signed 'A' has an ornamental border near the top, but is otherwise blank. This leaf does not appear in the British Museum copy. Mr. Hoe's copy was discovered in a worthless lot of books by a bookseller, at a country sale in 1864. It was sold in London, at Sotheby's, in March of that year, and bought by Pickering, the London bookseller, for £115. Pickering made it over to Almon W. Griswold, of New York, some time after whose death it was secured by the present owner.[1] No. XV. Hoe copy, 1627.

An edition of 1630 was 'Printed by J[ohn] H[aviland] and sold by Francis Coules'. Only a single copy is known. It was formerly the property of Anthony à Wood, and was TENTH EDITION, 1630. No. XVI. Bodleian (Wood) copy, 1630.

[1] Cf. Robert Hoe's Catalogue of Early English Books, New York, 1904, vol. iv, p. 105, with facsimile of title-page.

TENTH EDITION, 1630.

lately removed from the Ashmolean Museum to its present home, the Bodleian Library (Wood 79). It measures $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{7}{16}''$, and there is a device on the title-page of Cupid throwing down his bow. This edition was reprinted early in the eighteenth century. In one impression of Lintott's edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* which appeared in 1710 it was stated that *Venus and Adonis* was there printed from an edition of 1630. A title-page was given bearing that date, and a printer's device with the motto 'Sua Laurea Phoebo'.[1]

ELEVENTH EDITION, 1630? No. XVII. Bodleian (Malone) copy, 1630.

To the same year (1630) is assigned an imperfect copy (lacking the title-page) of a slightly differing impression, which is also in the Bodleian Library (Malone 891). It measures $4\frac{11}{16}'' \times 2\frac{5}{16}''$. A title-page, which is supplied in manuscript, suggests the date of 1630. The text is not identical with the perfect copy of that year, but it was clearly based on that edition. It was known, too, to the printer of the succeeding edition of 1636. It must therefore be dated between 1630 and the latter year.

TWELFTH EDITION, 1636. No. XVIII. Brit. Mus. copy, 1636.

Haviland's third edition appeared in 1636 again, 'to be sold by Francis Coules', with the same device of Cupid throwing down his bow, as in Haviland's first edition of 1630. Two copies alone are traceable. The signatures run as before, A to D iii in eights, and the book contains twenty-seven leaves. The British Museum copy, which measures $4\frac{5}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$, is bound in russia, and is badly stained and soiled, with a few leaves mended. It belonged to George Hibbert, of Portland Place, London, at whose sale in 1829 it fetched £1 14*s.* 0*d.* This copy is possibly identical with that which was sold bound up in a volume with the *Rape of Lucrece* (1616) and other poetical tracts, at the sale of Thomas Pearson in 1788, when the whole volume fetched £1 2*s.* 0*d.* A better copy of the 1636 edition now belongs to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A. It measures $4\frac{3}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{32}''$ and contains twenty-eight leaves, the last being blank, while some leaves are uncut at the bottom. This copy was purchased by Henry Stevens, the American agent in London, in May, 1856, at Sotheby's,

No. XIX. Perry copy, 1636.

[1] See page 74.

for £49 10*s.* 0*d.* Henry Stevens had it re-bound in blue morocco by Bedford, and re-sold it at Sotheby's for £56, in August, 1857. It subsequently passed into the library of Brayton Ives, of New York, who paid for it $1,350 or £270. At Brayton Ives' sale in 1891 it was acquired by its present owner for $1,150 or £230.

TWELFTH EDITION, 1636.

The last edition known to have been produced in the seventeenth century was printed in 1675 'by Elizabeth Hodgkinsonne for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clark', and was entered in 'The Term Catalogue' under date February 10, 1676, as 'Venus and Adonis; A Poem by W. Shakespear. Price sixpence'.[1] It was a diminutive volume of the chap-book order, and was published by a London firm, whose business was mainly confined to broadsides, ballads, and chap-books.

THIRTEENTH EDITION, 1675.

The only copy which seems traceable is now in America. Originally in the library of George Richard Savage Nassau, it was sold at the sale of his books in March, 1824, for £2 5*s.* 0*d.* It seems to have been subsequently for a time the property of J. O. Halliwell. On April 12, 1889, it was sold by an anonymous collector at Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms in London, for £14 10*s.* 0*d.* to Messrs. Pearson and Co., of London. It afterwards passed to its present owner, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., of New York. It is bound in russia.

No. XX. Folger copy, 1675.

Another copy of the 1675 edition, without a title-page, belonged to Malone and seems to have passed with his books to the Bodleian Library. It is mentioned in the catalogue of Malone's books in the Bodleian Library, which was published in 1836. The entry is repeated in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library which was issued between 1835 and 1847. It also figures in the manuscript catalogue of the Library in present use, but no shelf-mark is there attached to it. The Cambridge editors reported that it was inaccessible to them when they sought to collate it in 1864. Efforts have been made at the instance of the present writer to find it during the present year, but so far without success.

No. XXI. Mislaid Bodleian (Malone) copy, 1675.

[1] Arber's *Term Catalogues*, i. 230.

Eighteenth-century reprints.

In the eighteenth century, the poem was less frequently issued than might be expected. Few of the great editors deemed the *Venus and Adonis* or any other of Shakespeare's poems worthy of their notice. The first eighteenth-century reprint, '*Venus and Adonis*, written by Mr. Shakespeare,' appeared in 1707 in *Poems on Affairs of State* (vol. iv, pp. 205–44). The text abounds in the corruptions of 1600 and the later issues, and was doubtless reprinted from the chap-book issue of 1675. Nicholas Rowe did not include Shakespeare's poems in his first critical edition of the plays which Jacob Tonson published in six volumes in 1709. But two publishers independently supplied the omission without delay. The notorious Edmund Curll (with E. Sanger) brought out in 1710 a so-called 'seventh volume' of Rowe's edition containing *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, with Shakespeare's 'miscellany Poems', and an essay by Charles Gildon on the history of the stage. A more respectable publisher, Bernard Lintott, brought out, also in 1710, more than one impression of another complete collection of Shakespeare's poems. This work, which was entitled 'A Collection of Poems', first appeared in a single volume, containing *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and *The Passionate Pilgrim*. A second volume, which was published later, added the *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint*. In one impression of Lintott's volumes the *Venus and Adonis* is preceded by a separate and subsidiary title-page bearing the date 1609. There was no known edition of the poem issued in that year, and the date may be a misprint for 1709, when Lintott sent the text to press, or it may be a confusion with 1609, the date of the first edition of the *Sonnets*. Other impressions of Lintott's edition of 1710 give *Venus and Adonis* a title-page dated 1630, in which year an edition was undoubtedly published (see No. XVI). Lintott's text was liberally corrected in the printing-office, but was apparently based on that of 1630. To Pope's edition of Shakespeare's plays, which Jacob Tonson issued without the poems in six volumes (1723–5), a syndicate of booksellers added in 1725 a 'seventh volume' giving the poems in Curll's text under the incom-

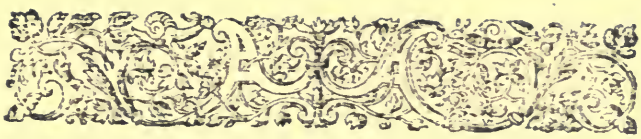
petent editorship of Dr. Sewell. Neither Theobald, Hanmer, Dr. Johnson, Warburton, Capell, nor Steevens noticed the poems in their editions of the plays. Capell annotated in manuscript a copy of the Lintott reprint, but the revision remains unpublished in the Capell collection in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1774 J. Bell, a London bookseller, first included the poems in a trade reprint of the plays.[1] In 1780 Malone included the poems in his *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare's Plays of 1778*, and there first attempted a critical recension of the text. They reappeared as a matter of course in Malone's great edition of the works of Shakespeare, in 1790. It is due to Malone's example that *Venus and Adonis* and the rest of Shakespeare's non-dramatic works were finally admitted to the Shakespearean canon. They fill a place in all the nineteenth-century editions of Shakespeare's works which enjoy a standard repute.

[1] Many so-called collections of Shakespeare's poems, which were produced by publishers in the middle of the eighteenth century under such titles as 'Poems written by Shakespeare', or 'Poems on several occasions by William Shakespeare', were merely reprints of the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* which contained only the *Sonnets* and *Passionate Pilgrim* and omitted Shakespeare's narrative poems.

VENVS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

LONDON
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be ſold at
the ſigne of the white Greyhound in
Paules Church-yard.
1593.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Henrie VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIght Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde vvill censure mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so vveake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you vvith some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leaue it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your hearts content, vvhich I vvish may alvvaies answvere your ovvne vvish, and the vworlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſunne with purple-colourd face,
Had tane his laſt leaue of the weeping morne,
Roſe-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to ſcorne:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac'd ſuter ginnes to woo him.

Thriſe fairer then my ſelfe, (thus ſhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, ſweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doues, or roſes are:
Nature that made thee with her ſelfe at ſtrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder to alight thy ſteed,
And raine his proud head to the ſaddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meed
A thouſand honie ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.

ll. 1—18

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd ſacietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red, and pale, with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie:
A ſommers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

VVith this ſhe ceazeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her paſſion, calls it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue, to do a goddeſſe good,
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie courſers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
VVho bluſht, and powted in a dull diſdaine,
VVith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glovving fier,
He red for ſhame, but froſtie in deſier.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (ô how quicke is loue!)
The ſteed is ſtalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue:
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength though not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burnes with baſhfull ſhame, ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie ſighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
VVhat followes more, ſhe murthers with a kiſſe.

Euen as an emptie Eagle ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feathers, fleſh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or pray be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forſt to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the ſteame, as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moiſture, aire of grace,
VViſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So faſtned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
VVhich bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still ſhe intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare ſhe tunes her tale.
Still is he ſullein, ſtill he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale,
Being red ſhe loues him beſt, and being white,
Her beſt is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand ſhe ſweares,
From his ſoft boſome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
VVhich lõg haue raind, making her cheeks al wet,
And one ſweet kiſſe ſhal pay this comptleſſe debt.

Vpon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
VVho being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what ſhe did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

Neuer did paſſenger in ſommers heat,
More thirſt for drinke, then ſhe for this good turne,
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire muſt burne:
Oh pitie gan ſhe crie, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kiſſe I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue bene wooed as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the ſterne, and direfull god of warre,
VVhoſe ſinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
VVho conquers where he comes in euerie iarre,
Yet hath he bene my captiue, and my ſlaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hong his launce,
His battred ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learnd to ſport, and daunce,
To toy, to wanton, dallie, ſmile, and ieſt,
Scorning his churliſh drumme, and enſigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouer-ſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine,
Strong-temperd ſteele his ſtronger ſtrength obayed.
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine,
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maiſtring her that foyld the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
VVhat seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,
Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keepes his reuels where there are but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted,
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot, and consume them selues in litle time.

VVere I hard-fauourd, foule, or wrinckled old,
Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;
Thē mightst thou pause, for thē I were not for thee,
But hauing no defects, why doest abhor me?

Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, & quicke in turning:
My beautie as the ſpring doth yearelie grow,
My fleſh is ſoft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
VVould in thy palme diſſolue, or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nimph, with long dishueled heare,
Daunce on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light, and will aſpire.

VVitneſſe this Primroſe banke whereon I lie,
These forceleſſe flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrēgthles doues will draw me through the skie,
From morne till night, euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light ſweet boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhould thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected:
Steale thine own freedome, and complaine on theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſt, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Herbes for their ſmell, and ſappie plants to beare.
Things growing to them ſelues, are growths abuſe,
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou waſt begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpite of death thou doeſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweate,
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke them,
And Titan tired in the midday heate,
VVith burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
VViſhing Adonis had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus ſide.

And now Adonis with a lazie ſprite,
And with a heauie, darke, diſliking eye,
His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapors when they blot the skie,
So wring his cheekes, cries, fie, no more of loue,
The ſunne doth burne my face I muſt remoue.
Ay, me,

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and ſo vnkinde,
VVhat bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
Ile ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde,
Shall coole the heate of this deſcending ſun:
Ile make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too, Ile quench them with my teares.

The ſun that ſhines from heauen, ſhines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that ſunne, and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly, and earthly ſunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans ſonne and canſt not feele
VVhat tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo hard a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

VVhat am I that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger, dwels vpon my ſute?
VVhat were thy lips the worſe for one poore kis?
Speake faire, but ſpeake faire words, or elſe be mute:
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for intreſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie, liueleſſe picture, cold, and ſenceleſſe ſtone,
VVell painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being Iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe faine would ſpeake
And now her ſobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I haue hemd thee here
VVithin the circuit of this iuorie pale,
Ile be a parke, and thou ſhalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hils be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lie.

VVithin

VVitin this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdaine,
That in ech cheeke appeares a prettie dimple;
Loue made those hollowes, if him selfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
VVhy there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round inchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strucke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorne,
To loue a cheeke that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her obiect will away,
And stoin her twining armes doth vrge releasing:
Pitie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo from forth a copp's that neighbors by,
A breeding Ienet, luſtie, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courſer doth eſpy:
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud.
The ſtrong-neckt ſteed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her ſtraight goes hee.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girthes he breaks aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
VVhoſe hollow wombe reſounds like heauens thun-
The yron bit he cruſheth tweene his teeth, (der,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compaſt creſt now ſtand on end,
His noſtrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he ſend:
His eye which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high deſire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
VVith gentle maieſtie, and modeſt pride,
Anon he reres vpright, curuets, and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, lo thus my ſtrength is tride.
And this I do, to captiuate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is ſtanding by.

VVhat

VVhat recketh he his riders angrie ſturre,
His flattering holla, or his ſtand, I ſay,
VVhat cares he now, for curbe, or pricking ſpurre,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay:
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did this Horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a Horſe ſhould haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, aud there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts, at ſturring of a feather:
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares,
And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighes vnto her,
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his minde,
Being proud as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, and ſcorns the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he was inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his furie was aſſwag'd.

His teſtie maiſter goeth about to take him,
VVhen lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
VVith her the Horſe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Out ſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly them.

All ſwolne with chafing, downe Adonis ſits,
Banning his boyſtrous, and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happie ſeaſon once more fits
That loueſicke loue, by pleading may be bleſt:
For louers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
VVhen it is bard the aydance of the tongue.

An

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtayd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth aſſwage,
But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
The client breakes, as deſperat in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow:
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed minde:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, ech other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
VVith one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
His tendrer cheeke, receiues her ſoft hands print,
As apt, as new falne ſnow takes any dint.

Oh what a war of lookes was then betweene them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeene them,
Her eyes wooed ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
VVith tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A lillie priſond in a gaile of ſnow,
Or Iuorie in an allablaſter band,
So white a friend, ingirts ſo white a fo:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Showed like two ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
VVould thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one ſweet looke thy helpe I would aſſure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

Giue me my hand (ſaith he,) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (ſaith ſhe,) and thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me leſt thy hard heart do ſteele it,
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For

For ſhame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies, thy palfrey as he ſhould,
VVelcomes the warme approch of ſweet deſire,
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſufferd it will ſet the heart on fire,
The ſea hath bounds, but deepe deſire hath none,
Therfore no maruell though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maiſterd with a leatherne raine,
Bnt when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch pettie bondage in diſdaine:
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his backe, his breſt.

VVho ſees his true-loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
VVho is ſo faint that dares not be ſo bold,
To touch the fier the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy,
Though I were dũbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to loue, the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue, but to diſgrace it,
For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

VVho weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht?
VVho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If ſpringing things be anie iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding hart,
To loues allarmes it will not ope the gate,
Diſmiſſe your vows, your fained tears, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

what

VVhat canſt thou talke(quoth ſhe)haſt thou a tong?
O would thou haddſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaides voice hath done me double wrong,
I had my lode before, now preſt with bearing,
Mellodious diſcord,heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Eares deep ſweet muſik,& harts deep ſore wounding

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and inuiſible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Ech part in me, that were but ſenſible,
Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the verie ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be ſtill as much,
For frō the ſtillitorie of thy face excelling, (ling.
Coms breath perfumd,that breedeth loue by ſmel-

But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nourſe, and feeder of the other foure,
VVould they not wiſh the feaſt might euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpition double locke the dore;
Leſt iealouſie that ſower vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturbe the feaſt?

Once more the rubi-colourd portall opend,
VVhich to his ſpeech did honie paſſage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
VVracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field:
Sorrow to ſhepherds, wo vnto the birds,
Guſts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning ſtrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankrout that by loue ſo thriueth.
The ſillie boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lyes as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes,
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindnesse mard,
He kisses her, and she by her good will,
VVill neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vpheaueth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fresh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the earth releeueth:
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

VVhose beames vpon his haireless face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
VVere neuer foure such lamps, together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine.
But hers, which through the cristal tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:
VVhat houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen,
Do I delight to die or life desire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I dy'de, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes ſhrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murdred this poore heart of mine,
And theſe mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe ech other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdour ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales in my ſoft lips imprinted,
VVhat bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing,
VVhich purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one,
VVhat is ten hundred touches vnto thee,
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-paimet, that the debt ſhould double,
Is twentie hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie loue you owe me,
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west,
The owle (nights herald) shreeks, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And cole-black clouds, that shadow heauens light,
Do summon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you,
If you will say so, you shall haue a kis;
Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace,
Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
VVhose precious taste, her thirstie-lips well knew,
VVhereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,
He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ransome the insulter willeth:
VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
VVith blind fold furie she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And careless lust stirs vp a desperat courage,
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hãdling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dandling:
He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,
VVhile she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

VVhat waxe so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euerie light impression?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But thẽ woes best, whẽ most his choice is froward.

VVhen

VVhen he did frowne, ô had ſhe then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt,
Foule wordes, and frownes, muſt not repell a louer,
VVhat though the roſe haue prickles, yet tis pluckt?
VVere beautie vnder twentie locks kept faſt,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pittie now ſhe can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that he may depart,
She is reſolu'd no longer to reſtraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by Cupids bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy ſhe ſaies, this night ile waſt in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maiſter, ſhall we meete to morrow,
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſuddain pale,
Like lawne being ſpred vpon the bluſhing roſe,
Vſurpes her cheeke, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoaking armes ſhe throwes.
She ſincketh downe, ſtill hanging by his necke,
He on her belly fall's, ſhe on her backe.

Now is ſhe in the verie liſts of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie ſhe doth proue,
He will not mannage her, although he mount her,
That worſe then Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen ſo poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poore birds that helpleſſe berries ſaw,
The warme effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeekes to kindle with continuall kiſſing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
She hath aſſai'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deſeru'd a greater fee,
She's loue; ſhe loues, and yet ſhe is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he ſaies, you cruſh me, let me go,
You haue no reaſon to withhold me ſo.

Thou hadſt bin gone (quoth ſhe) ſweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldſt me, thou woldſt hunt the boare,
Oh be aduiſd, thou know'ſt not what it is,
VVith iauelings point a churliſh ſwine to goare,
VVhoſe tuſhes neuer ſheathd, he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes ſhine, when he doth fret
His ſnout digs ſepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd he ſtrikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawnie ſides with hairie briſtles armed,
Are better proofe then thy ſpeares point can enter,
His ſhort thick necke cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing buſhes,
As fearefull of him part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he naught eſteem's that face of thine,
To which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thy ſoft handes, ſweet lips, and chriſtall eine,
VVhoſe full perfection all the world amazes,
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
VVold roote theſe beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill,
Beautie hath naught to do with ſuch foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſell of their friends,
VVhen thou didſt name the boare, not to diſſēble,
I feard thy fortune, aud my ioynts did tremble.

Didſt thou not marke my face, was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
VVithin my boſome whereon thou doeſt lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake, ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call him ſelfe affections centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diſtempring gentle loue in his deſire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This ſower informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtime true newes, ſomtime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaynd with goare,
VVhoſe blood vpon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make thē droop with grief, & hang the hed.

what

VVhat ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed?
That tremble at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horſe keep with thy houds

And when thou haſt on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-ſhut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and croſſes with a thouſand doubles,
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of ſheepe,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell:
And ſometime ſorteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waites on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, till they haue ſingled
VVith much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouth's, eccho replies,
As if an other chaſe were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off vpon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill,
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
Ech enuious brier, his wearie legs do ſcratch,
Ech ſhadow makes him ſtop, ech murmour ſtay,
For miſerie is troden on by manie,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike my ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

VVhere

VVhere did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ſtorie aptly ends,
The night is ſpent; why what of that (quoth ſhe?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall.
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayes make true-men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cinthia for ſhame, obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,
VVherin ſhe fram'd thee, in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad miſchances, and much miſerie.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poyſoning peſtilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſſe whoſe attaint,
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe, and damnd diſpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauour, ſauour, hew, and qualities,
VVhereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thawed, and donne,
As mountain ſnow melts with the midday ſonne.

Therefore deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barraine dearth of daughters, and of ſuns;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

VVhat is thy bodie but a ſwallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that poſteritie.
VVhich by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue,
If thou deſtroy them not in darke obſcuritie?
If ſo the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands them ſelues do ſlay,
Or butcher ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule cankring ruſt, the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
For by this black-fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you, worſe & worſe.

If loue haue lent you twentie thouſand tongues,
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Marmaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart ſtands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there.

Leſt the deceiuing harmonie ſhould ronne,
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

VVhat haue you vrg'd, that I can not reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends imbracements vnto euery ſtranger,
You do it for increaſe, ô ſtraunge excuſe!
VVhen reaſon is the bawd to luſts abuſe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name,
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beautie, blotting it with blame;
VVhich the hot tyrant ſtaines, & ſoone bereaues:
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne,
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwayes freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſommer halfe be donne:
Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene,
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne them ſelues, for hauing ſo offended.

VVith

VVith this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace,
Of thoſe faire armes which bound him to her breſt;
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaues loue vpon her backe, deeply diſtreſt,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the skye;
So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

VVhich after him ſhe dartes, as one on ſhore
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him ſeene no more,
VVhoſe ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
So did the mercileſſe, and pitchie night,
Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

VVhereat amaſd as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtfull wood;
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion on paſſion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, ſhe cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie ſo,

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemporally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong-men thrall, & old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in follie, fooliſh wittie:
Her heauie antheme ſtill concludes in wo,
And ſtill the quier of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſd themſelues, others they thinke delight,
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds reſembling paraſits?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euerie call,
Soothing the humor of fantaſtique wits,
She ſayes tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moyſt cabinet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
VVho doth the world ſo glorioufly behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſayd, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict imbrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake,

By this ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
VVhereat ſhe ſtarts like one that ſpies an adder,
VVreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The feare whereof doth make him ſhake, & ſhudder,
Euen ſo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Becauſe the crie remaineth in one place,
VVhere fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmall crie rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her hart,
VVho ouercome by doubt, and bloodleſſe feare,
VVith cold-pale weakeneſſe, nums ech feeling part,
Like ſoldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They baſely flie, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſenſes all diſmayd,
She tels them tis a cauſleſſe fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are affrayd,
Bids thē leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, ſhe ſpide the hunted boare.

VVhoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both togither,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
VVhich madly hurries her, ſhe knowes not whither,
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand wayes,
She treads the path, that ſhe vntreads againe;
Her more then haſt, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpects, yet naught at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, ſhe finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maiſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores, the onely ſoueraigne plaiſter.
And here ſhe meets another, ſadly skowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

VVhen he hath ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Againſt the welkin, volies out his voyce,
Another, and another, anſwer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, ſignes, and prodigies,
VVhereon with feareful eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes, drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue, (thus chides ſhe death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earths-worme what doſt thou
To ſtifle beautie, and to ſteale his breath? (meane?
VVho when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at randon doeſt thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falſe dart,
Miſtakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower,
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears, that thou proúok'ſt ſuch wee-
VVhat may a heauie grone aduantage thee? (ping,
VVhy haſt thou caſt into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

Here ouercome as one full of dispaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt
The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.
  But through the floud-gates breaks the siluer rain,
  And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
Her eye seene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both christals, where they viewd ech others sorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,
  But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,
  Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make thē wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As striuing who should best become her griefe,
All entertaind, ech passion labours so,
That euerie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
  But none is best, then ioyne they all together,
  Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
The dyre imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
  For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
  And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

VVhereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
VVhich her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
VVho is but dronken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought;
Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
VVhen as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
VVhich knowes no pitie but is still seuere,
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

Tis

Tis not my fault, the Bore prouok't my tong,
Be wreak't on him (inuiſible commaunder)
T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlaunder.
Greefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet,
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,
Her rash ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate.
Tels him of trophies, ſtatues, tombes, and ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Ioue quoth ſhe, how much a foole was I,
To be of ſuch a weake and ſillie mind,
To waile his death who liues, and muſt not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?
For he being dead, with him is beautie ſlaine,
And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art as full of feare,
As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitneſſed with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking greeues.
Euen at this word ſhe heares a merry horne,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcons to the lure, away ſhe flies,
The graſſe ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies,
The foule boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
VVhich ſeene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhellie caue with paine,
And, there all ſmoothred vp, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

VVhere they reſigne their office, and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
VVho bids them ſtill conſort with ougly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

VVhereat ech tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſond in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
This mutinie ech part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That frō their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And

And being opend, threw vnwilling light,
Vpon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his ſoft flanke, whoſe wonted lillie white
VVith purple tears that his wound wept, had drēcht.
No floure was nigh, no graſſe, hearb, leaf, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeemd with him to bleed.

This ſolemne ſympathie, poore Venus noteth,
Ouer one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumblie ſhe paſſions, frantikely ſhe doteth,
She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead,
Her voice is ſtopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt ſhe lookes ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the wound ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes, where no breach ſhuld be:
His face ſeems twain, ech ſeuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expreſſe my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two Adons dead,
My ſighes are blowne away, my ſalt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
VVhat face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
VVhose tongue is musick now? what cãst thou boast,
Of things long since, or any thing insuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, and trim,
But true sweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will euer striue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare,
The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
But when Adonis liu'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would striue who first should drie his (teares.

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself when he hath song,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had spoke, the wolfe would leaue his praie,
And neuer fright the sillie lambe that daie.

when

VVhen he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gils,
VVhen he was by the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
VVould bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnowted Boare,
VVhoſe downeward eye ſtill looketh for a graue:
Ne're ſaw the beautious liuerie that he wore,
VVitneſſe the intertainment that he gaue.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
VVho did not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſuade him there.
And nouſling in his flanke the louing ſwine,
Sheath'd vnaware the tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
VVith kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt,
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his, the more am I accurſt.
VVith this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed bloud.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
VVhere lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneſſe lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
VVonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That thou being dead, the day ſhuld yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be wayted on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end.
Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
VVith ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dūbe, & teach the foole to ſpeake.

It

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſillie milde,
Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeueare,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt;
Peruerſe it ſhall be, where it ſhowes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne, and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruill to all diſcontents:
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide laie kild,
VVas melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie ſpild,
A purple floure ſproong vp, checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
VVhich in round drops, vpō their whiteneſſe ſtood.

She bowes her head, the new-ſprong floure to ſmel,
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And ſaies within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death;
She crop's the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cōpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe,
Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire,
For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow vnto himſelfe was his deſire;
And ſo tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my breſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing hart ſhall rock thee day and night;
There ſhall not be one minute in an houre,
VVherein I wil not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues, by whoſe ſwift aide,
Their miſtreſſe mounted through the emptie skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen,
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeen.

FINIS

LUCRECE

1594

FACSIMILE

LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES
LUCRECE

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1594

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

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FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1594

I

WHEN dedicating his first narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis*, to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare wrote: 'If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' There is no reason to doubt that Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* was the fulfilment of this vow. *Lucrece* was ready for the press in May, 1594, thirteen months after *Venus and Adonis*. During those thirteen months his labour as dramatist had occupied most of his time. In the interval he had probably been at work on as many as four plays, on *Richard III*, *Richard II*, *King John*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Consequently *Lucrece* was, as he had foretold, the fruit, not of what he deemed his serious employment, but of 'all idle hours'[1]. At the same time the increased gravity in subject and treatment which

Shakespeare's vow to his patron.

[1] Between the dates of the issue of the two poems, a play, in the composition of which Shakespeare was concerned, had come from the printing-press for the first time. The subject was drawn like *Lucrece* from Roman history, and the play and the poem must have occupied Shakespeare's attention at the same period. On February 6, 1594, licence had been granted to John Danter for the printing of *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakespeare worked up an old play by another hand. Danter was a stationer of bad reputation. Shakespeare was not in all probability responsible for Danter's action. The first edition of *Titus*, of 1594, of which the existence has been doubted, survives in a single copy. The existence of this edition was noticed by Langbaine in 1691, but no copy was found to confirm Langbaine's statement till January, 1905, when an exemplar was discovered among the books of a Swedish gentleman of Scottish descent, named Robson, who resided at Lund (cf. *Athenæum*, Jan. 21, 1905). The quarto was promptly purchased by an American collector for £2,000. The title-page runs:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus: as it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of *Sussex*, their Seruants. London, Printed by John Danter, and are

characterizes the second poem of *Lucrece* as compared with *Venus and Adonis*, its predecessor, showed that Shakespeare had faithfully carried into effect the promise that he had given to his patron of offering him 'some graver labour'.

General character of *Lucrece*.

Lucrece with its 1855 lines is more than half as long again as *Venus and Adonis* with its 1194 lines. It is written with a flowing pen and shows few signs of careful planning or revision. The most interesting feature of the poem lies in the moral reflections which the poet scatters with a free hand about the narrative. They bear witness to great fertility of mind, to wide reading, and to meditation on life's complexities. The heroine's allegorical addresses (ll. 869–1001) to Opportunity, Time's servant, and to Time, the lackey of Eternity, turn to poetic account philosophic ideas of pith and moment.

In general design and execution, *Lucrece*, despite its superior gravity of tone and topic, exaggerates many of the defects of its forerunner. The digressions are ampler. The longest of them, which describes with spirit the siege of Troy, reaches a total of 217 lines, nearly one-ninth of the whole poem, and, although it is deserving of the critic's close attention, it delays the progress of the story beyond all artistic law. The conceits are more extravagant and the luxuriant imagery is a thought less fresh and less sharply pointed than in *Venus and Adonis*. Throughout, there is a lack of directness and a tendency to grandiose language where simplicity would prove more effective. Haste may account for some bombastic periphrases. But Shakespeare often seems to fall a passing victim to the faults of which he

to be sold by *Edward White & Thomas Millington*, at the little North doore of Paules at the signe of the Gunne. 1594.' This volume was on sale on the London bookstalls at the same time as the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*. The story of Lucrece is twice mentioned in *Titus* (ii. 1. 108 and iv. 1. 63).

accuses contemporary poets in his *Sonnets*. Ingenuity was wasted in devising 'what strained touches rhetoric could lend' to episodes capable of narration in plain words. There is much in the poem which might be condemned in the poet's own terminology as the 'helpless smoke of words'.

II

The story.

THE theme of Shakespeare's poem was nearly as well-worn in the literature of Western Europe as that of his first poem *Venus and Adonis*. For more than twenty centuries before Shakespeare was born, the tale of Lucrece was familiar to the western world. Her tragic fate was the accepted illustration of conjugal fidelity, not only through the classical era of Roman history, but through the Middle Ages. The hold that the tale had taken on the popular imagination of Europe survived the Renaissance, and was stimulated by the expansion of interest in the Latin classics.

Classical authorities.

Among Latin classical authors the story was told in fullest detail by Livy in his History of Rome (Bk. i, c. 57–9). Ovid in his poetic *Fasti* (ii. 721–852) gave a somewhat more sympathetic version of the same traditional details which Livy recorded. The main outlines of the legend figured, too, without variation in the contemporary Greek historians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Diodorus Siculus, and in their successor, Dio Cassius, as well as in the work of a later Latin historian, Valerius Maximus.[1]

[1] Dionysius alone tells the story at length. The other writers narrate it very briefly. Cf. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Antiquitatum Romanarum quae supersunt*, ed. Riessling, vol. ii, Leipzig, 1864; Dio Cassius, *Historia Romana*, ed. Melber, vol. ii, x. 12–18, Leipzig, 1890; Diodorus Siculus, *Bibliotheca Historica*, ed. Dindorf, vol. ii, lib. x. 20–21, Leipzig, 1867; and Valerius Maximus, *Facta et Dicta Memorabilia*, vi. 1. 1. In three papers on Shakespeare's poem—*Shakespeare's Lucrece. Eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung*,—which appeared in *Anglia*, Band xxii, pp. 1–32, 343–63, 393–455 (Halle, 1899),

St. Augustine.

Among early Christian authors St. Augustine retold the legend in his *Civitas Dei* (Bk. i, ch. 16–19). He commented with some independence on the ethical significance of Lucrece's self-slaughter, which he deemed unjustified by the circumstances of the case.

Mediaeval versions.

The tale found a place in the most widely-read story-book of the Middle Ages, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and by the fourteenth century it had become a stock topic among poets and novelists. Of the great authors of the Italian Renaissance Boccaccio was the earliest to utilize it. He narrated it in his Latin prose treatise *De Claris Mulieribus*. It was doubtless Boccaccio's example that first recommended it to imaginative writers in England. Chaucer and Gower both turned the story into English verse, Chaucer in his *Legend of Good Women* (§ 5, ll. 1680–885) and Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (Bk. vii. 4754–5130). Both Chaucer and Gower closely followed Ovid, but derived a few touches from Livy. Half a century later Lydgate noticed the legend in his *Fall of Princes* (Bk. iii, ch. 5). When the Middle Ages closed, Lucrece was a recognized heroine of English poetry.

Sixteenth-century developments.

The sixteenth century saw a further increase in the popularity of the topic, both in England and on the continent of Europe. It was a favourite theme in Italy both for Latin and Italian epigrams and sonnets. The Italian prose-writer, Bandello, dealt with it in his collection of novels, which, first appearing in 1554, at once attained a classical repute. Bandello's fiction was quickly translated into French. The revived drama of the Renaissance found in Lucrece's fate a fit subject for tragedy, and plays in which the Roman matron is the heroine were penned, not in France alone, but, more

Dr. Wilhelm Ewig has treated of the sources with much learning, but he has not exhausted the interesting topic.

curious to relate, in Germany. One of Hans Sachs' dramas bears the title 'Ein schön spil von der geschicht der Edlin Römerin Lucretia' (Strassburg, 1550). In France there was performed at the Court at Gaillon, in the presence of the king, Charles IX, on September 29, 1566, a short tragedy in alexandrines (with choruses in other metres) by one Nicolas Filleul of Rouen, which bore the title: 'Lucrece, Tragédie avec des Chœurs'.[1] The plot follows the classical lines. But Lucrece's nurse, an original character, is introduced to offer her mistress consolation and to dissuade her from self-slaughter. In Spain the tale was equally familiar, and about 1590 a celebrated poet, Don Juan de Arguijo, after writing of Venus and Adonis, summed up the current knowledge in the Peninsula concerning Lucrece in an effective sonnet, which is often quoted in anthologies of Spanish poetry.

The tale's popularity in Elizabethan England.

Meanwhile the story was running its course anew in popular English literature. In the same year as the French tragedy of *Lucrece* was produced at Gaillon, William Painter included a paraphrase of Livy's version in his massive collection of popular fiction entitled *The Palace of Pleasure*. In the years that immediately followed, the tale was made the subject of at least two ballads, which have not survived. In 1568 there was licensed to John Allde, by the Stationers' Company's Register (cf. i. 379), 'a ballet called "The grevious complaynt of Lucrece",' and in 1570 there was licensed to James Roberts 'A ballad of the Death of Lucryssia' (i. 416). A third ballad of Lucrece, of which no copy is now known, was, according to Warton, printed in 1576.

[1] This piece is printed in a rare volume called *Les Théâtres de Gaillon*. A French tragedy by the well-known dramatist, Alexandre Hardy, written a little later, bears the title 'Lucrèce, ou l'adulteur puni', but this play does not deal with the story of the Roman matron, but with an imaginary adulteress of Spain. Hardy's tragedy was first published in 1616.

A further proof of the complete naturalization of the story in sixteenth-century England is to be deduced from the fact that one of the earliest printers of repute, Thomas Berthelet, took a figure of the Roman wife for the sign of his business premises, and that his successors in trade through Shakespeare's lifetime continued to employ the same device. From 1523 to 1562 the sign of 'Lucretia Romana' or 'Lucrece' (as it was commonly called) hung before Berthelet's house near the conduit in Fleet Street. In 1562 the well-known Elizabethan 'stationer', Thomas Purfoot, placed the same sign over his printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard [1], and when in 1578 he removed his press to a new building 'within the New Rents of Newgate Market' he carried the sign with him. It was announced on the title-pages of almost all the numerous volumes that Berthelet and Purfoot undertook that they were printed 'at the sign of Lucrece'. When Purfoot retired from active work his son and successor, Thomas Purfoot, junior, continued the concern under the same symbol in Newgate Market until 1640. Another use to which the figure of the Roman matron was commonly put is illustrated by Shakespeare himself, when he represents Olivia in *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5. 104) as employing a seal with the figure of Lucrece engraved upon it.

Shakespeare's sources.

Shakespeare was continuing a long chain of precedents in choosing the story of Lucrece for his new poem. Authorities abounded in his own and other languages, and after his wont he used or adapted them with much freedom. Despite his tendency to amplify details, he adheres to the main lines of

[1] Purfoot permitted one of the chief Italian teachers of Shakespeare's day, Claudius Hollyband, to advertize from 1575 on the title-pages of his philological handbooks that he was 'teaching in Poules Churchyarde at the signe of the Lucrece'. Cf. Hollybande's *Pretie and Witte Historie of Arnalt and Lucenda*, 1575.

the story as laid down by Ovid and Livy, and first anglicized by Chaucer, who frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the two Latin writers. It is clear that Shakespeare studied the work of these three authors. Their narratives so closely resembled one another that it is not always easy to state with certainty from which of the three Shakespeare immediately derived this or that item of information.

Like Chaucer Shakespeare holds up Lucrece to eternal admiration as a type of feminine excellence—a type of 'true wife' (l. 1841); Chaucer had similarly celebrated her (l. 1686) as

> The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucrece.

Affinity with Ovid.

But, generally speaking, Shakespeare's poem has closer affinity with Ovid's version (in the *Fasti*) than with that of any other predecessor. Like Ovid Shakespeare delights in pictorial imagery, and occasionally in *Lucrece* he appears to borrow Ovid's own illustrations. Chaucer had already adapted some of the Ovidian similes which figure in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare seems to owe more suggestion to Chaucer's source of inspiration than to Chaucer himself. The three poets, for example, compare Lucrece, when Tarquin has forcibly overcome her, to a lamb in the clutch of a wolf. Ovid writes (*Fasti*, ii. 799–800):—

> Sed tremit, ut quondam *stabulis* deprensa relictis
> parua sub infesto cum iacet agna lupo.

Chaucer (ll. 1798–9) accepts the illustration, but strips it of its vivid colouring:—

> Ryght as a wolfe that fynt a lambe alone,
> To whom shall she compleyne, or makë mone?

Shakespeare catches far more of the Ovidian strain in 677–9:—

The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet *fold.*

Elsewhere Shakespeare borrows from Ovid words which escaped Chaucer's notice. His insistence on the 'snow-white' of Lucrece's 'dimpled chin' (420) and his comparison of her hair to 'golden threads' (400) echo the 'niueusque color flauique capilli' (*Fasti*, ii. 763) of Ovid's heroine. Ovid's *Fasti* was not translated into English before 1640. But there is little doubt that Ovid was accessible to Shakespeare in the original.

The smaller debt to Livy.

At the same time there are touches in Shakespeare's *Lucrece* which suggest that he assimilated a few of Livy's phrases direct. Painter, in the version which he introduced into his *Palace of Pleasure*, very loosely paraphrased the Latin historian, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare gained all his knowledge of Livy there. The lucid 'argument' in prose which Shakespeare prefixed to the poem catches Livy's perspicuous manner more exactly than mere dependence on Painter would have allowed. The lines (437–41 and 463) in which Shakespeare pointedly describes how Tarquin's hand rests on Lucrece's breast follow Livy's phrase, 'sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso.' The hint is given in Ovid, and Painter merely states that Tarquin keeps Lucrece 'doune with his lefte hande'. At one point Shakespeare corrects an obvious misapprehension of Painter—a fact which further confutes the theory of exclusive indebtedness to him. Livy, like Ovid, assigns to Tarquin the threat that in case of Lucrece's resistance he will charge her with misconduct with a slave. Neither Latin writer gives the word 'slave' any epithet, and whether the man is in Tarquin's or in Lucrece's service is left undetermined. Painter makes Tarquin refer to a slave of his own household. Shakespeare assigns the slave to Lucrece's

household; Tarquin warns Lucrece he will place at her side 'some worthless slave of thine', i. e. of Lucrece (515). Chaucer and Bandello are both here in agreement with Shakespeare (cf. Chaucer's 'thy knave' in *Legend*, 1807; and Bandello's 'uno dei tuoi servi'). From either, the English poet might have adopted the detail. In any case he owed nothing, at this point, to Painter.

Bandello's novel.

In his expansive and discursive handling of the theme Shakespeare differs from all his predecessors save one. In that regard he can only be compared with the Italian novelist Bandello. Bandello mainly depends on Livy and is sparing of poetic ornament. But he prolongs the speeches of the heroine with a liberality to which Shakespeare's poem alone offers a parallel. Bandello's long-winded novel was accessible in a French version—in the 'Histoires Tragiques' of François de Belleforest. Shakespearean students know that Bandello's collection of tales, either in the original Italian, or in the French translation, was the final source of the plot of at least four of Shakespeare's plays,—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Hamlet*. It is not customary to associate Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* with Bandello's work, but, although the resemblances may prove to be accidental, they are sufficient to suggest the possibility that Shakespeare had recourse to the Italian novelist, when penning his second narrative poem.

One parallel between Bandello's novel and Shakespeare's *Lucrece* will suffice. Livy emphasizes more deliberately than Ovid the pretence of madness in Brutus, the avenger of Lucrece's wrong. Bandello liberally developed Livy's notice of Brutus' mysterious behaviour on lines which Shakespeare seems to have followed. Brutus was, according to Shakespeare's poem, 'supposed a fool' (1819):—

He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.
(ll. 1811–13.)

Bandello in his novel describes Brutus's conduct thus :—

'E fingendo esser pazzo, e cotali sciocchezze mille volte il dì facendo, come fanno i buffoni, divenne in modo *in opinione di matto*, che *appo i figliuoli del Re, più per dar loro con le sue pazzie trastullo che per altro, era tenuto caro*'.[1] Shakespeare's attribution to Brutus of idiocy characteristic of a 'fool' in a king's household seems coloured by Bandello's phraseology.

Shakespeare's digressions—origins and parallels.

In the rhetorical digressions which distinguish Shakespeare's poem he had every opportunity of pursuing his own bent, but even in these digressive passages there emerge bold traces of his reading, not merely in the classics, but in contemporary English poetry. The 217 lines (1366–582), which describe with exceptional vividness a skilful painting of the destruction of Troy, betray a close intimacy with more than one book of Vergil's *Aeneid*. The episode in its main outline is a free development of Vergil's dramatic account (Bk. i. 456–655) of a picture of the identical scene which arrests Aeneas' attention in Dido's palace at Carthage. The energetic portrait of the wily Sinon which fills a large space in Shakespeare's canvas is drawn from Vergil's second book (ll. 76 seq.).[2]

[1] In English the words run :—'And pretending to be mad, and doing such foolish things a thousand times a day as fools are wont to do, Brutus came to be looked upon as an idiot, who was held dear by the king's sons, more for making them sport with his foolish tricks than for any other cause.'

[2] References to more or less crude pictorial representations of the siege of Troy are common in classical authors, notably in Ovid. Ovid in his *Heroides*, i. 33 seq., causes the Greek soldier to paint on a table with wine the disposition of the opposing armies at Troy. The first lines of this passage are very deliberately quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. 28, 29 :—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Shakespeare again enlarges the restricted bounds of the classical tale by introducing a sympathizing handmaiden. Such a subsidiary character (1212–302) is unknown to Ovid or Livy. This new episode coincides, possibly by accident, with a scene in the French tragedy of *Lucrece* of 1566. No other parallel is met with. Shakespeare makes effective use of the woman's 'heaviness' when she is summoned by her mistress after the latter resolves to slay herself. In the French drama Lucrece's nurse feelingly endeavours to dissuade her from her purpose.

The appeal to personified Opportunity (ll. 869 sq.) seems an original device of Shakespeare, but the succeeding apostrophe to Time (ll. 939 sq.) covers ground which many poets had occupied before. Two English poets, Thomas Watson in *Hecatompathia* (1582, Sonnets xlvii and lxxvii), and Giles Fletcher in *Licia* (1593, Sonnet xxviii), anticipated at many points Shakespeare's catalogue of Time's varied activities. Watson acknowledged that his lines were borrowed from the Italian Serafino and Fletcher imitated the Neapolitan Latinist Angerianus; while both Serafino and Angerianus owed much on their part to Ovid's pathetic lament in *Tristia* (iv. 6. 1–10). Shakespeare doubtless obtained all the suggestion that he needed from his fellow countrymen. That Shakespeare knew Watson's reflections on the topic seems proved by his verbatim quotation of one of them in *Much Ado about Nothing* (i. 1. 271): 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.' Similarly there are plain indications in Shakespeare's *Sonnets* that Fletcher's *Licia* was familiar to him.[1]

In Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 131 sq., Ulysses, for Calypso's amusement, paints the like scene with a wand on the sand of the sea-shore and describes his sketch in terms very like those in the *Heroides*. But, although Ovid offered hints for Shakespeare's picture, Vergil supplied the precise design.

[1] Cf. *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Introd. by the present writer, vol. i, p. lxxxiii, and vol. ii, p. 348; *Life of Shakespeare*, 5th edition, pp. 81 *n.* 2, 117 *n.* 2, and 229 *n.* 1.

It is pretty certain that the work of other contemporary English poets offered Shakespeare's imagination material sustenance while he was developing the Roman legend. Several phrases come almost literally from Constable's *Diana*[1], of which the first edition was in 1594 two years old, and the second was just published.

The debt to Daniel's *Rosamond* (1592).

But the closest parallels with Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, alike in phrase, episode, and sentiment, are to be found in Daniel's contemporary narrative poem, entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond.* This poem was appended in 1592 to a second

[1] When Tarquin (477–9) describes Lucrece's complexion—

> That even for anger makes the *lily pale*,
> And *the red rose blush* at her own *disgrace*,

he echoes Constable's description of his mistress (1st edit. Sonnet xvii)—

> My Ladie's presence makes *the roses red*,
> Because to see her lips they *blush for shame.*
> *The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became*,
> And her white hands in them this envy bred.

In the preceding stanza the impression of 'whiteness' which the sleeping Lucrece gives Tarquin seems derived from Constable's description in Sonnet iv (edit. 1592) of his mistress in bed. Constable's '*whiter skin* with *white sheet*' anticipated Shakespeare's line (472), 'o'er the *white sheet* peers her *whiter skin.*' In the reference in *Lucrece* to Narcissus (265–6) Shakespeare echoes his own poem of *Venus and Adonis.* The allusion ultimately came from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander.* In *Venus and Adonis* (161–2) Shakespeare wrote :—

> Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
> And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

In *Lucrece* (265–6) Tarquin reflects on Lucrece's beauty—

> That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
> Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

The classical story of Narcissus, as told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 407 sq., tells of his metamorphosis into a flower, and not of his death by drowning. Marlowe set Shakespeare the example of adopting a post-classical version, and related in his *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad i, ll. 74–6, how the Greek boy

> Leapt into the water for a kiss
> Of his own shadow, and despising many,
> Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.

edition of Daniel's collection of sonnets, which he christened *Delia*. In Daniel's poem the ghost of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II, gives sorrowful voice to her remorse at having submitted to the adulterous embraces of the king, and finally relates her murder by Queen Eleanor. The whole poem is in the *oratio recta* of the heroine, and the key is that of Lucrece's moaning. Shakespeare adopted in *Lucrece* the seven-line stanza of *The Complaint of Rosamond*, and handled it very similarly.

At one important point Shakespeare seems to have borrowed Daniel's machinery. Both heroines seek consolation from a work of art. Shakespeare's Lucrece closely scans a picture of the siege of Troy, the details of which she applies to her own sad circumstance. Daniel's Rosamond examines a casket finely engraved with ornament suggesting her own sufferings; on the lid is portrayed Amymone's strife with Neptune, while 'figured within the other squares' is the tale of Jove's pursuit of the love of Io. Rosamond's casket was wrought

> So rare that art did seem to strive with nature
> To express the cunning workman's curious thought.
> (ll. 374–5.)

To Shakespeare's piece of skilful painting

> In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life. (l. 1374.)

Daniel's phraseology seems to be echoed in single lines such as these:—

> An *expir'd date cancell'd* ere well begun. (*Lucrece*, 26.)
>
> *Cancell'd* with Time, will have their *date expir'd*.
> (*Rosamond*, 242.)
>
> *Sable night, mother of* dread *and fear*. (*Lucrece*, 117.)

Night, mother of sleep *and fear*, who with her *sable* mantle.
(*Rosamond*, 432.)

I know what *thorns the growing rose defends.*
(*Lucrece*, 492.)

The ungather'd Rose, defended with the thorns.
(*Rosamond*, 210.)

The precedent whereof in Lucrece *view.* (*Lucrece*, 1261.)

These precedents presented to my *view.* (*Rosamond*, 407.)

In sentiment, too, Shakespeare appears often content to follow Daniel. The husband Collatine's inability to speak, owing to the anguish caused him by Lucrece's death, resembles King Henry's enforced silence in presence of Rosamond's dead body (*Rosamond*, 904–7):—

> Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs,
> Words had no passage, tears no issue found:
> For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,
> Confused affects each other do confound.

Collatine's experience is described thus (*Lucrece*, 1779–80):—

> The deep vexation of his inward soul
> Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue.[1]

[1] Again Daniel, developing Seneca's 'Curae leves loquuntur ingentes stupent', tells of his hero how

> Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
> For light cares speak, when mighty cares are dumb. (ll. 909–10.)

Shakespeare remarks on the silence of his heroine (ll. 1329–30)—

> Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
> And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, bk. i, Eclogue i—

> *Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away.*

and Raleigh's 'Silent Lover' (*Poems*, ed. Hannah, No. xiv)—

Neither the individuality of style nor the substantive originality of many details in Shakespeare's poem can be questioned. But it is clear that, working on foundations laid by Ovid, he sought suggestion for his poetic edifice in Livy, and in such successors of the classical poet and historian as Chaucer and Bandello. Nor can it be lightly questioned that he absorbed sentiments and phrases from many contemporary English verse-writers with whom his muse acknowledged a sympathetic affinity.

III

The metre of *Lucrece*.

THE metre of Lucrece was a favourite one in English literature long before the Elizabethan era. The seven-line stanza is more commonly used by Chaucer than any other. He seems to have borrowed it from the French poetry of his contemporary Guillaume de Machault. It is often met with in the *Canterbury Tales* (see *The Clerkes Tale*, *The Man of Lawes Tale*, *The Second Nonnes Tale*), as well as in *Troylus and Crisyde* and many of the shorter poems (cf. 'The complaint to his empty purse'). It is the metre, too, of Lydgate's monumental *Fall of Princes*. According to Elizabethan critics it was the stanza that was best adapted to serious themes. Gascoigne described it in his *Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1576) as 'Rithme royall': 'and surely,' he adds, 'it is a royalle kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses.' According to Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, the seven-line stanza was 'the chief

> Passions are likened best to floods and streams
> *The shallow murmurs but the deep are dumb,*
> So when affections yield discourse, it seems,
> The bottom is but shallow whence it comes.

of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything historical or grave poem', and he refers to Chaucer's *Troylus and Crisyde* and Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* by way of proof that 'the staffe of seven verses was most usual with our ancient makers'. The rimes, he points out, were capable of seven variations. Shakespeare followed the customary scheme which Chaucer had employed (ababbcc). Puttenham found fault with those who close the stanza with an independent couplet 'concording with no other verse that went before', but he finally admits that the 'double cadence in the last two verses serves the ear well enough'. The comment well applies to Shakespeare's prosody.

Spenser's seven-line stanza.

Of English poems in the metre which were written shortly before Shakespeare penned his *Lucrece*, the most memorable is Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, published in 1590, in which Shakespeare's cadences seem almost precisely anticipated. The following is a good example of the stanza in Spenser's hands:—

> But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
> Above the reach of ruinous decay,
> And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
> Admir'd of base-borne men from far away:
> Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay
> To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
> And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.[1]

Greene's *A Maidens Dreame*, *An elegy on Sir Christopher Hatton*,

[1] Spenser employed the seven-line stanza with a different scheme of rhyming (ababcbc) in his *Daphnaida*, 1591, but in his *Hymnes*, 1596, he returned to the Shakespearean plan. Among the Elizabethan poets who used the seven-line stanza in long poems immediately after *Lucrece* were (Sir) John Davis in his *Orchestra*, 1594; Barnfield in *Complaint of Chastitie* and *Shepherds Content*, 1594; Drayton in *Mortimeriados*, 1596, and parts of *Harmonie of the Church*, 1596. At a little later date Nicholas Breton employed it constantly; cf. his *Pasqvils Passe and Passeth not*, 1600; *Longing of a Blessed Heart*, 1601; *Pasqvils Mad Cappe*, 1626.

a pedestrian piece of verse in the seven-line stanza, followed Spenser's poem in 1591, and next year there appeared Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond.* The uses to which Shakespeare put Daniel's preceding experiment have already been noticed. Shakespeare employed the stanza again in the narrative poem, *A Lover's Complaint*, which was first published in 1609 with the *Sonnets.* That piece was probably written very shortly after *Lucrece.*

Early criticism.

Though the popularity of *Lucrece* did not equal that of *Venus and Adonis*, and the volume passed through fewer editions during and after Shakespeare's lifetime, its success on its appearance was well pronounced, and it greatly added to Shakespeare's reputation among contemporary critics. Some readers, like Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), the anonymous author of the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and Richard Barnfield in *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598[1], failed to detect any distinction between *Lucrece* and its predecessor *Venus and Adonis.* But a few observers like Gabriel Harvey were more discriminating, and pointed out that while the earlier poem delighted 'the younger sort', *Lucrece* pleased 'the wiser sort'.[2] Harvey was indeed inclined to exaggerate the serious aspect of the poem and to rank it with *Hamlet.* Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the poem in 1606, and a copy figures in

[1] And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing vaine
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't.

[2] Harvey's words ran:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.* But his *Lucrece* and tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' Harvey wrote these words about 1604 in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer* of 1598. They were transcribed by George Steevens (cf. Variorum ed., 1821, vol. ii, p. 369). But the volume containing Harvey's original draft belonged to Bishop Percy, and was burnt in the fire at Northumberland House, London, which destroyed the bishop's library in 1780.

the table 'of his English books Anno 1611'. Minor indications that the work was familiar to students abound. Fragments of two lines (1086–7) are quoted in the disjointed contemporary scribble which defaces the outside leaf of an early manuscript copy of some of Bacon's tracts in the Duke of Northumberland's library at Alnwick; the words were probably written down very early in the seventeenth century.[1]

Plagiarisms.

To poets and dramatists of the early seventeenth century the work especially appealed. It at once received the flattery of imitation or actual plagiarism. As early as 1595 Richard Barnfield, an inveterate imitator of Shakespeare, transferred many phrases to his *Cassandra*. In 1600 Samuel Nicholson incorporated lines without acknowledgement in his poem of *Acolastus*—procedure which was followed with even greater boldness by Robert Baron in his *Fortune's Tennis Ball* just fifty years later. Reminiscences of the great apostrophe to Opportunity are met with in Marston's play of *The Malcontent*, 1604, and in Ford's *Lady's Trial*, 1638. Shakespeare's friend, Thomas Heywood, produced a five-act tragedy called *The Rape of Lucrece* in 1608, the year following the appearance of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's poem. But Heywood's play is a chronicle drama covering much wider ground than Sextus Tarquinius' outrage. Lucrece's tragic experience is merely one of many legendary disasters which occupy Heywood's pen, and the

Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*.

[1] Shakespeare's name is repeated many times, in various forms, on this outside leaf, together with the titles of two of his plays, *Rychard the Second* and *Rychard the Third*. The crude excerpt from *Lucrece* runs :—'reuealing day through euery Crany peepes and see.' The careless scribble has little significance, and was possibly the work of a scribe testing a new pen. No attention need be paid to the arguments which would treat the manuscript rigmarole as evidence of Bacon's responsibility for Shakespeare's works. The MS. has been twice reprinted lately, by Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, who takes a sensible view of the problem offered by the scribble, and by Mr. Thomas Burgoyne, who is inclined to take the incoherences seriously.

indebtedness to Shakespeare does not go beyond the bare suggestion of that single topic. The poet Suckling, one of Shakespeare's warmest admirers in the generation succeeding the dramatist's death, gave curious proof of his interest in Shakespeare's poem. He claimed to find a detached fragment of verse, of which he failed apparently to recognize the provenance. The fragment consisted of the ten lines from *Lucrece* (386–96) which somewhat affectedly describe Lucrece asleep in bed; but the stanza was in six lines instead of in the authentic seven lines, and Suckling's text materially differed from that of the authorized version of *Lucrece*. To the mysterious excerpt Suckling added a 'supplement' of fourteen lines of his own. The twenty-four lines, in four stanzas of six lines each, were included in Suckling's posthumously collected verse (*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646) under the heading 'A supplement to an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears'. A marginal note running 'Thus far Shakespear' distinguished Suckling's share of the short poem from that which he assigned to the dramatist.[1] In 1655

Suckling's 'Supplement.'

[1] Gerald Langbaine, in his account of Shakespeare in his *Dramatick Poets*, 1691, makes the comment: 'What value [Suckling] had for this small piece of *Lucrece* may appear from his supplement which he writ and which he has publisht in his poems.' The first stanza of Suckling's poem runs :—

> One of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
> Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,
> Which therefore swel'd and seem'd to part asunder,
> As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:
> The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
> Whilst t' other blush't, cause it had done the wrong.

This six-lined rendering of the fifty-fifth stanza of *Lucrece* (in seven lines) is not easy to account for. Suckling had perhaps written out the lines from memory, or from a hurried and incorrect copy. There seems less to recommend the opposing theory, which represents Suckling's crude quotation to be a first draft of the verse by Shakespeare himself, and an indication of an original intention on the poet's part to employ in *Lucrece* the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Centurie of Prayse*, pp. 205, 226–7.

Quarles' continuation, 1655.

evidence that Shakespeare's poem was still familiarly cherished by men of letters is offered by the fact that John Quarles, son of Francis Quarles, the author of the *Emblems*, penned a brief continuation in six-line stanzas entitled *The Banishment of Tarquin, or, The Reward of Lust.* This was appended to a reissue of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1655—the last of the seventeenth-century editions. The dramatist is described on the title-page as 'The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry* Will: Shakespeare, Gent.'—a signal testimony to his repute at the time when Cromwell was Protector.

IV

The copyright of the poem.

In the history of the publication of *Lucrece*, two of the personages, the printer Richard Field, and the publisher John Harrison, who were concerned in producing the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, reappear, but not in quite their former capacities. The copyright changed hands far less often than that of *Venus and Adonis.* There were only five owners in the course of a century.

John Harrison the first owner, May 9, 1594–March 16, 1614.

The copyright of *Lucrece* was owned at the outset by John Harrison of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, a publisher or stationer who was thrice Master of the Stationers' Company—in 1583, 1588, and 1596. He had distributed copies of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* in the spring of 1593, and acquired the copyright of that poem fourteen months later. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register attesting his ownership of *Lucrece* runs under date of May, 1594, thus [1] :—

[1] Arber, ii. 648.

Entred [to Master Harrison, senior] for his copie under thand of master Cawood Warden, a booke intituled the Ravyshement of Lucrece vi^d C.

Harrison employed Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow townsman, to print the work, and Field's device of an anchor, hanging in an oval frame with the motto *Anchora Spei*, is prominently displayed on the title-page of the original edition.

The printers of the first four editions.

Harrison retained the copyright of the poem for nearly twenty years, until March 1, 161$\frac{3}{4}$, and published at least four editions—in 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607. But only the first was printed by Field. Peter Short printed that of 1598; Harrison's son, also named John, printed that of 1600, and Nicholas Okes that of 1607. All the printers were men of position in the trade. Okes was on intimate terms with Field, who had acted as his surety when he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on December 5, 1603, while Thomas Heywood, the author, in his *Apology for Actors* which Okes printed for him in 1612, addressed him as his 'approved good friend', and commended his care and industry—compliments which were rare in the intercourse of printer and author.

Roger Jackson, second owner, March 1, 1614–Jan. 16, 1625.

On March 1, 161$\frac{3}{4}$, Harrison parted with the copyright of *Lucrece* and of three other of his publications of a different class to a stationer of comparatively minor reputation, Roger Jackson, whose shop over against the Great Conduit in Fleet Street bore the sign of the White Hart.[1] The transaction is thus entered in the Stationers' Company's Registers (iii. 542):—

[1] Roger Jackson, son of Martin Jackson, of Burnholme, Yorkshire, had been apprenticed to Ralph Newbery, a well-known stationer, on July 5, 1591 (Arber, ii. 175). He had been admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on August 10, 1599, and acquired his first copyright (Greene's *Goost Hunting Coney Catchers*) on September 3, 1602 (Arber, iii. 216). His first apprentice, Richard, son of Thomas Gosson, joined him April 23, 1604.

[1614] primo Martij 1613[–4]

Entred [to Roger Jackson] for his Coppies by consent of Master John Harrison the eldest and by order of a Court, these 4 books followinge ij*s*.

vizt. . . .

MASCALLES first booke of Cattell
Master Dentes Sermon of repentance
RECORDES *Arithmeticke.*
LUCRECE

Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, more than two years after the copyright of *Lucrece* suffered its first transfer. Jackson, the second holder, retained the copyright for nearly twelve years, till his death early in 1626, when it passed to his widow. Jackson was responsible for the editions of 1616 and 1624, the first of which was printed by Thomas Snodham, and the second by John Beale.[1] His widow assigned the book, with her property in twenty-nine other volumes, on January 16, 1626, to Francis Williams. The entry attesting the transfer in the Stationers' Register runs (iv. 149):—

Francis Williams, third owner, Jan. 16, 1626–June 29, 1630.

[1626] 16° Januarij 1625[–6]

Assigned over vnto him [to Francis Williams] by mistris Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this Day. all her estate in the [30] Copies here after mencioned xiiij*s*.

–23 Lucrece by Shackspeare. . . . . .

John Harrison, junior,

Francis Williams kept the copyright for little more than four years, parting with it on June 29, 1630, to Master

[1] Snodham, who took up his freedom on June 28, 1602, was apprenticed to Thomas East, or Este, the music-printer, whose surname (*alias* East) he added to his own. Snodham succeeded to his old master's presses at the sign of the Black Horse in Aldersgate Street. He printed much music, e.g. Campion's music-books (1610 and 1612). In 1615 Wither's *Satyre* came from his press. He was active in the trade till his death in 1625. Beale, a

Harrison, apparently a grandson of the original holder, and the printer of the edition of 1600. (He was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1638.) This transaction, which involved the transfer to 'Master Harison' of over thirty books, is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers (iv. 237):—

fourth owner, June 29, 1630–March 15, 1655.

29 Junij 1630.

Assigned over vnto him [i. e. Master Harison] by master Francis Williams and order of a full Court all his estate right title and Interest in the Copies hereafter menconed

vizt. . . . . xij^s vj^d./

Lucrece.

Master Harison produced an edition in 1632, which was printed by R. B. [i. e. Richard Bishop][1], and he retained the property until his death twenty-three years later. His widow, Martha Harrison, sold it on March 15, 165$\frac{4}{5}$, to yet another John Harison (or Harrison), apparently a nephew of her late husband, and the third of the name to hold the property. The third John Harrison was in partnership with William Gilbertson of the Bible in Giltspur Street, who had lately acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*. Under some arrangement with Harrison, Gilbertson produced in 1655, with another coadjutor, John Stafford, the latest edition of *Lucrece* which appeared in the seventeenth century.

John Harrison the third, the fifth holder.

master printer from March 1, 1613, and a livery-man of the Stationers' Company from Feb. 4, 1635, was one of the most prosperous printers of his day.

[1] The initials R. B. alone appear on the title-page, but the full name of Richard Bishop figures as printer for Harrison in the same year of a new edition of John White's Short Catechism. No other member of the Stationers' Company, who was a printer, bore the same initials. Robert Bird, who acquired the copyright of *Pericles* in 1630, was a publisher or bookseller only. John Norton printed for him an edition of the play in that year. But it is puzzling to note that the printer's device with the motto 'In Domino Confido,' which appears on the last page of the 1632 *Lucrece*, is found on the title-page of the 1630 *Pericles*.

V

The text and typography of the first edition.

HARRISON and Field's first edition of 1594 is the sole authentic source of the text of the poem. That alone followed the author's manuscript. The later editions were set up from those that went before. Small typographical changes were introduced into the reissues, but all the alterations may be put to the credit of correctors of the press acting on their own responsibility, excepting possibly in the case of the edition of 1616, which came out soon after Shakespeare's death. In that volume there are traces of a clumsy editorial revision.

Discrepancies among extant exemplars.

It is improbable that the author supervised the production of the first edition, but greater care was taken in its typography than in the case of any other of Shakespeare's works,—not excepting *Venus and Adonis.* The work is not free from misprints nor from other typographical irregularities. But an effort was made to reduce their number to the lowest possible limit. The original edition was printed off slowly; the type was kept standing after the first impressions left the office, and small changes were subsequently introduced into the standing type, with the result that the few surviving copies of the first edition show small discrepancies among themselves. One impression is freer from typographical errors than another, or a correction which has been made in one copy, with a view to improving the sense or the grammar, is absent from another copy. The alterations are not always intelligent, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare had any hand in them.

The Bodleian copy, I. Unique readings.

The copy in the Bodleian Library which is reproduced in this volume—one of two in that library—has at least five readings which are met with nowhere else. They were apparently all deemed to be defects, and were afterwards changed.

Their survival in only one extant copy, their absence from all the others, proves that the copy which retains them was the earliest extant impression to leave the printing-office. The five unique readings in the Bodleian copy I, with the corrections which appear in all other impressions of the first edition, are :—'morning' (l. 24) for 'mornings' [i.e. morning's]; 'Appologie' (l. 31) for 'apologies'; 'Colatium' (l. 50) for 'Colatia'; 'himselfe betakes' (l. 125) for 'themselves betake'; 'wakes' (l. 126) for 'wake.'

Only the first of these readings is a quite obvious misprint. The substitution of 'apologies' for 'Appologie' improves the spelling, but the verb 'needeth', which the noun governs, is suffered to remain in the singular after its subject is put into the plural—a syntactical construction which is defensible but not usual. The alteration 'Colati*a*' is right. No such town as Colati*um* is known, but in spite of its removal from line 50, the erroneous form 'Colati*um*' is still suffered to deface in all copies line 4—the only other place where the town is mentioned. The change in line 125 seems intended to get rid of the awkward construction of the singular verb with a plural subject in 'winds that wake*s*' in the next line, 126. In line 125 the first reading 'And euerie one to rest *himself* betake*s*' is grammatically better than the second, 'And euerie one to rest *themselues* betake'; but in order to rime 'wake' (of the next line) satisfactorily, it was needful to put the verb at the end of the preceding line in the plural and to give it a plural instead of a singular subject.

Reading peculiar to two extant copies.

In the following instance the reading in the Bodleian copy which is here reproduced appears in only one other copy—in the second (Caldecott) copy in the same library.

'Euen so *the* patterne of *this* worne out age' (l. 1350.)

figures in all extant impressions save in the two in the Bodleian Library, where the line reads—

Euen so *this* pattern of *the* worne out age.

It is difficult to determine which is the better reading, but it is clear that '*the* patterne of *this* . . . age' was deemed the better by the corrector of the press.

Misprints peculiar to three extant copies.

The following two misprints in the Bodleian copy, which is here reproduced, are also met with in the second copy in the same library and in the Sion College copy as well, but both are corrected in the Devonshire and British Museum copies:—line 1182, 'which *for* (instead of *by*) him tainted'; line 1335, 'blast*s*' for 'blast.'

Misprints in all extant copies.

The following misprints seem common to all impressions:—Title-page (last line) 'Churh-yard' for 'Church-yard'; 'sleeep' (l. 163) for 'sleep'; 'to beguild' (l. 1544) for 'so beguild'; 'on' (l. 1680) for 'in'; 'it in' (l. 1713) for 'in it.' The inverted commas at the beginning of ll. 867–8 are exceptional, and may also be reckoned among typographical inaccuracies.

Capital letters within the line.

The volume offers examples of the ordinary irregularities which are usually met with in specimens of Elizabethan typography. Capital letters within the line are used little less arbitrarily than in *Venus and Adonis*. Such ordinary words as 'Tent' (15), 'Bee' (836, 840, 1769), 'Citty' (1554) and 'Foe' (1608), are always dignified with an initial capital. But the personified 'time' and 'opportunity' go without the distinction. No law is observable in such a distribution of capitals. In the first part of the poem, 'Beauty' is invariably spelt with a capital, but in the concluding stanzas it appears with a small letter; the word is used eighteen times in all, and the capital appears twelve times. 'Sun' occurs eight times in all, five times

with a capital. 'Heaven' is rarely allowed a capital, although 'Ocean' always is. It was obviously the intention of the printer to print all proper names in small capitals; but this rule, although often followed, was imperfectly carried out. Cf. line 553— Small capitals.

'And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.'

'Pluto' is with, but 'Orpheus' is without, due mark of distinction. The place-name 'Ardea' is in lower-case type in line 1, but in small capitals in line 1332. 'Rome' appears six times and is never in small capitals. Other signs of careless revision are the substitution of a small letter for a capital at the opening of line 86, and the dropping in two places of the catchword—on pp. 28 and 90. Italics are not used at all, save in the 'Argument', which is italicized throughout, proper names only being in roman type.

The cursive contraction for 'm' or 'n'—a long line over the preceding vowel—is used thirty-eight times, commonly in order to save space. The ampersand '&' (for 'and') occurs fifteen times for the same reason. Both symbols are employed somewhat capriciously. Their employment reflects on the skill of the printer, even if they figured in the author's 'copy'. Contractions.

Variations in the spelling of the same word are comparatively few, but they are numerous enough to give ground for criticism. Thus we find 'doore' (306) and 'dore' (325, 337); 'dumbe' (268) and 'dum' (474); 'nurse' (1162) and 'nourse' (813); 'opportunity' (874, 876, 895, 932) and 'oportunitie' (903, 1023); 'rankes' (1439) and 'ranckes' (1441); 'Rome' and 'Roome' (1644, 1851); 'sometime' (1106) and 'somtime' (1105); 'spirite' (1346), 'sprite' (451), and 'spright' (121); 'tongue' (1465) and 'tong' (1463, 1718). In the case of 'tongue' and 'sometime' the variations occur within a couple of lines of one another. The curious spelling 'pollusion' for Mis-spellings.

'pollution' (1157), where the word rimes with 'confusion' and 'conclusion', is another orthographical error.[1]

The text of 1607.

The text of the late impressions of the 1594 edition was followed in the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. A few changes were introduced by the corrector of the press in each revision, but all were trivial and mainly affected the spelling, the capital letters, and the contractions. The fourth edition of 1607, despite the commendation which Thomas Heywood bestowed on its printer, Nicholas Okes, introduces some new misprints of bad eminence (e. g. l. 993, 'time' for 'crime'; l. 1024, 'unsearchfull' for 'uncheerful'). These were slavishly adopted by succeeding printers. In the imprint, the words 'Printed *by* N. O.' appear as 'Printed *be* N. O.'

The alterations of 1616.

Somewhat more extensive alterations marked the fifth edition, printed by T[homas] S[nodham], and published by Roger Iackson, in 1616. This edition was described on the title-page as '*Newly Reuised*', and bore for the first time the new title of *The Rape of Lucrece* instead of the *Lucrece* of the earlier issues. Shakespeare's name also appeared for the first time on the title-page. Traces of the hand of an unskilful editor are apparent. A new list of 'contents', which preceded the 'Argument' in the preliminary pages, collected together in a slightly abbreviated form twelve marginal notes which were distributed through the text of the poem, and supplied a running analysis of the story. The earlier marginal notes were numbered in the text; but the

[1] 'Pollution' is only used thrice elsewhere by Shakespeare. In two cases—in *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 49, and *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 183—it is rightly spelt 'pollution' (in the First Folio). But in the third place where it occurs—in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 46—it is farcically misused by Goodman Dull for 'allusion', and is misspelt 'polusion' in both the First Quarto and the First Folio. The misspelling there seems deliberately introduced by way of ridicule of popular ignorance. In a serious context 'pollution' was alone recognized by careful writers or printers.

later notes were unnumbered. This list of contents and marginal notes were reprinted in all subsequent editions. The latter run thus :—

(i) The praising of Lucrece as chast, vertuous, and beautiful, maketh Tarquin enamor'd. (Stanza 1.)[1]

(ii) Tarquin welcom'd by Lucrece. (Stanza 8.)

(iii) Tarquin disputing the matter at last resolves to satisfy his Lust. (Stanza 25.)

(iv) Lucretia wakes amazed and confounded to be so surpriz'd. (Stanza 66.)

(v) Lucrece pleadeth in defence of Chastity and exprobates his uncivil lust. (Stanza 82.)

(vi) Tarquin all impatient interrupts her, and denied of consent breaketh the inclosure of her Chastity by Force. (Stanza 93.)

(vii) Lucrece thus abused complains of her misery. (Stanza 109.)

(viii) Lucrece continuing her laments, disputes whether she should kill her self or no. (Stanza 155.)

(ix) Lucrece resolved to kill her self determines first to send her Husband word. (Stanza 174.)

(x) Upon Lucrece sending for Colatine in such hast, he with divers of his Allies and Friends returns home. (Stanza 227.)

(xi) Upon the Relation of Lucrece her Rape Colatine and the rest swear to revenge: but this seems not full satisfaction to her losses. (Stanza 243.)

(xii) She killeth herself to exasperate them the more to punish the delinquent. (Stanza 245.)

The character of the textual changes, which are not

[1] The numbered stanza does not appear in the list of contents. I insert it with a view to showing the distribution of the marginal notes through the poem.

numerous, suggests that there, too, an editorial pen was working albeit clumsily. Metrical considerations probably account for the following alterations:—'so high a rate' (line 19 of 1616 edition) for 'such high proud rate'; 'a date expired; and canceld ere begun' (26) for 'an expired date, canceld ere well begun'; 'doth march' (301) for 'marcheth'; 'beneath' (543) for 'under'; 'ever dumb' (1123) for 'mute and dumb'; 'throughout Rome' (1851) for 'thorough Rome'. In l. 1680 the substitution of 'one woe' for the original misprint 'on woe' is ingenious, and the introduction of a hyphen in l. 1018 to connect the words 'skill' and 'contending' betrays intelligence. Other variations of the earlier text are unjustifiable: 'rue' (455) for 'true'; 'feeded' (603) for 'seeded'; 'bersed' (657) for 'hersed'; 'mighty' (680) for 'nightly'; 'foule lust' (684) for 'prone lust'; 'fears' (698) for 'fares'; 'of reine' (706) for 'or reine'; 'disdaine' (786) for 'distain'; Palmers that' (790) for 'Palmers chat'; 'bannes' (859) for 'barnes'; 'time' (993) for 'crime'; omission of epithet 'goodly' in 1247; 'held' (1257) for 'hild.'

The editions of 1624, 1632, 1655, and 1707.

The edition of 1624 follows that of 1616 servilely. Only the title-pages differ. Even the error in the signature (B4 for A4) is repeated. The edition of 1632 adds some new misprints (e.g. l. 47, 'growes' for 'glowes'; l. 156, 'konur' for 'honour'; l. 282, 'cloakt' for 'choked'; l. 854, 'iniquity' for 'impurity'). The reissue of 1655 closely adheres to that of 1632, with a few misreadings of its own. The next reprint figured in the *Poems on Affairs of State* (1707), vol. iv, pp. 143–204. The text is that of 1655, with a few worthless emendations.[1] Unfortunately the crude misreadings of 1707

[1] The chief changes were:— l. 35, 'from theevish Cares' for 'From theeuish eares'; l. 161, 'the wretched hateful Lays' for '& wretched hateful daies'; l. 148, 'all' for 'ill'; l. 317, 'the Needle' for 'her needle'; l. 650, 'fresh false hast' for 'fresh fall's haste'; l. 684, 'foul' for 'prone'; l. 1520,

were accepted by Gildon, who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's 'Poems,' by way of supplement to Rowe's collective edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1710.[1] Gildon did little more than reproduce the poor text of 1707, and his text was accepted without inquiry by other eighteenth-century editors. Lintott, in one of his impressions of Shakespeare's 'Poems' in 1709, gave *Lucrece* a title-page bearing the date 1632, but he did not follow the edition of that year with much precision. It was not until Malone reprinted the poems in 1780, that any collation was attempted of the current text with the first edition of 1594. Then at length the poet's words were freed of a century and a half's accumulation of ignorant misreadings.

VI

Census of extant copies.

EIGHT editions of *Lucrece* are known to have been published between its first issue in 1594 and 1655, when the last of the seventeenth-century editions appeared. Four editions came out in Shakespeare's lifetime respectively, in 1594, 1598, 1600, and 1607. A fifth followed in 1616, the year of his death, and others in 1621, 1632, and 1655. The number of extant copies of all these early editions are very few, and it is possible that there were other editions, of which every exemplar has disappeared. Malone mentions editions of 1596 and 1602, but no editions dated in either of these years have come to light.[2] Two of the known editions

'woman' for 'workman'; l. 1736, 'in pure Revenge' for 'in poor revenge'. The substitution of 'foul lust' (l. 684) for 'prone lust' and of 'peal'd' for 'pild' (in the sense of 'peeled') in lines 1167 and 1169 were attempts to make difficult words clear to eighteenth-century readers.

[1] See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, pp. 71–2.

[2] An edition which was once in the possession of Halliwell-Phillipps lacked a title-page and was at one time declared by him to belong to the year 1610, but this is probably a copy of the edition of 1632 (see No. XXIX *infra*).

only survive in single copies. It is curious to note that a larger number of copies are accessible of the original edition than of any other of the first seven. As many as ten are now traceable. Several of these have been recovered recently. Thomas Grenville asserted some sixty years ago that only three were known. George Daniel, Frederick Locker Lampson, and other collectors of the last half-century raised their estimate to five. That number must now be doubled.

It is likely enough that of all the editions more copies will be found hereafter. At present all the known copies of the first seven editions (excluding fragments) number no more than thirty. The eighth edition stands in a somewhat different position. Some twenty copies seem traceable, but of these only six contain the rare frontispiece and are perfect, two of these being in Great Britain and the rest in America. Of the thirty copies of the first seven editions, twenty are now in Great Britain, nine are in America, and one, which has lately changed hands, is not at the moment located. Of the twenty British copies, fifteen are in public institutions,—five being in the British Museum, five in the Bodleian Library, two in the Capell Collection of Trinity College, Cambridge, one in the University Library, Edinburgh, one at Sion College, London, and one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Five are in the hands of English private owners. Of the nine American copies, one is in a public institution—the Lenox Library, New York—and eight are in private hands.[1]

[1] A copy of an unspecified edition of *Lucrece*, sold with twenty-two other pieces, brought in 1680, at the sale of Sir Kenelm Digby's library, three shillings. Comparatively few copies have figured in public auctions of late years. The highest price which the first edition has fetched is £200, which it reached at the Perkins sale in 1889. No copy of that edition has occurred for sale since. Of the later editions, £75—the price paid for a copy of the 1632 edition at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, also in 1889—is the auction record. For the frontispiece of the 1655 edition as much as £110 was paid at

The first edition of *Lucrece* is the only one which appeared in quarto. The signatures run:—A i, A ii, B–N, in fours. There are forty-seven leaves in all without pagination. The dedication figures on the recto side, and the 'Argument' on the verso side, of the leaf signed A ii. The text of the poem commences on the leaf signed B. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE | [Field's device and motto] LONDON | Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard 1594. | The pattern of Field's device of the suspended anchor, with his motto *Anchora Spei*, slightly differs from that on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*. In the *Lucrece* volume the boughs are crossed in front of the stem of the anchor, instead of being figured behind the stem, as in the *Venus and Adonis* volume. FIRST EDITION, 1594

The copy of the first edition of the poem, which is reproduced in facsimile for the first time in this volume, is one of the two exemplars now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It belongs to the collection of books which was presented in 1816 to the library by the brother of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and is numbered Malone 34. In the spring of 1779, Malone bought for twenty guineas a single volume containing this copy of the first edition of *Lucrece*, together with a first edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.[1] At a later date he caused these and many other of his quarto editions of Shakespeare's works to be inlaid and No. I. Bodleian (1).

a sale in 1902. At the present moment the prices are rapidly rising. A perfect copy of a first edition would be likely to reach £1000, and a perfect copy of any later edition of the seventeenth century, £500. Justin Winsor's *Bibliography of Shakespeare's Poems* (Boston, 1879), and the preface to the Cambridge Shakespeare (new edit. 1891), supply some useful particulars in regard to extant copies, but most of the information recorded here has been derived from a personal inspection of the copies, or from correspondence with the present owners, or from sale catalogues.

[1] Charlemont MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep.*), i. 343.

FIRST EDITION, 1594.

to be bound up somewhat capriciously—six or seven together—in a long series of large volumes. His copy of the 1594 *Lucrece* now fills the first place in the volume which is labelled outside 'Shakespeare Quartos, volume III,' and contains six quarto tracts. The edition of *Lucrece* measures $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5''$, but is inlaid on paper measuring $9\frac{1}{8}'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$. The poem is followed successively by a copy of the *Sonnets* of 1609 (with the Aspley reprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by two quartos of *Pericles* dated respectively 1609 and 1619, and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

No. II. Bodleian (2).

A second copy in the Bodleian Library of the first edition of *Lucrece* was the gift of Thomas Caldecott in 1833, and is marked Malone 886. It is bound up with copies of the 1594 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and of the first edition of the *Sonnets*, 1609 (with the John Wright imprint). The three tracts were purchased by Caldecott in June, 1796, 'of an obscure bookseller of . . . Westminster'.[1] The *Lucrece*, which comes second in the volume, has been seriously pruned by the binder, and measures only $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{7}{16}''$. The title-page has been torn in places and roughly repaired.

No. III. British Museum (1).

Of the two copies in the British Museum the better one was purchased at the Bright sale, in 1845, for £58. The press-mark is C.21.c.45. It was bound by Hayday in maroon morocco, and, though several leaves have been repaired, is in good condition. It measures $7'' \times 4\frac{15}{16}''$.

No. IV. British Museum (2).

The second copy in the British Museum is in the Grenville Collection (G. 11178). It was purchased by Thomas Grenville, the collector, at the Combe sale in 1837. It is well bound in morocco. Grenville described it in a note in the volume as one of only three known copies. It measures $6\frac{13}{16}'' \times 5''$. The last leaf is missing, and its place is filled by a reprint from Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library.

No. V. Sion College.

The perfect copy in Sion College, London, formed part of the library of Thomas James, a well-known London printer,

[1] See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, p. 59.

whose widow, Mrs. Eleanor James, presented it with other volumes in 1711 to Sion College 'out of her singular affection and respect for the London clergy'. The copy, which is now separately bound, originally formed part of a volume in which five rare poetical tracts of like date were bound together.[1] The copy seems to have been printed off somewhat later than the Malone, and earlier than the Duke of Devonshire's copy or the Bright copy in the British Museum. Lines 1182 and 1350 read as in the Malone copy and not as in the Duke of Devonshire's and British Museum (Bright) copies. At other points (lines 31 and 125–6) the readings are identical with the Devonshire and British Museum (Bright) copies and differ from those of the Malone.[2] The measurements are $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$.

FIRST EDITION, 1594.

The Duke of Devonshire's copy, now at Chatsworth, originally belonged to the great actor John Philip Kemble, whose library was acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1821. Kemble inlaid and mounted his quarto plays and poems, and bound them up—six or seven together—in a long series of volumes. *Lucrece* forms part of volume cxxi in his collection of plays. There are six quartos altogether in the volume, the other five being the edition of *Pericles*, 1609; and early copies of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Locrine*, 1595; and the first part of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. *Lucrece* does not seem to

No. VI. Devonshire copy.

[1] In the original manuscript catalogue of the library there appears the entry 'Shakespeare's *Lucrece*', &c. In Reading's Catalogue of Sion College Library (1724) the tracts bound up with *Lucrece* are indicated. All are now separately bound and are of the highest rarity. They are :—1. Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594 (the only other known copy is at Britwell). 2. Michael Drayton's *Idea: The Shepherds Garland*, 1593 (only two other copies seem to have been met with, and none is in a public library). 3. O. B.'s *Display of Vain Life*, printed by Richard Field and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, 1594 (fairly common). 4. *Lamentation of Troy for the Death of Hector*, 1594, by I. O. (fairly common). 5. *An old facioned loue* . . . by T. T. Gent. 1594 (a translation of Watson's Latin poem *Amyntas*); the only other copy known is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The last two tracts were both printed by Peter Short for William Mattes.

[2] See pp. 31–2 *supra*.

FIRST EDITION, 1594.

have been collated by Kemble, but it is quite perfect; the other pieces in the volume have a note, 'Collated and perfect, J.P.K.,' with date either 1792 or 1798. The original page measures $6\frac{5}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$, but the page in which the text is inlaid, $8\frac{5}{8}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$. It is one of the later impressions of the first edition, closely resembling the copies in the British Museum.

No. VII. Mr. A. H. Huth's copy.

The copy owned by Mr. A. H. Huth was purchased at the Daniel sale, in 1864, for £157 10*s.* 0*d.* It is a perfect exemplar.

No. VIII. Holford copy.

A copy belonging to Capt. George Lindsay Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, London, was purchased by the present owner's father, Robert Stayner Holford, for £100, about 1860, and is stated to be quite perfect.

No. IX. Mr. White's copy.

Two fine copies are now in America. One of these belongs to Mr. William Augustus White, of Brooklyn. Mr. White's copy, which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$, seems to have been at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the Chapter library of Lincoln Cathedral.[1] It subsequently passed into the possession of Sir William Bolland, Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1840. On Sir William Bolland's death, it appears to have been purchased by the well-known bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for 100 guineas. It then passed into the library of Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead (1780–1860). At the sale of Perkins' library on July 10, 1889, when the catalogue noticed 'a small hole burnt in two leaves, destroying a few letters', it was purchased by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £200, and was acquired by the present owner.[2]

No. X. Mr. E. Dwight Church's (Rowfant) copy.

A copy in the library of Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York, was formerly in that of Frederick Locker Lampson, at Rowfant, Sussex, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead &

[1] See Dibdin's *Library Companion*, p. 696, and *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii, p. 264.

[2] A facsimile of the title-page of this copy is given in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 182.

Co., of New York, in 1904. It is a perfect copy, measuring $6\frac{11}{16}'' \times 5''$, and is bound in red morocco with tooled sides by Zaehnsdorf. It was apparently at one time the property of Sir William Tite, at the sale of whose library in 1874 it fetched £110.[1] FIRST EDITION, 1594.

A fragment of the first edition was sold in 1852, at the sale of the library of Edward Vernon Utterson, for £4 10*s.* 0*d.* Mr. White, of Brooklyn, possesses sixteen leaves (B 1, B 4, C 1–F 2) of a second copy, measuring $7\frac{1}{10}'' \times 5\frac{3}{16}''$. It is possible that this is the Utterson fragment. Fragment.

The first edition of *Lucrece* has been twice issued in facsimile; firstly, in the series of reproductions of Shakespearean quartos undertaken by E. W. Ashbee under J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' direction in 1867 (of which fifty copies were prepared and nineteen of these destroyed); and secondly, in the series of Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles with introduction by F. J. Furnivall, 1886 (No. 35), published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, from the copy in the British Museum. Photographic reproductions.

The second edition appeared in 1598. Unlike the first edition, which was a quarto, the second, like all its successors, is an octavo. The signatures run A–E 4 in eights. The leaves number thirty-six and the pages are unnumbered. Only a single copy of the second edition is known. It is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Iohn | *Harrison.* 1598. | It was printed by Peter Short. The title-page bears the signature of two former owners—Robert Cheny, who seems to have paid 12*d.* for the copy, and of Count Fieschi. The ornaments are those usually associated with Peter Short's press. Notes of SECOND EDITION, 1598. No. XI. Capell copy.

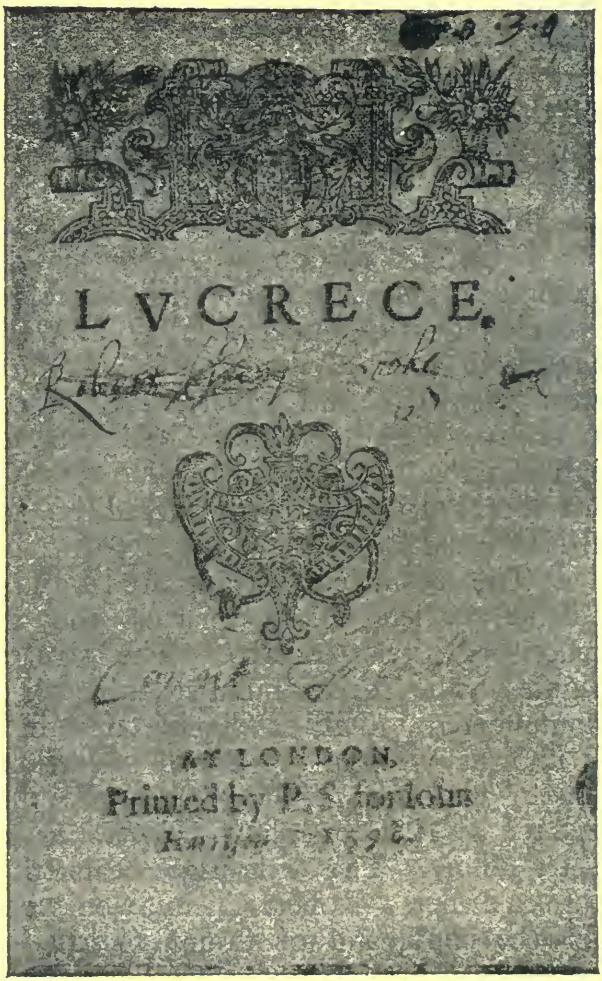
[1] Justin Winsor's statement that Capell's copy is missing from the collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, is incorrect. Capell never possessed a copy, but in the Catalogue of his Shakespearean Library he mentions that one is in the library of Sion College, London, and that he had collated it with his own exemplar of 1598.

SECOND EDITION, 1598.

a thorough collation by Capell of this copy with one of the first edition of 1594 in Sion College Library are scattered through the volume. The dimensions of the volume are $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$.

THIRD EDITION, 1600. No. XII. Bodleian copy (1).

The edition of 1600 is in octavo, with signatures A–E 4 in eights. Signature E 3 is misprinted B 3. It has thirty-six leaves, and no pagination. Only one *perfect* copy is known. This is in the Malone collection (Malone 327) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is bound up with a copy of *Venus and Adonis* which has a title-page supplied in manuscript (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census, No. VIII). The volume was presented to Malone by Dr. Richard Farmer in 1779.[1] The *Lucrece* is in good condition. The measurements are $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3''$.

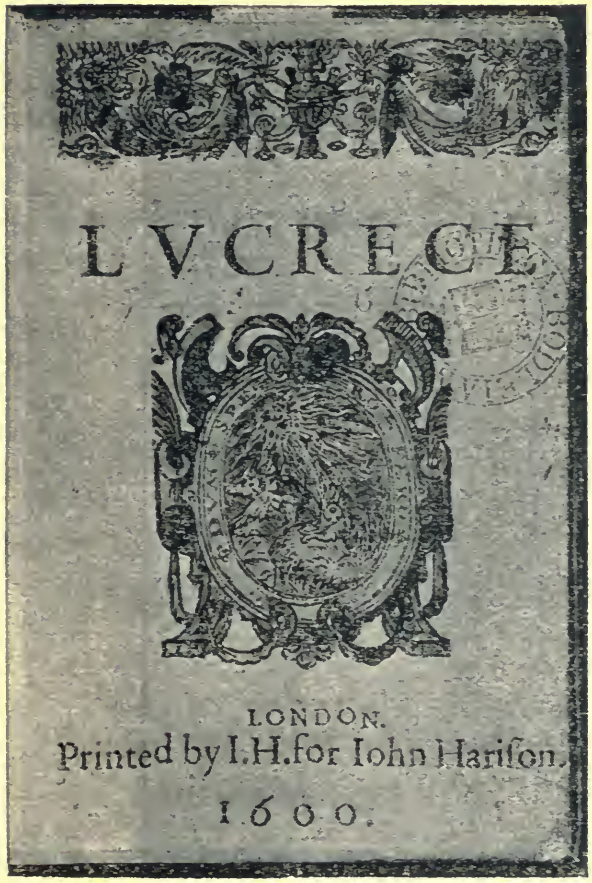


[1] There is a note to that effect in Malone's autograph in the volume. Malone soon afterwards lent the volume to Steevens so that he might read the 1600 edition of *Lucrece*. He returned it with a sarcastic drawing which still

The title-page runs:—LVCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison. | 1600. |

THIRD EDITION, 1600. No. XIII. Bodleian (2).

There is in the Bodleian Library a second and imperfect copy of this edition (without title-page and wanting last leaf), which measures $4\frac{13}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$. The text breaks off at line 1797, 'My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say' with the catchword below 'He'. The signatures are as in the perfect copy of 1600. The leaves number thirty-four. The tract is inserted in a volume (8° L 2 Art. BS.) which was probably bound in Oxford for the Bodleian Library about 1650, and comes between 'Chansons spirituelles, mises en musique à quatre parties par Didier Lupi. Nouuellement reueues & augmenteés. A Paris. Par Adrian le Roy & Robert Ballard, Imprimeurs du Roy 1571' (music book); and 'A Wittie Encounter Betweene Monsieur du Moulin & Monsieur

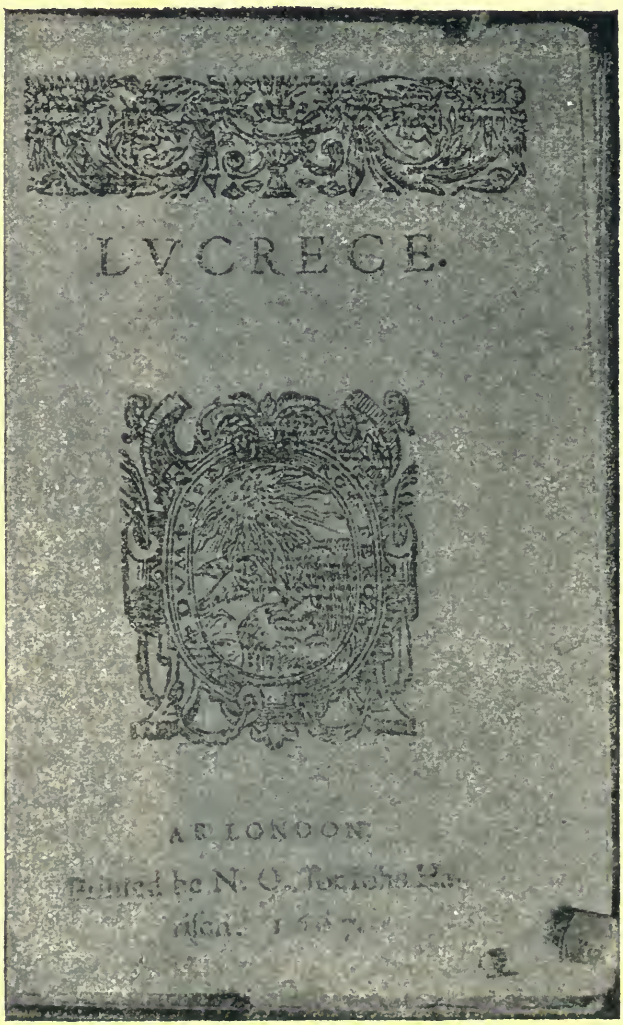


remains pasted on the fly-leaf; a bust of Shakespeare is shown with the words written on a label proceeding from his lips: 'Would that I had all my commentators in Lipsburry pinfold!'

THIRD EDITION, 1600. FOURTH EDITION, 1607.

De Balzac, translated out of the french coppy by A. S. Gent.' (London, 1636).

The fourth edition of 1607, in small octavo, was printed



by Nicholas Okes for John Harrison. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed be N. O. for Iohn Ha- | rison. 1607. | The leaves number thirty-two without pagina-

tion. The signatures run A–D 8; A 4 is misprinted B 4. On the title-page appears the misprint *be* for *by* (in the imprint 'Printed be N. O.'). Harrison's device and motto, *Dum spero, fero*, figure as in the edition of 1600. There is a circular ornament at the end of the 'Argument'. FOURTH EDITION, 1607.

Two copies are known. The Capell copy in Trinity College, Cambridge, measures 5″ × 3¼″. No. XIV. Capell copy.

The second copy, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, London, measures 5¼″ × 3¼″. The leaves are much cut down. The volume is bound in orange morocco. This copy possesses much historic interest. It was purchased by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, who took the part of the Elder Brother in the performance of Milton's *Comus* at Ludlow Castle, in 1634. The words 'By W: Shakespeare' are written in a contemporary hand across the title-page. The copy was described at length, but not with accuracy, by John Payne Collier in his *Early English Literature at Bridgewater House*, 1837, pp. 280–2, and in his *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, 1865, vol. ii, pp. 332 seq. Collier claims for the edition textual superiority to the preceding edition of 1600, which a careful collation seems hardly to justify. It follows the text of 1600 with very trivial modification. No. XV. Bridgewater copy.

The fifth edition of 1616 (in small octavo), in spite of many typographical changes, is of the same size (thirty-two leaves without pagination) and has the same signatures as the issue of 1607. The signature A 4 is again misprinted B 4. Of this fifth edition four copies are known. The title-page runs:—THE | RAPE OF | LVCRECE | By | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by T. S. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1616. | Of the four extant copies, two are in America. FIFTH EDITION, 1616.

The copy in the British Museum was acquired on April 5, 1858. It seems to have been sold by auction at Sotheby's, May, 1856, for £23 10*s.* 0*d.* It is not in very clean condition. Many leaves are pieced or patched, and the last five, No. XVI. British Museum copy.

FIFTH EDITION, 1616.

which were defective, have been repaired in facsimile. The measurements are $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$. The volume was in recent times bound by Bedford in red morocco. The press-mark is C. 34. a. 44.

No. XVII. Bodleian copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library was part of the bequest of Thomas Caldecott and reached the Library in 1833 (Malone 892). The leaves have been much cut by the binder. The measurements are $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{16}''$.

No. XVIII. Lenox Library, New York.

There is a copy in the Lenox Library in the New York Public Library which has been cut close at top and bottom. This was probably the one priced by the bookseller Rodd in his catalogue of 1837 at four guineas, and may be that sold with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1636 and other poetical tracts at the sale of Thomas Pearson's library in 1788.

No. XIX. Mr. Dwight Church's (Rowfant) copy.

The copy formerly in the library of Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York. Measuring $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ and being bound by Riviere, it was formerly in the library of Frederick Ouvry. It is cut in the lower margin. It was bought in the Ouvry sale, in 1882, by Bernard Quaritch, for £35 10*s.* 0*d.*, and shortly afterwards went to Rowfant. It passed to the present owner early in 1905.

SIXTH EDITION, 1624.

Of the edition of 1624, in small octavo, six copies are now traceable, of which only two are now in England, and both of these are in the British Museum. The text with list of contents and marginal notes follows that of 1616. The signatures are the same, and the leaves number thirty-two, without pagination. The title runs:—The | Rape | of | Lvcrece. | By Mr. *William Shakespeare.* | Newly Revised. | LONDON | Printed by I. B. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1624.

No. XX. British Museum (1) (Grenville).

A fair copy is in the Grenville collection (No. 11179) at the British Museum. It was possibly bought at the Jolley sale in 1844. The measurements are $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$. The title and last leaf are not in good condition and a few of the headlines are cut into. It is bound in green morocco.

No. XXI. British Museum (2).

The second copy now known to be in Great Britain is also in the British Museum—press-mark C. 39. a. 37 (2). It

measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{9}''$, and is bound with four other poetical tracts of like date.

SIXTH EDITION, 1624.

Four other copies are now in America. The best belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church. It was in the eighteenth century the property of Sir John Fenn (1739–94), the editor of the 'Paston Letters'. A subsequent owner was Philip Howard Frere (1813–68). It is a fine and clean copy. Sir John Fenn cut out the woodcut and imprint of the title-page, placing the excised slips in his collection of cuttings. These were discovered in a scrapbook formerly in the possession of Sir John Fenn, by Dr. Aldis Wright, who replaced them in the title-page of the copy, while Frere was its owner. The copy passed into the hands of the American collector, Thomas Jefferson McKee, at whose sale in 1901 it was acquired by the present owner. The size of the leaf is $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$. The volume is bound in green levant morocco.

No. XXII. Mr. Dwight Church's copy.

The Rowfant copy, which formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, has the inscription on title-page: 'Pretium 4 N: L: S:' It measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{7}{16}''$. It at one time belonged to Narcissus Luttrell (1657–1732), and seems to have been sold at the Ouvry sale in 1882, for £31, to Messrs. Ellis and White, the booksellers of Bond Street. It was acquired by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, in 1904.

No. XXIII. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s (Rowfant) copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Folger, of New York, seems to have been sold at Sotheby's in a miscellaneous sale on June 18, 1903, and bought by Messrs. Sotheran for £130. A few headlines are shaved.

No. XXIV. Mr. Folger's copy.

A copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, formerly belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps], who paid Quaritch £42 for it in November, 1885. It measures $5\frac{11}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$.

No. XXV. Mr. Perry's copy.

In the seventh edition of 1632, the signatures run A in fours, B–D7 in eights; B4 is misprinted B2. On the last page (D7 verso) the word 'Finis' is followed by a woodcut with the motto *In Domino confido.* The typography is distinguished by the excessive use of italics for ordinary words. The leaves number thirty. There is no pagination.

SEVENTH EDITION, 1632.

SEVENTH EDITION, 1632

There are five extant copies of the edition of 1632—one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; another in the library of Mrs. Christie Miller at Britwell; a third in unknown hands; the fourth (defective) at Edinburgh University Library; and the fifth in America, in Mr. Perry's library at Providence. The title-page runs: — The | Rape | of | Lucrece | by | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly revised. [Printer's device with motto *Dum spero fero.*] London. | Printed by R. B. for *Iohn Harrison* and | are to be sold at his shop at the golden | Vnicorne in *Pater-noster Row.* | 1632. | In one of the impressions of the edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* issued by the bookseller Lintott in 1710, he gives a title-page of *Lucrece* bearing the date 1632. A copy of that edition was doubtless in his possession.

No. XXVI. Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

The Corpus Christi College copy, which measures $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{7}{8}''$, was presented to the college by a seventeenth-century Fellow, John Rosewell, Canon of Windsor. It is in old calf, and bound up with a defective copy (having no title) of an English translation by Thomas Hudson of the *History of Judith* (1584) from the French of Du Bartas.

No. XXVII. Britwell copy.

The Britwell copy formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Richard Heber for fifteen shillings. It passed from the Heber Library into the possession of William Henry Miller, the founder of the library at Britwell, in 1834. The measurements are $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$. It is bound up with a copy of Charles Fitz-Geffry's *Blessed Birthday* (Oxford, 1636).

No. XXVIII. Untraced copy.

A copy belonging to John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, of which some leaves had rough edges, was sold at Sotheby's at the sale of the Mackenzie Library, March 11, 1889, and was purchased by Pearson & Co., the London booksellers, for £26 10*s.* 0*d.* Its present owner has not been traced.

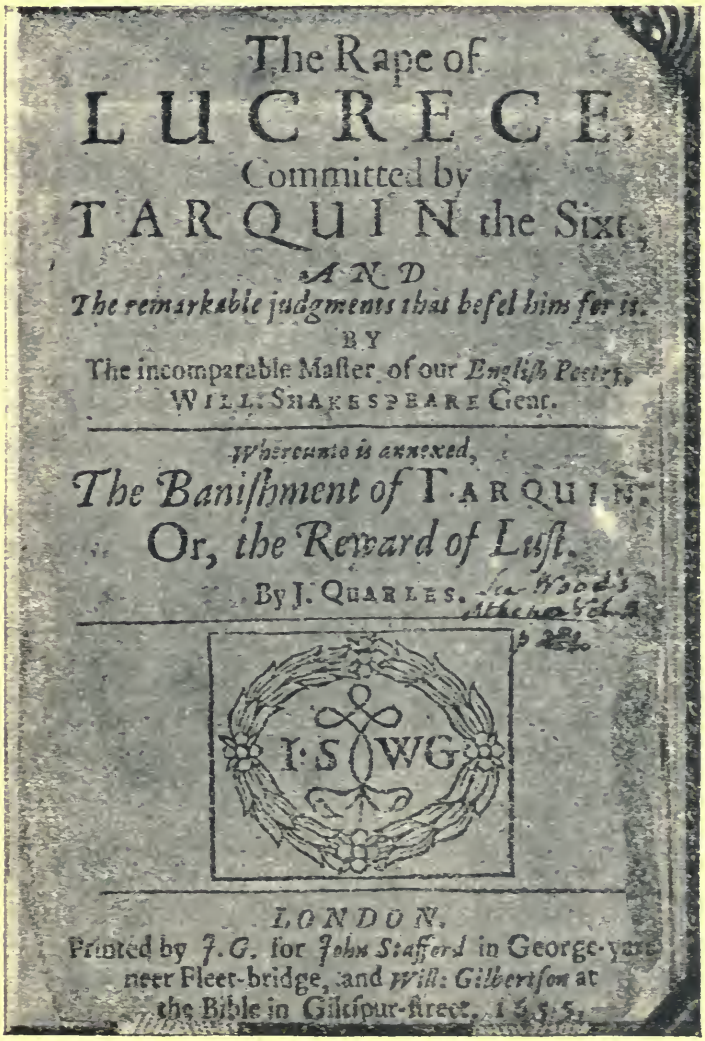
No. XXIX.[1] Edinburgh University copy.

A defective copy (consisting of twenty-seven leaves of the thirty) is in the Edinburgh University Library.[1] The

[1] Thanks are due to Dr. Eggeling and to Mr. Alex. Anderson of Edinburgh University for the opportunity of determining the date of this copy.

measurements are $5\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{5}{16}''$. It has no title-page, and the leaves C and C2 (lines 764–903) are missing. The bottom edges are closely shaved throughout. It was bound by

SEVENTH EDITION, 1632.



The Rape of
LUCRECE,
Committed by
TARQUIN the Sixt;
AND
The remarkable judgments that befel him for it.
BY
The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry*,
WILL: SHAKESPEARE Gent.

Whereunto is annexed,
The Banishment of TARQUIN:
Or, *the Reward of Lust.*
By J. QUARLES.

I·S WG

LONDON.
Printed by *J. G.* for *John Stafford* in George-yard neer Fleet-bridge, and *Will: Gilbertson* at the Bible in Giltspur-street. 1655.

Tuckett. It was presented, in 1872, to the Edinburgh University by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who, in a manuscript note, describes it as a unique exemplar, in ignorance of the

SEVENTH EDITION, 1632.

survival of any other copy of the 1632 edition. Halliwell-Phillipps had, in his Folio Shakespeare (1865), dated this defective copy before 1616, assigning it tentatively to the year 1610, but his final opinion that it was issued in 1632 is undoubtedly right.

No. XXX. Mr. Perry's copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, was purchased for £75 at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, in 1889. It measures $5\frac{11}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$, and is bound in red morocco, by Lortic frères. Some of the lower and outer leaves are uncut.

EIGHTH EDITION, 1655.

A reissue in 1655, for which William Gilbertson, who had just purchased the copyright, was mainly responsible, bears this title:—The Rape of | LUCRECE, | Committed by | TARQUIN the Sixt; | AND | *The remarkable judgments that befel him for it.* | BY | The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry*, | WILL: SHAKESPEARE Gent. | *Whereunto is annexed*, | *The Banishment of* TARQUIN: | Or, *the Reward of Lust.* | By J. Quarles. | LONDON. | Printed by *J. G.* for *John Stafford* in George-yard | neer Fleet-bridge, and *Will: Gilbertson* at | the Bible in Giltspur-street, 1655. | The pages are numbered 1–71 for Shakespeare's poem and 1–12 for Quarles' brief sequel. The signatures are continuous throughout—A 4, B–F 8 in eights, G 4. The volume opens with an engraved frontispiece, by William Faithorne. In the upper part of the page is a small oval portrait of Shakespeare, adapted from the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio, and below are full-length pictures of Collatinus and Lucretia with the inscription in large italics:—

The Fates decree that tis a mighty wrong
To Woemen Kinde, to have more Greife, then Tongue.
Will: Gilbirson: John Stafford excud.

On the title-page, which faces the frontispiece and is in ordinary type, is the device of a wreath containing the initials I. S. and W. G. (i.e. John Stafford and William Gilbertson). A dedication follows on sig. A 3, 'To my

esteemed friend Mr. Nehemiah Massey,' and is signed John Quarles. The 'Argument' is on A4, and the text of Shakespeare's poem on B–F4 (verso blank). The separate title-page

EIGHTH EDITION, 1655.

of Quarles' poem is on F5:—Tarqvin Banished: Or, The Reward Of Lust. Written by J. Q. There follows an address 'To the Reader' (F6), and the text of Quarles' poem fills F7–G4.

EIGHTH EDITION, 1655.

The frontispiece is met with in very few copies, and lends the volume its main value and interest. It supplies the third engraved portrait of Shakespeare in point of time, that by Droeshout of the First Folio of 1623 being the first, and the second being the engraving by William Marshall before Shakespeare's *Poems* of 1640. Of the three early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, this by Faithorne is most rarely met with. Halliwell[-Phillipps], writing before 1856, stated that he had seen thirty copies of the 1655 edition of *Lucrece* without the title-page and only one with it. Only two copies of the volume with the frontispiece seem accessible in Great Britain, while four seem to be in America.

WITH THE FRONTISPIECE.

No. XXXI. British Museum (1).

Three copies of the edition are in the British Museum, but only one of them has the frontispiece (C. 34. a. 45). The perfect copy, which measures $5\frac{7}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{16}''$, was acquired by the Museum, April 3, 1865. It is stained and very closely trimmed, but the impression of the frontispiece is singularly brilliant, though the verses beneath it have been cut into by the binder. This copy was at one time in the possession of Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it by auction at Sotheby's in May, 1856, for £25 10*s.* 0*d.* Halliwell[-Phillipps] inserted a manuscript note, calling attention to the extreme rarity of the edition with the frontispiece, and to its comparatively frequent occurrence without that embellishment.

No. XXXII. Bodleian copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library (Malone 889) was bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott in 1833. It measures $5\frac{5}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$. The frontispiece is mounted, and may possibly have come from another copy. The title-page is cropped and mutilated at the bottom. The binding is probably of the late eighteenth century. At the back of the *Lucrece* title-page the 'Wriothesley' dedication is copied in manuscript from the 1616 edition.

No. XXXIII. Barton collection, Boston Public Library.

The copy in the Barton collection at the Boston Public Library has the frontispiece inlaid. This copy was thus described by the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, on October 5, 1835:—'The title-page torn and laid down. The frontispiece inlaid. Several leaves cut into the side margin &

dirty. The back margin sewed in.' Rodd thought it might be identical with the copy sold in 1827 at the Field sale for £3 19*s.* 0*d.* It was purchased by T. P. Barton of New York, from Rodd, in 1835, and bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. It is bound in green morocco by Mackenzie, and the binder has misplaced pages 5 and 8. EIGHTH EDITION, 1655.

An interesting copy, belonging to Mr. Dwight Church of New York, bound in old calf, has the frontispiece, but it is cut into at the bottom. Some of the pages of the text are also closely cut. The copy, which measures $5\frac{7}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$, seems identical with one which was purchased at Sotheby's, by [Sir] William Tite, in 1850, for £26 5*s.* 0*d.* and sold at the Tite sale in 1874, for £11 5*s.* 0*d.* Mr. Church's copy is carefully described in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 183. No. XXXIV. Mr. Dwight Church of New York.

Mr. Folger, junior, of New York, possesses a perfect copy. This was apparently the copy which belonged to Dr. Richard Farmer, and was for a time in the library of Henry F. Sewall of New York, at the sale of whose books in 1897 it fetched £37 (§185). No. XXXV. Mr. Folger of New York.

A fourth perfect copy was sold at the Daniel sale in 1864, for £40 19*s.* 0*d.*, and was subsequently in the library of E. G. Asay of Chicago. No. XXXVI. Untraced (Daniel) copy.

Of two copies in the British Museum without the frontispiece one is bound up with a volume of pamphlets in the King's Library, E. 1672/3. The date, 'Aug: 31,' is written in a contemporary hand above the imprint, and was probably the day of publication in the year 1655. The book is in good condition. It measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$. WITHOUT THE FRONTISPIECE. No. XXXVII. British Museum (2).

The second copy without the frontispiece, which is at the British Museum, is in the Grenville collection (G. 11432). All the leaves are stained and have been mended. The volume is bound in olive morocco and measures $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$. This may be the copy formerly in the library of George Hibbert, of Portland Place, which was sold at the Hibbert sale in 1829, for £2 6*s.* 0*d.* No. XXXVIII. British Museum (3).

EIGHTH EDITION, 1655. No. XXXIX. Edinburgh University. Nos. XL. and XLI. Britwell copies.

There is a copy in the University Library at Edinburgh, without the frontispiece, and two copies without the title-page are at Britwell; one of the latter formerly belonged to Richard Heber.[1]

[1] Notices of other imperfect copies without the frontispiece appear in sale catalogues. In the 'Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica' (1815), a catalogue of rare books on sale at Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster Row, a copy is priced at £1 10*s.* 0*d.* but no particulars of its condition are given. One was sold at the Utterson sale in 1852, for four guineas (without frontispiece and the bottom line of title cut off); another at the Frederick Perkins' sale in 1889, bound by Roger Payne, for £3 6*s.* 0*d.*; a third, belonging to Halliwell-Phillipps, bound by Bedford in morocco, was sold at the sale of his library, July 1, 1889, to Raglan for £22 0*s.* 0*d.* At two miscellaneous sales at Sotheby's, on June 18 and December 4, 1902, respectively, the frontispiece and title-page were sold detached from the volume. On the first occasion they were bought for £13 10*s.* 0*d.* by Mr. Gribble, and on the second occasion Messrs. Pearson & Co. were the purchasers for £110.

LVCRECE.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Churh-yard. 1594.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, HENRY VVriothesley, Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. VVere my worth greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGVMENT.

LVcius Tarquinius *(for his excessiue pride surnamed* Superbus*) after hee had caused his owne father in law* Seruius Tullius *to be cruelly murdred, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanyed with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege* Ardea, *during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of* Sextus Tarquinius *the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom* Colatinus *extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife* Lucretia. *In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arriuall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely* Colatinus *finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongest her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reuelling, or in seuerall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded* Colatinus *the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time* Sextus Tarquinius *being enflamed with* Lucrece *beauty, yet smoothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after priuily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertayned and lodged by* Lucrece *at* Colatium. *The same night he tretcherousle stealeth into her Chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away.* Lucrece *in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for* Colatine. *They came, the one accompanyed with* Iunius Brutus, *the other with* Publius Valerius: *and finding* Lucrece *attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the Actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the* Tarquins: *and bearing the dead body to Rome,* Brutus *acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter inuectiue against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moued, that with one consent and a generall acclamation, the* Tarquins *were all exiled, and the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.*

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed TARQVIN, leaues the Roman host,
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,
VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chast.

Hap'ly that name of chast, vnhap'ly set
This bateless edge on his keene appetite:
VVhen COLATINE vnwisely did not let,
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:
VVhere mortal stars as bright as heauēs Beauties,
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:
VVhat priseleſſe wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at ſuch high proud rate,
That Kings might be eſpowſed to more fame,
But King nor Peere to ſuch a peereleſſe dame.

O happineſſe enioy'd but of a few,
And if poſſeſt as ſoone decayed and done:
As is the morning ſiluer melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakelie fortreſt from a world of harmes.

Beautie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade,
The eies of men without an Orator,
VVhat needeth then Appologie be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſinguler?
Or why is Colatine the publiſher
Of that rich iewell he ſhould keepe vnknown,
From theeuiſh eares becauſe it is his owne?

Perchance

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raigntie,
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft tayntcd be:
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing
Brauing compare, diſdaineſully did ſting (vant,
His high picht thoughts that meaner men ſhould
That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimelie thought did inſtigate,
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſe,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.
O raſh falſe heate, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy haſtie ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere growes old.

VVhen at Colatium this falſe Lord ariued,
VVell was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,
VVithin whoſe face Beautie and Vertue ſtriued,
VVhich of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.
VVhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh for ſhame,
VVhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

ll. 36—56

But Beautie in that white entituled,
From Venus doues doth challenge that faire field,
Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,
VVhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild
Their ſiluer cheekes, and cald it then their ſhield,
Teaching them thus to vſe it in the fight,
VVhē ſhame aſſaild, the red ſhould fēce the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECE face was ſeene,
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:
Prouing from worlds minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The ſoueraignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange ech others ſeat.

This ſilent warre of Lillies and of Roſes,
VVhich TARQVIN vew'd in her faire faces field,
In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloſes,
VVhere leaſt betweene them both it ſhould be kild.
The coward captiue vanquiſhed, doth yeeld
To thoſe two Armies that would let him goe,
Rather then triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now

Now thinkes he that her husbands ſhallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praiſde her ſo:
In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong.
VVhich farre exceedes his barren skill to ſhow.
Therefore that praiſe which COLATINE doth owe,
Inchaunted TARQVIN aunſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill gazing eyes.

This earthly ſainct adored by this deuill,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper:
"For vnſtaind thoughts do ſeldom dream on euill.
"Birds neuer lim'd, no ſecret buſhes feare:
So guiltleſſe ſhee ſecurely giues good cheare,
And reuerend welcome to her princely gueſt,
VVhoſe inward ill no outward harme expreſt.

For that he colourd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of Maieſtie:
That nothing in him ſeemd inordinate,
Saue ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
VVhich hauing all, all could not ſatisfie;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that neuer cop't with ſtraunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
VVrit in the glaſſie margents of ſuch bookes,
Shee toucht no vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could ſhee moralize his wanton ſight,
More then his eies were opend to the light.

He ſtories to her eares her husbands fame,
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praiſes Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiualrie,
VVith bruiſed armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her ioie with heaued-vp hand ſhe doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greetes heauen for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there,
No clowdie ſhow of ſtormie bluſtring wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till ſable Night mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darkneſſe doth diſplaie,
And in her vaultie priſon, ſtowes the daie.

For

For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,
Intending wearineſſe with heauie ſprite:
For after ſupper long he queſtioned,
VVith modeſt Lucrece, and wore out the night,
Now leaden ſlumber with liues ſtrength doth fight,
And euerie one to reſt himſelfe betakes,
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that (wakes.
As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing
The ſundrie dangers of his wils obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his will reſoluing. (ning
Though weake built hopes perſwade him to abſtai-
Diſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
And when great treaſure is the meede propo ed,
Though death be adiũct, ther's no death ſuppoſed.

Thoſe that much couet are with gaine ſo fond,
That what they haue not, that which they poſſeſſe
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more they haue but leſſe,
Or gaining more, the profite of exceſſe
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſuſtaine,
That they proue bãckrout in this poore rich gain.

The ayme of all is but to nourſe the life,
VVith honor, wealth, and eaſe in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his luſt,
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake.
Then where is truth if there be no ſelfe-truſt?
VVhen ſhall he thinke to find a ſtranger iuſt,
VVhen he himſelfe, himſelfe confounds, betraies,
To ſclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now

Now ſtole vppon the time the dead of night,
VVhen heauie ſleeep had cloſd vp mortall eyes,
No comfortable ſtarre did lend his light,
No noiſe but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries:
Now ſerues the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
The ſillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & ſtill,
VVhile Luſt and Murder wakes to ſtaine and kill.

And now this luſtfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly toſt betweene deſire and dred;
Th'one ſweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honeſt feare, bewicht with luſtes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainesicke rude deſire.

His Faulchon on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the could ſtone ſparkes of fire doe flie,
VVhereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
VVhich muſt be lodeſtarre to his luſtfull eye.
And to the flame thus ſpeakes aduiſedlie;
As from this cold flint I enforſt this fire,
So LVCRECE muſt I force to my deſire.

C

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,
The daungers of his lothſome enterpriſe:
And in his inward mind he doth debate,
VVhat following ſorrow may on this ariſe.
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And iuſtly thus controlls his thoughts vniuſt.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die vnhallowed thoughts, before you blot
VVith your vncleanneſſe, that which is deuine:
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,
That ſpots & ſtains loues modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining Armes,
O foule diſhonor to my houſhoulds graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes.
A martiall man to be ſoft fancies ſlaue,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould haue,
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea

Yea though I die the ſcandale will ſuruiue,
And be an eie-ſore in my golden coate:
Some lothſome daſh the Herrald will contriue,
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote:
That my poſteritie ſham'd with the note
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſinne,
To wiſh that I their father had not beene.

VVhat win I if I gaine the thing I ſeeke?
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,
VVho buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or ſels eternitie to get a toy?
For one ſweete grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
VVould with the ſcepter ſtraight be ſtrokē down?

If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,
VVill he not wake, and in a deſp'rate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to preuent?
This ſiege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying vertue, this ſuruiuing ſhame,
VVhoſe crime will beare an euer-during blame.

O what excuſe can my inuention make
VVhen thou ſhalt charge me with ſo blacke a deed?
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints ſhake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my falſe hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth ſtill exceede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my ſonne or ſire,
Or laine in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this deſire
Might haue excuſe to worke vppon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of ſuch ſtrife.
But as he is my kinſman, my deare friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but ſhe is not her owne:
The worſt is but deniall and reproouing.
My will is ſtrong paſt reaſons weake remoouing:
VVho feares a ſentence or an old mans ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

Thus graceleſſe holds he diſputation,
Tweene frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Vrging the worſer ſence for vantage ſtill.
VVhich in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth ſo farre proceede,
That what is vile, ſhewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, ſhee tooke me kindlie by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome hard newes from the warlike band,
VVhere her beloued COLATINVS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour riſe!
First red as Roſes that on Lawne we laie,
Then white as Lawne the Roſes tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:
VVhich ſtrooke her ſad, and then it faſter rockt,
Vntill her husbands welfare ſhee did heare.
VVhereat ſhee ſmiled with ſo ſweete a cheare,
That had NARCISSVS ſeene her as ſhee ſtood,
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

VVhy hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorſe in poore abuſes,
Loue thriues not in the hart that ſhadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth.
And when his gaudie banner is diſplaide,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmaide.

Then childiſh feare auaunt, debating die,
Reſpect and reaſon waite on wrinckled age:
My heart ſhall neuer countermand mine eie
Sad pauſe, and deepe regard beſeemes the ſage,
My part is youth and beates theſe from the ſtage.
Deſire my Pilot is, Beautie my priſe,
Then who feares ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: ſo heedfull feare
Is almoſt choakt by vnreſiſted luſt:
Away he ſteales with open liſtning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond miſtruſt:
Both which as ſeruitors to the vniuſt,
So croſſe him with their oppoſit perſwaſion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuaſion.

VVith-

VVithin his thought her heauenly image ſits,
And in the ſelfe ſame ſeat ſits COLATINE,
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,
Vnto a view ſo falſe will not incline;
But with a pure appeale ſeekes to the heart,
VVhich once corrupted takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens vp his ſeruile powers,
VVho flattred by their leaders iocound ſhow,
Stuffe vp his luſt: as minutes fill vp howres.
And as their Captaine: ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlauiſh tribute then they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him inforſt retires his ward:
But as they open they all rate his ill,
VVhich driues the creeping theefe to ſome regard,
The threſhold grates the doore to haue him heard,
Night-wandring weezels ſhreek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and cranies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch, to make him ſtaie,
And blowes the ſmoake of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle ſticks,
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.
As who ſhould ſay, this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd; returne againe in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſſe ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poore forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſence conſters their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourely diall,
VVho with a lingring ſtaie his courſe doth let,
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So

So ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To ad a more reioyſing to the prime,
And giue the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing.
Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (ſands
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirats, ſhelues and
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That ſhuts him from the Heauen of his thought,
VVhich with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelfe impiety hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heauens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing ſolicited th'eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might cōpaſſe his fair faire,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the howre.
Euen there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflowre;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.
Against loues fire, feares frost hath dissolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night
Couers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The doue sleeps fast that this night Owle will catch.
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.
VVho sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.
By their high treason is his heart misled,
VVhich giues the watch-word to his hand ful soon,
To draw the clowd that hides the siluer Moon.

Looke

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:
Euen so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
VVhether it is that shee reflects so bright,
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselues inclosed.

O had they in that darkesome prison died,
Then had they seene the period of their ill:
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE side,
In his cleare bed might haue reposed still.
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,
And holie-thoughted LVCRECE to their sight,
Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,
Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
VVho therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
VVhere like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed eyes.

VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whose perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
VVith pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
VVho like a fowle vsurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VVhat

VVhat could he ſee but mightily he noted?
VVhat did he note, but ſtrongly he deſired?
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmely doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
VVith more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alablaſter skinne,
Her corall lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied:
So ore this ſleeping ſoule doth TARQVIN ſtay,
His rage of luſt by gazing qualified;
Slakt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye which late this mutiny reſtraines,
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like ſtragling ſlaues for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals fell exploits effecting,
In bloudy death and rauiſhment delighting;
Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting:
Anon his beating heart allarum ſtriking,
Giues the hot charge, & bids thē do their liking.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his ſtand
On her bare breſt, the heart of all her land;
VVhoſe ranks of blew vains as his hand did ſcale.
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
VVhere their deare gouerneſſe and ladie lies,
Do tell her ſhee is dreadfullie beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
VVho peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
That thinkes ſhee hath beheld ſome gaſtlie ſprite,
VVhoſe grim aſpect ſets euerie ioint a ſhaking,
VVhat terror tis: but ſhee in worſer taking,
From ſleepe diſturbed, heedfullie doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror trew.

VVrapt

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,
Like to a new-kild bird shee trembling lies:
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke-shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.
"Such shadowes are the weake-brains forgeries,
VVho angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknes daunts thē with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remaines vppon her brest,
(Rude Ram to batter such an Iuorie wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distrest,
VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.
This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie,
To make the breach and enter this sweet Citty.

First like a Trompet doth his tongue begin,
To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,
VVho ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash allarme to know,
VVhich he by dum demeanor seekes to show.
But shee with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
Vnder what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to scale
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
VVhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or duety.

I haue debated euen in my ſoule,
VVhat wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhal breed,
But nothing can affections courſe controull,
Or ſtop the headlong furie of his ſpeed.
I know repentant teares inſewe the deed,
Reproch, diſdaine, and deadly enmity,
Yet ſtriue I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, hee ſhakes aloft his Romaine blade,
VVhich like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Cowcheth the fowle below with his wings ſhade,
VVhoſe crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his inſulting Fauchion lies
Harmeleſſe LVCRETIA marking what he tels,
VVith trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcōs bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I muſt enioy thee,
If thou deny, then force muſt worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroie thee.
That done, ſome worthleſſe ſlaue of thine ile ſlay.
To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I ſlue him ſeeing thee imbrace him.

So thy ſuruiuing husband ſhall remaine
The ſcornefull marke of euerie open eye,
Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdaine,
Thy iſſue blur'd with nameleſſe baſtardie;
And thou the author of their obloquie,
  Shalt haue thy treſpaſſe cited vp in rimes,
  And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
"A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
"The poyſonous ſimple ſometime is compacted
  In a pure compound; being ſo applied,
  His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens ſake,
Tender my ſuite, bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no deuiſe can take,
The blemiſh that will neuer be forgot:
VVorſe then a ſlauiſh wipe, or birth howrs blot,
  For markes diſcried in mens natiuitie,
  Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie,

Here

Here with a Cockeatrice dead killing eye,
He rowſeth vp himſelfe, and makes a pauſe,
VVhile ſhee the picture of pure pietie,
Like a white Hinde vnder the grypes ſharpe clawes,
Pleades in a wilderneſſe where are no lawes,
To the rough beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,
In his dim miſt th'aſpiring mountaines hiding:
From earths dark-womb, ſome gentle guſt doth get,
VVhich blow theſe pitchie vapours frō their biding:
Hindring their preſent fall by this deuiding.
So his vnhallowed haſt her words delayes,
And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,
VVhile in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe pāteth,
Her ſad behauiour feedes his vulture follie,
A ſwallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her playning,
"Tears harden luſt, though marble were with ray-

 (ning.

Her pittie-pleading eyes are ſadlie fixed
In the remorſeleſſe wrinckles of his face.
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighes is mixed,
VVhich to her Oratorie addes more grace.
Shee puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breakes,
That twiſe ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeakes.

She coniures him by high Almightie Ioue,
By knighthood, gentrie, and ſweete friendſhips oth,
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,
By holie humaine law, and common troth,
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
And ſtoope to Honor, not to fowle deſire.

Quoth ſhee, reward not Hoſpitalitie,
VVith ſuch black payment, as thou haſt pretended,
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
End thy ill ayme, before thy ſhoote be ended.
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
To ſtrike a poore vnſeaſonable Doe.

My

My husband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me,
Thy ſelfe art mightie, for thine own ſake leaue me:
My ſelfe a weakling, do not then inſnare me.
Thou look'ſt not like deceipt, do not deceiue me.
My ſighes like whirlewindes labor hence to heaue
If euer man were mou'd with womãs mones, (thee.
Be moued with my teares, my ſighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart,
To ſoften it with their continuall motion:
For ſtones diſſolu'd to water do conuert.
O if no harder then a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compaſſionate,
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINS likeneſſe I did entertaine thee,
Haſt thou put on his ſhape, to do him ſhame?
To all the Hoſt of Heauen I complaine me.
Thou wrongſt his honor, woũdſt his princely name:
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt, and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a God, a King;
For kings like Gods ſhould gouerne euery thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age
VVhen thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou darſt do ſuch outrage,
VVhat dar'ſt thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vaſſall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings miſdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happie Monarchs ſtill are feard for loue:
VVith fowle offendors thou perforce muſt beare,
VVhen they in thee the like offences proue;
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
For Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
VVhere ſubiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the ſchoole where luſt ſhall learne?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
VVilt thou be glaſſe wherein it ſhall diſcerne
Authoritie for ſinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge diſhonor in thy name.
Thou backſt reproch againſt long-liuing lawd,
And mak'ſt faire reputation but a bawd.

Haſt

Haſt thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:
Draw not thy ſword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.
Thy Princelie office how canſt thou fulfill?
When patternd by thy fault fowle ſin may ſay,
He learnd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſſe in another:
Mens faults do ſeldome to themſelues appeare,
Their own tranſgreſſions partiallie they ſmother,
This guilt would ſeem death-worthie in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That frō their own miſdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh relier:
I ſue for exil'd maieſties repeale,
Let him returne, and flattring thoughts retire.
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eien,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pittie mine.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but ſwels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are ſoone blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The petty ſtreames that paie a dailie det
To their ſalt ſoueraigne with their freſh fals haſt,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his taſt.

Thou art, quoth ſhee, a ſea, a ſoueraigne King,
And loe there fals into thy boundleſſe flood,
Blacke luſt, diſhonor, ſhame, miſ-gouerning,
VVho ſeeke to ſtaine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe pettie ils ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddels wombe is herſed,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaues be King, and thou their ſlaue,
Thou noblie baſe, they baſelie dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:
Thou lothed in their ſhame, they in thy pride,
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoopes not to the baſe ſhrubs foote,
But low-ſhrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſtate,
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,
In ſteed of loues coy tutch ſhall rudelie teare thee.
That done, deſpitefullie I meane to beare thee
Vnto the baſe bed of ſome raſcall groome,
To be thy partner in this ſhamefull doome.

This ſaid, he ſets his foote vppon the light,
For light and luſt are deadlie enemies,
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
VVhen moſt vnſeene, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
Intombes her outcrie in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that ſhee weares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt teares,
That euer modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that prone luſt ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a bed,
The ſpots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetuallie.

But ſhee hath loſt a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would looſe againe,
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
This hot deſire conuerts to colde diſdaine;
Pure chaſtitie is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedie flight,
Make ſlow purſuite, or altogether bauk,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taſt delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomite his receipt
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination.
VVhile Luſt is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelf-will himſelfe doth tire.

And

And then with lanke, and leane diſcolour'd cheeke,
VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and ſtrengthleſſe pace,
Feeble deſire all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace:
The fleſh being proud, Deſire doth fight with grace;
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
The guiltie rebell for remiſſion praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
VVho this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed,
For now againſt himſelfe he ſounds this doome,
That through the length of times he ſtãds diſgraced:
Beſides his ſoules faire temple is defaced,
To whoſe weake ruines muſter troopes of cares,
To aske the ſpotted Princeſſe how ſhe fares.

Shee ſayes her ſubiects with fowle inſurrection,
Haue batterd downe her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in ſubiection
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.
VVhich in her preſcience ſhee controlled ſtill,
But her foreſight could not foreſtall their will.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he ſtea-
A captiue victor that hath loſt in gaine, (leth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcarre that will diſpight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his ſpoile perplext in greater paine.
Shee beares the lode of luſt he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuiſh dog creeps ſadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
Shee deſperat with her nailes her fleſh doth teare.
He faintly flies ſweating with guiltie feare;
Shee ſtaies exclayming on the direfull night,
He runnes and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,
Shee there remaines a hopeleſſe caſt-away,
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prayes ſhee neuer may behold the day.
For daie, quoth ſhee, nights ſcapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

They thinke not but that euerie eye can ſee,
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelues behold:
And therefore would they ſtill in darkeneſſe be,
To haue their vnſeene ſinne remaine vntold.
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue like water that doth eate in ſteele,
Vppon my cheeks, what helpeleſſe ſhame I feele.

Here ſhee exclaimes againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blinde,
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her breſt,
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a minde.
Franticke with griefe thus breaths ſhee forth her (ſpite,
Againſt the vnſeene ſecrecie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
Dim regiſter, and notarie of ſhame,
Blacke ſtage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vaſt ſin-concealing Chaos, nourſe of blame.
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harber for defame,
Grim caue of death, whiſpring conſpirator,
VVith cloſe-tong'd treaſon & the rauiſher.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſſe crime:
Muſter thy miſts to meete the Eaſterne light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poyſonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten damps rauiſh the morning aire,
Let their exhald vnholdſome breaths make ſicke
The life of puritie, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy muſtie vapours march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoakie rankes, his ſmothred light
May ſet at noone, and make perpetuall night.

VVere TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
The ſiluer ſhining Queene he would diſtaine;
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
Through nights black boſom ſhuld not peep again.
So ſhould I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.

VVhere

VVhere now I haue no one to blush with me,
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my greef with grones,
Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!
Let not the iealous daie behold that face,
VVhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

Make me not obiect to the tell-tale day,
The light will shew characterd in my brow,
The storie of sweete chastities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.
Yea the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
VVill cote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The nourſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtorie,
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels tuning my defame,
VVill tie the hearers to attend ech line,
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that ſenceleſſe reputation,
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted;
And vndeſeru'd reproch to him alotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnſeene ſhame, inuiſible diſgrace,
O vnfelt ſore, creſt-wounding priuat ſcarre!
Reproch is ſtampt in COLATINVS face,
And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,
"How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
"Alas how manie beare ſuch ſhamefull blowes,
VVhich not thēſelues but he that giues thē knowes.

If

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereſt:
My Honnie loſt, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Haue no perfection of my ſommer left,
But rob'd and ranſak't by iniurious theft.
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waſpe hath crept,
And ſuck't the Honnie which thy chaſt Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beene diſhonor to diſdaine him,
Beſides of wearineſſe he did complaine him,
And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)
VVhen Vertue is prophan'd in ſuch a Deuill.

VVhy ſhould the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull Kuckcowes hatch in Sparrows neſts?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne beheſtes?
"But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome impuritie doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining TANTALVS he ſits,
And vſeleſſe barnes the harueſt of his wits:
Hauing no other pleaſure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vſe it,
And leaues it to be maiſtred by his yong:
VVho in their pride do preſently abuſe it,
Their father was too weake, and they too ſtrong
To hold their curſed-bleſſed Fortune long.
"The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to lothed ſowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring,
Vnholſome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
The Adder hiſſes where the ſweete birds ſing,
VVhat Vertue breedes Iniquity deuours:
VVe haue no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or elſe his quality.

O

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'ſt the traytors treaſon:
Thou ſets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
VVho euer plots the ſinne thou poinſt the ſeaſon.
Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon,
And in thy ſhadie Cell where none may ſpie him,
Sits ſin to ceaze the ſoules that wander by him.

Thou makeſt the veſtall violate her oath,
Thou bloweſt the fire when temperance is thawd,
Thou ſmotherſt honeſtie, thou murthreſt troth,
Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious bawd,
Thou planteſt ſcandall, and diſplaceſt lawd.
Thou rauiſher, thou traytor, thou falſe theefe,
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to greefe.

Thy ſecret pleaſure turnes to open ſhame,
Thy priuate feaſting to a publicke faſt,
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy ſugred tongue to bitter wormwood taſt,
Thy violent vanities can neuer laſt.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeeke for thee?

VVhen wilt thou be the humble ſuppliants frien d
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtained?
VVhen wilt thou ſort an howre great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoule which wretchednes hath chained?
Giue phiſicke to the ſicke, eaſe to the pained?
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for (thee,
But they nere meet with oportunitie.

The patient dies while the Phiſitian ſleepes,
The Orphane pines while the oppreſſor feedes.
Iuſtice is feaſting while the widow weepes.
Aduiſe is ſporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
VVrath, enuy, treaſon, rape, and murthers rages,
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VVhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keepe them from thy aide:
They buie thy helpe, but ſinne nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath ſaide.
My COLATINE would elſe haue come to me,
VVhen TARQVIN did, but he was ſtaied by thee.

Guilty

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of periurie, and ſubornation,
Guilty of treaſon, forgerie, and ſhift,
Guilty of inceſt that abhomination,
An acceſſarie by thine inclination.
To all ſinnes paſt and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Miſhapen time, copeſmate of vgly night,
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of grieſlie care,
Eater of youth, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight:
Baſe watch of woes, ſins packhorſe, vertues ſnare.
Thou nourſeſt all, and murthreſt all that are.
O heare me then, iniurious ſhifting time,
Be guiltie of my death ſince of my crime.

VVhy hath thy ſeruant opportunity
Betraide the howres thou gau'ſt me to repoſe?
Canceld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate vp errours by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmaske falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtampe the ſeale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And imeare with duſt their glitring golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes ſtately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes ſappe, and cheriſh ſprings:
To ſpoile Antiquities of hammerd ſteele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To ſlay the tygre that doth liue by ſlaughter,
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the ſubtle in themſelues beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increaſefull crops,
And waſt huge ſtones with little water drops.

VVhy

VVhy work'ſt thou miſchiefe in thy Pilgrimage,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age
VVould purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends, (backe,
O this dread night, would'ſt thou one howr come
I could preuent this ſtorme, and ſhun thy wracke.

Thou ceaſeleſſe lackie to Eternitie,
VVith ſome miſchance croſſe TARQVIN in his flight.
Deuiſe extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curſe this curſed crimefull night:
Let gaſtly ſhadowes his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed euill,
Shape euery bush a hideous ſhapeleſſe deuill.

Diſturbe his howres of reſt with reſtleſſe trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,
Let there bechance him pitifull miſchances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then ſtones,
And let milde women to him looſe their mildneſſe,
VVilder to him then Tygers in their wildneſſe.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue time againſt himſelfe to raue,
Let him haue time of times helpe to diſpaire,
Let him haue time to liue a lothed ſlaue,
Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,
And time to ſee one that by almes doth liue,
Diſdaine to him diſdained ſcraps to giue.

Let him haue time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him reſort:
Let him haue time to marke how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of follie, and his time of ſport.
And euer let his vnrecalling crime
Haue time to waile th'abuſing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill:
At his owne ſhadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himſelfe, himſelfe ſeeke euerie howre to kill,
Such wretched hãds ſuch wretched blood ſhuld ſpill.
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office haue,
As ſclandrous deaths-man to ſo baſe a ſlaue.

The

The baſer is he comming from a King,
To ſhame his hope with deedes degenerate,
The mightier man the mightier is the thing
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:
For greateſt ſcandall waits on greateſt ſtate.
The Moone being clouded, preſently is miſt,
But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The Crow may bath his coaleblacke wings in mire,
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,
But if the like the ſnow-white Swan deſire,
The ſtaine vppon his ſiluer Downe will ſtay.
Poore grooms are ſightles night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wherſoere they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, ſeruants to ſhallow fooles,
Vnprofitable ſounds, weake arbitrators,
Buſie your ſelues in skill contending ſchooles,
Debate where leyſure ſerues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my caſe is paſt the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,
At time, at TARQVIN, and vnchearfull night,
In vaine I cauill with mine infamie,
In vaine I ſpurne at my confirm'd deſpight,
This helpeleſſe ſmoake of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeede to do me good,
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerſt thou at this decree?
Honor thy ſelfe to rid me of this ſhame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue thou liu'ſt in my defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy loyall Dame,
And waſt affeard to ſcratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy ſelfe, and her for yeelding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betombled couch ſhee ſtarteth,
To finde ſome deſp'rat Inſtrument of death,
But this no ſlaughter houſe no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
VVhich thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoake from ÆTNA, that in aire conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged Cannon fumes.

In

In vaine (quoth ſhee) I liue, and ſeeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a hapleſſe life.
I fear'd by TARQVINS Fauchion to be ſlaine,
Yet for the ſelfe ſame purpoſe ſeeke a knife;
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, ô no that cannot be,
Of that true tipe hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I ſought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I giue
A badge of Fame to ſclanders liuerie,
A dying life, to liuing infamie:
Poore helpleſſe helpe, the treaſure ſtolne away,
To burne the guiltleſſe casket where it lay.

VVell well deare COLATINE, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſt of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This baſtard graffe ſhall neuer come to growth,
He ſhall not boaſt who did thy ſtocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy intreſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from foorth thy gate.
For me I am the miſtreſſe of my fate,
And with my treſpaſſe neuer will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poyſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes,
My ſable ground of ſinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe nights abuſes.
My tongue ſhall vtter all, mine eyes like ſluces,
As from a mountaine ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shal guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemne night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ouglie Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LVCRECE ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing

Reuealing day through euery crannie ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhee ſobbing ſpeakes, ô eye of eyes,(ping,
VVhy pry'ſt thou throgh my window? leaue thy pee-
Mock with thy tickling beams,eies that are ſleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauils ſhee with euerie thing ſhee ſees,
True griefe is fond and teſtie as a childe,
VVho wayward once,his mood with naught agrees,
Old woes, not infant ſorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
VVith too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So ſhee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds diſputation with ech thing ſhee vewes,
And to her ſelfe all ſorrow doth compare,
No obiect but her paſſions ſtrength renewes :
And as one ſhiftes another ſtraight inſewes,
Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
Make her mones mad, with their ſweet melodie,
"For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
"Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie,
"Griefe beſt is pleaſ'd with griefes ſocietie;
"True ſorrow then is feelinglie ſuffiz'd,
"VVhen with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more:
"Great griefe greeues moſt at that wold do it good;
"Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
VVho being ſtopt, the boũding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth ſhe) your tunes intombe
VVithin your hollow ſwelling feathered breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My reſtleſſe diſcord loues no ſtops nor reſts:
"A woefull Hoſteſſe brookes not merrie gueſts.
Raliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing eares,
"Diſtres likes dũps whẽ time is kept with teares.

Come

Come Philomele that ſing'ſt of rauiſhment,
Make thy ſad groue in my diſheueld heare,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languiſhment:
So I at each ſad ſtraine, will ſtraine a teare,
And with deepe grones the Diapaſon beare:
For burthen-wiſe ile hum on TARQVIN ſtill,
VVhile thou on TEREVS deſcants better skill

And whiles againſt a thorne thou bear'ſt thy part,
To keepe thy ſharpe woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
VVill fixe a ſharpe knife to affright mine eye,
VVho if it winke ſhall thereon fall and die.
Theſe meanes as frets vpon an inſtrument,
Shal tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for poore bird thou ſing'ſt not in the day,
As ſhaming anie eye ſhould thee behold:
Some darke deepe deſert ſeated from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
VVill wee find out: and there we will vnfold
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds,
Since mē proue beaſts, let beaſts bear gētle minds.

As the poore frighted Deare that ſtands at gaze,
VVildly determining which way to flie,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readilie:
So with her ſelfe is ſhee in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is ſham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my ſelfe, quoth ſhee, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſoules polluſion?
They that looſe halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſſe concluſion,
VVho hauing two ſweet babes, when death takes (one,
VVill ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My bodie or my ſoule which was the dearer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,
VVhoſe loue of eyther to my ſelfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
His leaues will wither, and his ſap decay,
So muſt my ſoule her barke being pild away.

Her

Her houſe is ſackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her manſion batterd by the enemie,
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoild, corrupted,
Groſlie ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
  If in this blemiſht fort I make ſome hole,
  Through which I may conuay this troubled ſoule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Haue heard the cauſe of my vntimelie death,
That he may vow in that ſad houre of mine,
Reuenge on him that made me ſtop my breath,
My ſtained bloud to TARQVIN ile bequeath,
  VVhich for him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent,
  And as his due writ in my teſtament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my bodie ſo diſhonored,
Tis Honor to depriue diſhonord life,
The one will liue, the other being dead.
So of ſhames aſhes ſhall my Fame be bred,
  For in my death I murther ſhamefull ſcorne,
  My ſhame ſo dead, mine honor is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue loſt,
VVhat legacie ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution loue ſhall be thy boſt,
By whoſe example thou reueng'd mayſt be.
How TARQVIN muſt be vſ'd, read it in me,
My ſelfe thy friend will kill my ſelfe thy fo,
And for my ſake ſerue thou falſe TARQVIN ſo.

This brieſe abridgement of my will I make,
My ſoule and bodie to the skies and ground:
My reſolution Husband doe thou take,
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
My ſhame be his that did my Fame confound;
And all my Fame that liues disburſed be,
To thoſe that liue and thinke no ſhame of me.

Thou COLATINE ſhalt ouerſee this will,
How was I ouerſeene that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My bloud ſhall waſh the ſclander of mine ill,
My liues foule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but ſtoutlie ſay ſo be it,
Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This

This plot of death when ſadlie ſhee had layd,
And wip't the briniſh pearle from her bright eies,
VVith vntun'd tongue ſhee hoarſlie cals her mayd,
VVhoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſſe hies.
"For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoghts feathers flies,
Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſſe ſhee doth giue demure good morrow,
VVith ſoft ſlow-tongue, true marke of modeſtie,
And ſorts a ſad looke to her Ladies ſorrow,
(For why her face wore ſorrowes liuerie.)
But durſt not aske of her audaciouſlie,
VVhy her two ſuns were clowd ecclipſed ſo,
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-waſht with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being ſet,
Each flowre moiſtned like a melting eye:
Euen ſo the maid with ſwelling drops gan wet
Her circled eien inforſt, by ſimpathie
Of thoſe faire Suns ſet in her miſtreſſe skie,
VVho in a ſalt wau'd Ocean quench their light,
VVhich makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,
Like Iuorie conduits corall cesterns filling:
One iustlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,
Greeuing themselues to gesse at others smarts,
And thē they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall be accounted euill,
VVherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a Deuill.

Their ſmoothneſſe, like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.
Caue-keeping euils that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chriſtall wals ech little mote will peepe;
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

No

No man inueigh against the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour
Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild
Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild
With mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-made womẽ tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might insue.
By that her death to do her husband wrong,
Such danger to resistance did belong:
That dying feare through all her bodie spred,
And who cannot abuse a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake,
To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,
My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake
Those tears frõ thee, that downe thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weepe for griefe of my sustaining:
Know gentle wench it small auailes my mood,
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhee ſtaide,
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence,
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can diſpence:
My ſelfe was ſtirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I roſe was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be ſo bold,
Shee would requeſt to know your heauineſſe:
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſſe:
For more it is, then I can well expreſſe,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet ſaue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(What ſhould I ſay) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
Bid him with ſpeede prepare to carrie it,
The cauſe craues haſt, and it will ſoone be writ.

Her

Her maide is gone, and ſhee prepares to write,
First houering ore the paper with her quill:
Conceipt and griefe an eager combat fight,
VVhat wit ſets downe is blotted ſtraight with will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
Much like a preſſe of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which ſhall go before.

At laſt ſhee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon, next, vouchſafe t'afford
(If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſite me:
So I commend me, from our houſe in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are briefe.

Here folds ſhee vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine ſorrow writ vncertainely,
By this ſhort Cedule COLATINE may know
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,
Shee dares not thereof make diſcouery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſſe abuſe,
Ere ſhe with bloud had ſtain'd her ſtain'd excuſe.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashiõ
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her
From that suspiciõ which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter
VVith words, till action might becom thē better.

To see sad sights, moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interpretes to the eare
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
VVhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
Deep sounds make lesser noise thē shallow foords,
And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
The Post attends, and shee deliuers it,
Charging the sowr-fac'd groome, to high as fast
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blasts,
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The

The homelie villaine curſies to her low,
And bluſhing on her with a ſtedfaſt eye,
Receaues the ſcroll without or yea or no,
And forth with baſhfull innocence doth hie.
But they whoſe guilt within their boſomes lie,
Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,
For LVCRECE thought, he bluſht to ſee her ſhame.

VVhen ſeelie Groome (God wot) it was defect
Offspirite, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmleſſe creatures haue a true reſpect
To talke in deeds, while others ſaucilie
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leyſurelie.
Euen ſo this patterne of the worne-out age,
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
Shee thought he bluſht, as knowing TARQVINS luſt,
And bluſhing with him, wiſtlie on him gazed,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amazed.
The more ſhee ſaw the bloud his checks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpied in her ſom blemiſh.

But long ſhee thinkes till he returne againe,
And yet the dutious vaſſall ſcarce is gone,
The wearie time ſhee cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
That ſhee her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for means to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhee cals to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing ILLION with annoy,
VVhich the conceipted Painter drew ſo prowd,
As Heauen (it ſeem d) to kiſſe the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable obiects there,
In ſcorne of Nature, Art gaue liueleſſe life,
Many a dry drop ſeem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to ſhew the Painters ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhie lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There

There might you ſee the labouring Pyoner
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt,
And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little luſt,
Such ſweet obſeruance in this worke was had,
That one might ſee thoſe farre of eyes looke ſad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maieſtie,
You might behold triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
VVhich hartleſſe peaſaunts did ſo wel reſemble,
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake & trēble.

In AIAX and VLYSSES, ô what Art
Of Phiſiognomy might one behold!
The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,
Their face, their manners moſt expreſſie told,
In AIAX eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
But the mild glance that ſlie VLYSSES lent,
Shewed deepe regard and ſmiling gouernment.

There pleading might you ſee graue NESTOR ſtand,
As'twere incouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the ſight,
In ſpeech it ſeemd his beard, all ſiluer white,
VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a preſſe of gaping faces,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſwallow vp his ſound aduice,
All ioyntlie liſtning, but with ſeuerall graces,
As if ſome Marmaide did their eares intice,
Some high, ſome low, the Painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalpes of manie, almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His noſe being ſhadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
Another ſmotherd, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch ſignes of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of NESTORS golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angrie ſwords.

For

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Conceipt deceitfull, ſo compact ſo kinde,
That for ACHILLES image ſtood his ſpeare
Grip't in an Armed hand, himſelfe behind
VVas left vnſeene, ſaue to the eye of mind,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of ſtrong beſieged TROY, (field,
VVhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to
Stood manie Troian mothers ſharing ioy,
To ſee their youthfull ſons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they ſuch odde action yeeld,
That through their light ioy ſeemed to appeare,
(Like bright things ſtaind) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the ſtrond of DARDAN where they fought,
To SIMOIS reedie bankes the red bloud ran,
VVhoſe waues to imitate the battaile ſought
VVith ſwelling ridges, and their rankes began
To breake vppon the galled ſhore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes
They ioine, & ſhoot their ſome at SIMOIS bancks.

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
To find a face where all diſtreſſe is ſteld,
Manie ſhee ſees, where cares haue carued ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhee diſpayring HECVBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
VVhich bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
Her cheeks with chops and wrincles were diſguiz'd,
Of what ſhee was, no ſemblance did remaine:
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
VVanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunke pipes had
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this ſad ſhadow LVCRECE ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the Beldames woes,
VVho nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe,
And therefore LVCRECE ſwears he did her wrong,
To giue her ſo much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore

Poore Inſtrument (quoth ſhee) without a ſound,
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop ſweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angrie eyes,
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtur,
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
Thy heat of luſt fond PARIS did incur
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy for treſpaſſe of thine eye,
The Sire, the ſonne, the Dame, and daughter die.

VVhy ſhould the priuate pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
Let ſinne alone committed, light alone
Vppon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſſe ſoules be freed from guilty woe,
For ones offence why ſhould ſo many fall?
To plague a priuate ſinne in generall.

Lo here weeps HECVBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS sounds;
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,
And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.
Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,
So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell
To pencel'd pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,
She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,
And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament:
At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

In

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceipt, and giue the harmleſſe ſhow
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling ſtill,
A brow vnbent that ſeem'd to welcome wo,
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled ſo,
  That bluſhing red, no guiltie inſtance gaue,
  Nor aſhie pale, the feare that falſe hearts haue.

But like a conſtant and confirmed Deuill,
He entertain'd a ſhow, ſo ſeeming iuſt,
And therein ſo enſconc't his ſecret euill,
That Iealouſie it ſelfe could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping Craft, and Periurie ſhould thruſt
  Into ſo bright a daie, ſuch blackfac'd ſtorms,
  Or blot with Hell-born ſin ſuch Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew
For periur'd SINON, whoſe inchaunting ſtorie
The credulous old PRIAM after ſlew.
VVhoſe words like wild fire burnt the ſhining glorie
Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were ſorie,
  And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
  VVhē their glas fel, wherin they view'd their faces.

L

This picture ſhee aduiſedly peruſ'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in SINONS was abuſ'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhee gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſignes of truth in his plaine face ſhee ſpied,
That ſhee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth ſhe) that ſo much guile,
(Shee would haue ſaid) can lurke in ſuch a looke:
But TARQVINS ſhape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, ſhee in that ſence forſooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould beare a wicked mind.

For euen as ſubtill SINON here is painted,
So ſober ſad, ſo wearie, and ſo milde,
(As if wi·h griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
VVith outward honeſtie, but yet defild
VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cheriſh:
So did I TARQVIN, ſo my Troy did periſh.

Looke

Looke looke how liſtning PRIAM wets his eyes,
To ſee thoſe borrowed teares that SINON ſheeds,
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Thoſe roūd clear pearls of his that moue thy pitty,
Are bals of quenchleſſe fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Deuils ſteale effects from lightleſſe Hell,
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
Theſe contraries ſuch vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
So PRIAMS truſt falſe SINONS teares doth flatter,
That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd ſuch paſſion her aſſailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt,
Shee tears the ſenceleſſe SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that vnhappie gueſt,
VVhoſe deede hath made herſelfe, herſelfe deteſt,
At laſt ſhee ſmilingly with this giues ore,
Foole fool, quoth ſhe, his wounds wil not be ſore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her ſorrow,
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee looks for night, & then ſhee longs for morrow,
And both ſhee thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time ſeems long, in ſorrowes ſharp ſuſtayning,
Though wo be heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes,
And they that watch, ſee time, how ſlow it creeps.

VVhich all this time hath ouerſlipt her thought,
That thee with painted Images hath ſpent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe ſurmiſe of others detriment,
Looſing her woes in ſhews of diſcontent:
It eaſeth ſome, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Meſſenger come backe,
Brings home his Lord and other companie,
VVho finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-diſtained eye
Blew circles ſtream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.
Theſe watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new ſtormes to thoſe alreadie ſpent.

VVhich

VVhich when her ſad beholding husband ſaw,
Amazedlie in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes though ſod in tears look'd red and raw,
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,
He hath no power to aske her how ſhee fares,
Both ſtood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloudleſſe hand,
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
Hath thee befalne, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet loue what ſpite hath thy faire colour ſpent?
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauineſſe,
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redreſſe.

Three times with ſighes ſhee giues her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhee can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſt to anſwer his deſire,
Shee modeſtlie prepares, to let them know
Her Honor is taue priſoner by the Foe,
VVhile COLATINE and his conſorted Lords,
VVith ſad attention long to heare her words.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth ſhee) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
VVhere no excuſe can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to ſay,
Deare husband in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
VVhere thou waſt wont to reſt thy wearie head,
And what wrong elſe may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
VVith ſhining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my loue, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues deſire do contradict.

For

For ſome hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnleſſe thou yoke thy liking to my will
Ile murther ſtraight, and then ile ſlaughter thee,
And ſweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothſome act of Luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechors in their deed, this Act will be
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VVith this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword,
Swearing, vnleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not liue to ſpeake another word.
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt vpon record,
And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her Groome.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poore ſelfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a feare)
My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to ſpeake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Iuſtice there.
His ſcarlet Luſt came euidence to ſweare
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Iudge is rob'd, the priſoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuſe,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde,
Though my groſſe bloud be ſtaind with this abuſe,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclind
To acceſſarie yeeldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poyſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopeleſſe Marchant of this loſſe,
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,
VVith ſad ſet eyes and wretched armes acroſſe,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is he ſtriues in vaine,
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haſt:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the ſtrait that forſt him on ſo faſt:
In rage ſent out, recald in rage being paſt,
Euen ſo his ſighes, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puſh griefe on, and back the ſame grief draw.

VVhich

VVhich ſpeechleſſe woe of his poore ſhe attendeth,
And his vntimelie frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining ſlaketh,
My woe too ſencible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling painfull, let it than ſuffice
To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhee that was thy LVCRECE, now attend me,
Be ſodainelie reuenged on my Foe.
Thine, mine, his own, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the helpe that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,
"For ſparing Iuſtice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth ſhee,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with COLATINE)
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,
VVith ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine,
For'tis a meritorious faire deſigne,
To chaſe iniuſtice with reuengefull armes,
Knights by their oaths ſhould right poore Ladies
M (harmes.

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But ſhee that yet her ſad taske hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops, ô ſpeake quoth ſhee,
How may this forced ſtaine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
Being conſtrayn'd with dreadfull circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the fowle act diſpence
My low declined Honor to aduance?
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
The poyſoned fountaine cleares it ſelfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled ſtaine?

VVith this they all at once began to ſaie,
Her bodies ſtaine, her mind vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a ioyleſſe ſmile, ſhee turnes awaie
The face, that map which deepe impreſſion beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.
No no, quoth ſhee, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuſe ſhall claime excuſes giuing.

Here

Here with a ſigh as if her heart would breake,
Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, ſhe ſaies,
But more then he, her poore tong could not ſpeake,
Till after manie accents and delaies,
Vntimelie breathings, ſicke and ſhort aſſaies,
Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis he
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſſe breaſt
A harmfull knife, that thence her ſoule vnſheathed,
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnreſt
Of that polluted priſon, where it breathed:
Her contrite ſighes vnto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged ſprite, & through her wounds doth flie
Liues laſting date, from cancel'd deſtinie.

Stone ſtill, aſtoniſht with this deadlie deed,
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,
Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelfe, on her ſelfe-ſlaughtred bodie threw,
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew
The murdrous knife, and as it left the place,
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chaſe.

And bubling from her breſt, it doth deuide
In two ſlow riuers, that the crimſon bloud
Circles her bodie in on euerie ſide,
VVho like a late ſack'ttland vaſtlie ſtood
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
Some of her bloud ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſom look'd black, & that falſe TARQVIN ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
VVhich ſeemes to weep vpon the tainted place,
And euer ſince as pittying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud, ſome waterie token ſhowes,
And bloud vntainted, ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou haſt here depriued,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
VVhere ſhall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædeceaſe progenitours,
VVe are their offſpring and they none of ours.

Poore

Poore broken glaſſe, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire freſh mirror dim and old
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
O from thy cheekes my image thou haſt torne,
And ſhiuerd all the beautie of my glaſſe,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O time ceaſe thou thy courſe and laſt no longer,
If they ſurceaſe to be that ſhould ſuruiue:
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble ſoules aliue?
The old Bees die, the young poſſeſſe their hiue,
Then liue ſweet LVCRECE, liue againe and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this ſtarts COLATINE as from a dreame,
And bids LVCRECIVS giue his ſorrow place,
And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding ſtreame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfaits to die with her a ſpace.
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſſe his breath,
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward ſoule,
Hath ſeru'd a dumbe arreſt vpon his tongue,
VVho mad that ſorrow ſhould his vſe controll,
Or keepe him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
VVeake words, ſo thick come in his poor harts aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime TARQVIN was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windie tempeſt, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his ſorrowes tide, to make it more.
At laſt it raines, and buſie windes giue ore,
Then ſonne and father weep with equall ſtrife,
VVho ſhuld weep moſt for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſſe the claime they lay.
The father ſaies, ſhee's mine, ô mine ſhee is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My ſorrowes intereſt, let no mourner ſay
He weepes for her, for ſhee was onely mine,
And onelie muſt be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O,

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life
VVhich ſhee to earely and too late hath ſpil'd.
VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, ſhee was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that ſhee hath kil'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The diſperſt aire, who holding LVCRECE life,
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife from LVCRECE ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies ſhow,
He with the Romains was eſteemed ſo
As ſeelie ieering idiots are with Kings,
For ſportiue words, and vttring fooliſh things.

But now he throwes that ſhallow habit by,
VVherein deepe pollicie did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduiſedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe,
Let my vnſounded ſelfe ſuppoſ'd a foole,
Now ſet thy long experienc't wit to ſchoole.

VVhy COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe greeuous (deeds?
Is it reuenge to giue thy ſelfe a blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humor from weake minds proceeds,
Thy wretched wife miſtooke the matter ſo,
To ſlaie her ſelfe that ſhould haue ſlaine her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not ſteepe thy hart
In ſuch relenting dew of Lamentations,
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rowſe our Romaine Gods with inuocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abhominations.
(Since Rome her ſelf in thē doth ſtand diſgraced,)
By our ſtrong arms frō forth her fair ſtreets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaſt bloud ſo vniuſtlie ſtained,
By heauens faire ſun that breeds the fat earths ſtore,
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaſt LVCRECE ſoule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,
VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This

This ſayd, he ſtrooke his hand vpon his breaſt,
And kiſt the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his proteſtation vrg'd the reſt,
VVho wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they ſwore.

VVhen they had ſworne to this aduiſed doome,
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,
To ſhew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,
And ſo to publiſh TARQVINS fowle offence;
VVhich being done, with ſpeedie diligence,
The Romaines plauſibly did giue conſent,
To TARQVINS euerlaſting baniſhment.

N

FINIS.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

1599

FACSIMILE

LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1599

FROM THE COPY IN THE CHRISTIE MILLER LIBRARY
AT BRITWELL

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
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FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1599

I

General characteristics.

THE *Passionate Pilgrim* is a collection of fourteen lyrical pieces, with an appendix of six pieces of identical character which are introduced by the separate title: 'SONNETS To sundry notes of Musicke.'[1] The twenty pieces are of varied poetic merit.[2] Many have a touch of that 'happy valiancy' of rhythm and sentiment which is characteristic of the Elizabethan temper, but very few betray that union of simple feeling with verbal melody which is essential to lyrical perfection. Several are little more than pleasant jingles describing phases of the tender passion with a whimsical artificiality. The poems are in varied metres. Nine take the form of regular sonnets or quatorzains; five are in the

[1] The word 'sonnet' is here used in the common sense of 'song'. The musical composer, William Byrd, published in 1587 his *Psalms, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*; but though he tells the reader that if he be disposed 'to bee merrie, heere are Sonets', and heads a section of the book 'Sonets and Pastorales', no poem bearing any relation to the sonnet form is included. No 'quatorzain' is included in the Appendix to *The Passionate Pilgrim*, of which the title may be paraphrased as 'Songs set to various airs'. The 'sundry notes of Musicke' are only extant in the case of two poems; but it may be inferred that, before publication, all the six 'Sonnets' were 'set' by contemporary composers. Oldys's guess, that John and Thomas Morley were the composers, is unconfirmed. Indirect evidence supports the conjecture that a lost edition of the *Sonnets* supplied the music. A poetic miscellany—'Strange Histories' by Thomas Deloney—of like character to *The Passionate Pilgrim* and with similar typographical ornaments, has at the head of each piece in the 1602 edition (unique copy at Britwell) a line of musical notes, which is absent from other known editions. Again, of the poetic collection entitled 'The Teares or Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule, by Sir William Leighton' two editions are known—one (1613) giving the words only, and another (1614) adding the music.

[2] The total is usually given as twenty-one, but the pieces commonly numbered fourteen and fifteen form a single poem and are printed together in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, under the single heading 'Loath to depart'. J. P. Collier's proposal to divide the last piece also into two has been wisely ignored by recent editors. In the original editions the separate pieces were not numbered. Malone, in his reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in his *Supplement* (1780), was the first editor to introduce a consecutive numerical notation.

common six-line stanza which Shakespeare employed in his *Venus and Adonis*; two are in seven-syllabled riming couplets; one is in four-lined stanzas alternately rimed; and three are in less regular metres, which were specially adapted for musical accompaniment.

Internal and external evidence alike confute the assertion of the title-page that all the contents of the volume were by Shakespeare. No more than five poems can be ascribed with confidence to his pen. Of the remaining fifteen, five were assigned without controversy to other hands in Shakespeare's lifetime; two were published elsewhere anonymously; and eight, although of uncertain authorship, lack all signs of Shakespeare's workmanship. A study of the facts attending the volume's publication shows, moreover, that it was not designed by Shakespeare, and that in its production he had no hand.

William Jaggard.

The Passionate Pilgrim owed its origin to the speculative boldness of the publisher, William Jaggard, who, according to the title-page, caused the book to be printed. Jaggard deserves respectful mention by the student of Shakespeare in virtue of the prominent part he took in the publication of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays in 1623. He was at the head of the syndicate of stationers who defrayed the cost of that noble undertaking, and at his press the great volume was printed. The enterprise of the First Folio was the closing episode in Jaggard's career. It belonged to the zenith of his prosperity. He died at the moment that the work was completed.[1] *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a somewhat insolent tribute paid by Jaggard to Shakespeare's reputation

[1] Mr. William Jaggard, of Liverpool, who is engaged on a full biography of his namesake, kindly informs me that the Elizabethan publisher's will was dated March 28, 1623, and proved on November 17 following.

four and twenty years earlier. The publisher had just then begun business for himself, and his prospects were still insecure.

Every detail in the history of the enterprise pertinently illustrates the unscrupulous methods which the customs of the trade encouraged the Elizabethan publisher to pursue. But it is erroneous to assume that it was reckoned by any extensive public opinion of the day personally discreditable in Jaggard to publish under Shakespeare's name work for which the poet was not responsible. In all that he did Jaggard was justified by precedent, and he secured the countenance and active co-operation of an eminent member of the Stationers' Company, whose character was deemed irreproachable.

Jaggard's early career.

William Jaggard, who was Shakespeare's junior by some five years, having been born in 1569, enjoyed a good preliminary training as a publisher. His father, John Jaggard, citizen and barber-surgeon of London, died in William's boyhood, and he and a brother, John, both apprenticed themselves on the same day, September 29, 1584, to two highly reputable printers and publishers, each of whom was in a large way of business and owned as many as three presses.[1] Henry Denham, William's master, twice Under-Warden of the Stationers' Company, lived at the sign of the Star in Paternoster Row. John's master was the veteran Richard Tottel, twice Master of the Stationers' Company, who won lasting fame at the outset of his career by his production in 1557 of that first anthology of English verse which is commonly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*.[2] Tottel's

[1] For the details and dates in the career of Jaggard and his brother I am indebted to Mr. Arber's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*.

[2] The full title of this volume, of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a descendant, ran:—'*Songes and Sonettes*, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other. Apud Richardum Tottel, 1557.' The book reached an eighth edition in 1587.

place of business was at the sign of the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, within Temple Bar, between the two Temple gates, and there his young apprentice helped him in 1587 to prepare an eighth edition of his popular anthology.

In due course the brothers were admitted freemen of the Company, William on December 6, 1591, and John next year, on August 7, 1592. They were thus fully qualified to play their part in the history of English publishing, when Shakespeare was winning his earliest laurels.

John Jaggard, successor to Richard Tottel.

John's career only indirectly concerns us here. He became assistant to his old master Tottel, and in 1597, four years after Tottel's death, was established in Tottel's well-seasoned house of business, the Hand and Star in Fleet Street. Though he did not acquire Tottel's printing-presses, and never printed for himself, he rapidly made a name as a publisher and bookseller. Among his publications were two editions of Fairfax's great translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and the third, fourth, and fifth editions of Bacon's *Essays* (1606, 1612, 1613). He entered the livery of his Company July 3, 1602, and acted as Warden in 1619 and 1620.

William Jaggard's early struggle, 1594–1605.

William, whose rise was less rapid, was a rougher-tempered man than his brother, and never obtained office in his Company. He began business on his own account in 1594, acquiring premises, which have no ascertainable history, at the east end of the churchyard at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. There, for eleven years, he published books on a limited scale. He owned no printing-press, and his operations were restricted.

His prosperous years, 1605–23.

But in 1605 his position completely changed. He acquired a preponderating interest, which he soon converted into a sole interest, in the old-established printing business of James Roberts, in the Barbican. Thenceforth his fortunes were not in doubt. Between 1605 and 1623, the year of his death, he

carried on one of the largest printing businesses in London, and produced and published many imposing folios besides the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays. In 1611 he became printer to the City of London; in 1613 he purchased from his partner Roberts the right of printing 'the players' bills' or theatrical programmes; and in 1618 he issued 'A catologve of such English Bookes as lately haue bene and now are in Printing for Publication', which he promised to continue half-yearly. The reputation of his press for typographical accuracy was never high, but he violently denounced any authors who were bold enough to complain of its defects.

His first publications.

The year 1599, during which Jaggard produced *The Passionate Pilgrim*, was long anterior to the prosperous period of his life, which opened in 1605 with the control of Roberts' press. Before 1599 he would seem to have published not more than two or three books. The first extant book, on the title-page of which his name figures, was a sermon preached by John Dove at St. Paul's Cross, Nov. 3, 1594, which came out before the close of that year. The title-page stated that it was printed 'by P. S. [i. e. Peter Short] for W. Jaggard'. Next year there was issued a new edition of the pedestrian verse of William Hunnis called *Hunnies Recreations*. The imprint was the same, with the addition of Jaggard's address in Fleet Street.

The Stationers' Company granted no licence for the publication of either of these books, and in fact Jaggard obtained only one licence from the Company before the end of the sixteenth century. On January 23, 1597–8, he was duly authorized by the Company to publish an embroidery pattern book, called *The true perfection of Cuttworkes*, of which no copy has been met with.

Jaggard was no slave of legal formalities. It was the exception rather than the rule for him to seek a licence

for the publication of a book. Though he published several books in the interval, he did not seek a second licence until March 16, 1603, when he obtained one for a work appropriately called *The Anatomie of Sinne*. He faced the risk of punishment for his defiance of the law, and, when a penalty was exacted, paid it without demur.[1]

His two undertakings in 1599.

No extant book which bears Jaggard's name came out during the three years 1596, 1597, and 1598. In 1599 two volumes appeared with the intimation on the title-page that they were 'printed *for* W. Jaggard'.[2] In neither case was the Stationers' Company made officially cognizant of Jaggard's operations. Of these two volumes, one was Thomas Hill's *Schoole of Skil*, an astronomical treatise in black letter, which was stated to be 'printed for W. Jaggard' at the press of T. Judson. The other was *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the imprint of which declared that it was 'Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake at the *Greyhound* in Paules Churchyard'.

William Leake's co-operation.

William Leake's association with the venture guaranteed it against official censure. He was a prominent and respected member of the Stationers' Company. He had joined the livery the year before, and subsequently became assistant (1604) and Master (1618). Before associating himself with Jaggard's venture of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, he had given notable proof of interest in Shakespeare's work. On June 25, 1596, he had acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis* from John

[1] On October 23, 1600, William Jaggard and a kindred spirit, Ralph Blower, were fined by the Stationers' Company 6*s*. 8*d*. for 'printing without license and contrary to order a little booke of Sir Anthony Sherley's Travels', and all 'the said books so printed' were forfeited by the Company. The offenders were threatened with imprisonment in default of compliance with the judgement, but Jaggard cheerfully paid his share of the fine on Sept. 7, 1601, and purged his offence. Cf. Arber, ii. 831, 833.

[2] The preposition 'for' in the imprint of Elizabethan books usually precedes the name of the proprietor of the copyright.

Harrison, who had bought it from its first holder, Richard Field, three years before. Leake retained his property in Shakespeare's earliest printed book for nearly twenty-one years. His first edition of *Venus and Adonis* appeared in 1599, in the same year as the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and on the title-pages of both volumes figured his address—'the *Greyhound* in Paules Churchyard.'[1] Thus in 1599, a year after Leake was clothed with the livery of his Company, two newly printed volumes, which were identified with Shakespeare's name and fame, adorned for the first time the shelves of his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Peter Short, printer.

The unnamed printer of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was doubtless Peter Short, who had printed for Jaggard the only volume of verse which he is known to have undertaken previously, viz. *Hunnies Recreations*, in 1595. Short also printed for Jaggard his first book, Dove's *Sermon*, in 1594. Short's printing office was at 'the Star on Bread Street Hill, near to the end of Old Fish St.'; his business was a large one and many volumes of verse came from his press. Not only had he printed recently the work of the poets Spenser and Daniel, but he had produced for Leake the two editions of *Venus and Adonis* which appeared respectively in 1599 and 1602, as well as Harrison's edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1598. More than one song-book, with the literary contents of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* had close affinity, also came from his press—one in the same year as Jaggard's miscellany, viz. '*Ayres for four Voyces* composed by Michael Cavendish'.[2]

The typographical quality of the first edition of Jaggard's

[1] These premises enjoyed a traditional fame. They had been long in John Harrison's occupation, until at the close of 1596 Leake took them over; he remained there till 1602.

[2] Cf. *Peter Short, Printer, and his Marks*, by Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. (Bibliograph. Soc.), 1898.

Typographical defects and characteristics.

miscellany is not high. Misprints abound. Numerous lines are as they stand barely intelligible. Such defects were mainly due to imperfections in the 'copy', but they bear witness, too, to hasty composition and to carelessness on the part of the press corrector. Few of the irregularities are beyond the ingenuity of a conscientious overseer to remove. In Poem IX, the second line of the sonnet is omitted. There is only one catchword in the whole volume, viz. 'Lord', at the foot of B 8 (recto). Capitals within the line are not very common, but are employed most capriciously. In Sonnet IV, three of the fourteen lines begin with small letters instead of capitals. At V, l. 7, 'eases' rimes with 'there'. Spelling eccentricities which are scarcely to be differentiated from misprints, include —II, l. 12, 'ghesse' for 'guess'; V, l. 1, 'deawy' for 'dewy'; XIII, l. 10, 'symant' for 'cement'; XIV, l. 15, 'scite' for 'cite'; 'scence' for 'sense' (the word 'sense' is correctly spelt VIII, l. 6); l. 19, 'ditte' for 'ditty'; XVII, l. 4, 'nenying' for 'renying'; l. 8, 'a nay' for 'annoy'; l. 12, 'wowen for 'women'; XVIII, l. 34, 'prease' for 'press'; l. 51, 'th' are' for 'the ear'. The volume was a small octavo and the meagre dimensions of the 'copy' led the printer to set the type on only one side of the leaf in the case of twenty-five of the twenty-eight leaves of text. At the top and bottom of each page of text is an ornamental device of ordinary pattern—no uncommon feature in small volumes of verse of the period.

II

Jaggard's precedents

THE part that Jaggard played throughout the enterprise followed abundant precedents. It was common practice for publishers to issue, under a general title of their own devising, scattered pieces of poetry of varied origin. His brother's master, Tottel, had inaugurated the custom in 1557,

and *Tottel's Miscellany* had a numerous progeny. Nor was Jaggard the only publisher arbitrarily to assign the whole of a miscellaneous anthology to some one popular pen.

Opportunities for gathering material for such anthologies abounded. Printed books, for example, novels and plays, which were interspersed with songs, could always be raided with impunity. But it was from manuscript sources that the anthological publishers sought their most attractive wares. Short poems circulated very freely in manuscript copies through Elizabethan England. An author would offer a friend or patron a poetic effusion in his own handwriting. Fashion led the recipient to multiply transcripts at will as gifts for other worshippers of the Muses. There were amateurs who collected these flying leaves in albums or commonplace books.[1] The author exerted no definable right over his work after the MS. left his hand. His name was frequently omitted from the transcript. A publisher, in search of 'copy', recognized no obligation to consult the writer of unprinted verse before he sent it to press. It might be to his interest to enlist the aid of an amateur collector in extending his collections, and to him he might be ready to make some acknowledgement. But the author's claim to mention was usually disregarded altogether. As often as not, both collector and publisher were in ignorance of the name of the author of unsigned poems which

Manuscript verse.

[1] Numerous manuscript collections of verse, which were formed by amateurs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are extant in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and in private hands. Mr. Henry Huth printed for private circulation in 1870 interesting specimens of such collections in private hands, in the volume entitled *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*, 1584–1700. Some Elizabethans seem to have collected with an eye to business, and to have deliberately handed their collections over to publishers for some unknown consideration. Such an one was John Bodenham, to whom the publishers of *England's Helicon* (1600), *Belvedere* (1600), and other miscellanies of the time, acknowledged indebtedness. Bodenham was hailed in a preliminary sonnet before *Belvedere* as 'First causer and collector of these flowers'.

fell into their hands. In that contingency, the publisher deemed it within his right to append in print what signature he chose.[1]

Evidence of other publishers of anthologies.

Jaggard's fraudulent methods of work as an anthologist are capable of almost endless illustration. A venture of the year in which Jaggard became a freeman of the Stationers' Company precisely anticipates Jaggard's conduct in printing in a single volume 'small poems' by various pens, which were 'dispersed abroad in sundrie hands', and in attributing them all on the title-page to one author who was only responsible for a few of them. A well-known stationer, Richard Jones, issued in 1591 an anthology which he called *Brittons Bowre of Delights*. Jones represented this volume to be a collection of lyrics by Nicholas Breton, a poet who was just coming into fame. The poet had no hand in the publication, and was piqued to discover on perusing it that it was a miscellany of poems by many hands, in which the publisher had included two or three of his own composition from scattered manuscript copies. Next year, in the prefatory note of his *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, Breton stated the facts thus:—'Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed by one Richarde Ioanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, entituled *Bretons bower of delights*: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with a few of mine, for except *Amoris Lachrimae*: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappily came by. I have no part of any of thē: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleeue.' But the author wasted his protest on the desert air. He had no means of redress.

Brittons Bowre of Delights, 1591.

[1] Cf. Wither's *Scholars Purgatory* (*c.* 1625), p. 121: 'If he [i.e. the Stationer] gett any written Coppy into his powre, likely to be vendible, whether the Author be willing or no, he will publish it; And it shall be contriued and named alsoe, according to his owne pleasure: which is the reason, so many good Bookes come forth imperfect, and with foolish titles.'

The publisher Jones was indifferent to the complaint, and in 1594 he exposed the poet Breton to the like indignity for a second time. Very early in that year Jones published, with the licence of his Company, a new miscellany which he called '*The Arbor of Amorous Deuices* . . . by N. B. Gent.' In a preliminary epistle *To the Gentlemen Readers*, he boldly called attention to the fact that 'this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen' was 'many mens workes, excellent Poets, and most, not the meanest in estate and degree'. Jones' new miscellany consisted of thirty short poems. Breton was only responsible for six or seven of them, yet the title-page ascribed all of them to him.[1]

Two volumes of the utmost literary interest, which were also issued in 1591, illustrate how readily poetic manuscripts fell, without the knowledge of the author or his friends, into a publisher's clutches. Firstly, in that year, Thomas Newman, a stationer of small account, discovering that Sidney's sonnets were 'spread abroad in written copies', put them into print on his own initiative, together with an appendix of 'sundry other rare Sonnets', which he ascribed to divers anonymous 'noblemen and gentry'. Samuel Daniel, the poet, soon discovered to his dismay that Newman, without giving him any hint of his intention, had made free in the

Sidney's *Sonnets*, 1591.

[1] Of each of these miscellanies assigned to Breton only single copies are now known to be extant; they are even rarer than *The Passionate Pilgrim*. A unique copy of the *Bower* is at Britwell, and a unique copy of the *Arbor* (defective and without title-page) is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Another example of the assignment by an adventurous publisher of a collection of miscellaneous poems to a single author, whereas the contents of the volume were from many pens, is offered by the second edition of Constable's *Diana*, issued by James Roberts in 1594. The printer, Richard Smith, distributed twenty-one genuine sonnets by Constable, which he had brought out in a separate and authentic volume in 1592, through a collection of seventy-five sonnets, of which fifty-four were by 'other honourable and learned personages'. Eight of the supplementary poems, which the publisher Smith connected with Constable's name, were justly claimed for Sir Philip Sidney in the authorized collection of his works in 1598.

appendix with written copies of twenty-three sonnets by himself which had not been in print before; they appeared anonymously in Newman's volume.

Spenser's *Complaints*, 1591.

Secondly, in 1591, William Ponsonby published a little collection of Spenser's verse, in a volume on which he and not the author bestowed the title of *Complaints*. In an address 'To the gentle Reader' Ponsonby announced that he had 'endevoured by all good means . . . to get into his handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors as he heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands and not easie to bee come by by himselfe, some of them having been diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure Oversea'. The printer expressed the hope that *Complaints* might be the forerunner of a second collection of 'some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad', for which he was still searching.

Publishers' habit of wrongly giving authors' names.

Further illustration of various points in Jaggard's procedure may be derived from yet two other poetic anthologies, which came out a year later than *The Passionate Pilgrim*, viz. *England's Helicon*, an admirable collection of Elizabethan lyrics, four of which also find a place in Jaggard's volume; and *Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses*, an ample miscellany of elegant extracts. In the address to the reader prefixed to *England's Helicon* reference is made to the grievance that another man's name was often put in such works to an author's poems, but the wrong done was treated by the publisher of *England's Helicon* as negligible.[1]

The *Belvedere* anthology indicates the superior

[1] To the complaint of stationers, that their copies 'were robbed' and their copyright ignored by these collections, the compiler of *England's Helicon* makes answer that no harm can be done by quotation when the name of the author is appended to the extract, and the most eminent poets are represented in the miscellany. As the author's name was usually either omitted or given wrongly, the apologist for Jaggardian methods offers very cold comfort.

importance which the publishers attached to 'private', or unpublished pieces, above 'extant', or pieces which were already in print. The compiler of *Belvedere* claims credit for having derived his material not merely from printed books, but from '*private poems, sonnets, ditties and other witty conceits . . . according as they could be obtained by sight or favour of copying*'. In the case of Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Barnfield, and many other living authors whom he named, he had drawn not merely 'from many of their extant (i. e. published) workes', but from '*some kept in private*'. Of five recently dead authors he stated he had 'perused' not only their 'divers extant labours' but '*many more held back from publishing*'.

Publishers' thirst for 'private poems'.

In christening his volume, Jaggard illustrated the habit which George Wither had in mind when he wrote of the stationer that 'he oftentymes giues bookes such names as in his opinion will make them saleable, when there is little or nothing in the whole volume sutable to such a tytle'.[1] The title which Jaggard devised has no precise parallel, but it does not travel very far from the beaten track. The ordinary names which were bestowed on poetic miscellanies of the day were variants of a somewhat different formula, as may be deduced from the examples 'Bower of Delights', 'Handful of Pleasant Delights', and 'Arbor of Amorous Devices'. *The Affectionate Shepheard*, a collection of poems by Richard Barnfield, which appeared in 1594, approaches Jaggard's designation more nearly than that of any preceding extant volume of verse.[2]

The name of Jaggard's miscellany.

[1] *Scholars Purgatory* (*c.* 1625), p. 122.

[2] The similitude is not quite complete. Although Barnfield's book includes many detached pieces, the title of the whole applies particularly to the opening and longest poem of the volume. Jaggard's general title does not apply to any individual item of the book's contents.

Jaggard used the word 'passionate' in the affected sense of 'amorous'.[1] 'Passionate' in that signification was a conventional epithet of 'shepherd' and 'poet' in pastoral poetry. Two poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which also appear in *England's Helicon*, were ascribed in the later anthology to 'The *Passionate* Shepherd'. Biron's verses from *Love's Labour's Lost* were headed 'The *Passionate* Shepherd's Song', while Marlowe's poem 'Come, live with me' was headed 'The *Passionate* Shepherd to his Love'. A poetaster, Thomas Powell, entitled a volume of verse in 1601, *The Passionate Poet*, and described himself in the preface as the creature of 'passion'. In 1604 Nicholas Breton christened a miscellany of love-poems 'The Passionate Shepheard'; and named the concluding section 'Sundry Sweet Sonnets and *Passionated* Poems.' It was Jaggard's manifest intention to attract through the title those interested in amorous verse.[2]

III

Shakespeare's position in 1599.

In 1599 Shakespeare was nearing the height of his fame. He had just produced the two parts of *Henry IV* in which

[1] A detached love poem was often called 'a passion'. Thomas Watson gave his *Ἑκατομπαθία* (1582), a well-known collection of love-poetry, the alternative title of 'Passionate Centurie of Love', and the work was described in the preliminary pages as 'this Booke of Passionate Sonnetes', while each poem was called a 'passion'. Cf. the title of the appendix to the love poem *Alcilia* (1595): 'The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he began to decline from his Passionate Affection.'

[2] Sir Walter Raleigh's familiar verses beginning, 'Give me my scalop shell of quiet', which circulated freely in MS., bore, perhaps with allusion to Jaggard's volume, the title of 'The Passionate Mans Pilgrimage' when they were first published at the end of Scoloker's *Daiphantus*, 1604. In this connexion 'passionate' signifies 'sorrowful', as in Shakespeare's *King John*, ii. 1. 544, 'She [i.e. Constance] is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.' Raleigh was author of 'Loues answere', which Jaggard included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in No. xix.

Falstaff came into being, and in the previous autumn he had been hailed by the critic Meres as the greatest poet of his era. It was a natural ambition in a speculative publisher to parade Shakespeare's name on the title-page of a conventional anthology. The customs of the trade and the unreadiness or inability of authors to make effective protest rendered the plan easy of accomplishment. Enough of Shakespeare's undoubted work fell, moreover, into Jaggard's hands to give a specious justification to the false assignment.[1]

Meres' statement of 1598.

A year before *The Passionate Pilgrim* appeared, it was announced that poems by Shakespeare were circulating 'in private'. Shakespeare's appreciative critic, Francis Meres, did more than write admiringly in 1598 of Shakespeare's narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which were accessible in print, and of a dozen plays, which were familiar on the stage to the theatre-goer. He made specific reference to writings by the great poet which were 'held back from publishing' and 'kept in private'. These were vaguely described by Meres as Shakespeare's 'sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc.' The productions which Meres cloaked under his 'etc.' are not with certainty identified, but two of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' strayed into Jaggard's net.

Jaggard's hunt for 'private' poems.

There can be no doubt that Jaggard, like his colleagues in trade when designing a miscellany, made it his chief aim to secure 'private poems, sonnets, ditties, and other witty

[1] It was not the first time that Shakespeare suffered such an experience, and the action of other publishers was even less justifiable than Jaggard's. Already in 1595 *The Tragedie of Locrine* was attributed by the publisher, Thomas Creede, on the title-page to 'W.S.', with fraudulent intent. His surname figured on the title-pages of *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, *The London Prodigall*, 1605, *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1608, and 'W. S.' again in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602, and in *The Puritaine*, 1607. With none of these six plays had Shakespeare any concern. The worthless old play about King John was assigned to Shakespeare in revisions of 1611 and 1622.

conceits' by popular authors which had been 'held back from publishing' and 'kept in private'. He depended for access to such treasures 'according as they could be obtained by sight on favour of copying'. 'Extant' work was not excluded from his piratical undertaking. Eight of his pieces were already in print, but it seems probable that even in those cases he had met with the text in stray manuscript copies, and that he mistook them for 'private' instead of 'extant' compositions. There is no question that he was successful in acquiring two of the 'private' pieces by Shakespeare, the existence of which had been publicly vouched for by Meres. Three other poems by Shakespeare, which he included, were already in print, imbedded in a published play. But Jaggard was probably ignorant of the fact, and derived his text of these pieces also from independent transcripts in 'private' hands.[1]

The contents: Shakespeare's contributions.

On the opening pages of his volume Jaggard set out two of that collection of Shakespeare's sonnets which was not published until ten years later. The two sonnets are numbered, in the full edition of 1609, CXXXVIII and CXLIV respectively. Jaggard's text differs at many points from that of the later volume. He clearly derived his text from detached copies privately circulating among collectors of verse. Thereby, in spite of his insolent defiance of the author's rights or wishes, he rendered lovers of literature a genuine service.

Nos. I and II (Sonnets cxxxviii and cxliv).

Jaggard seems to have presented an earlier recension of the text than figured in the edition of 1609. The poet's second thoughts do not seem to have been always better than his

[1] Two careful analyses of the contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim* should be mentioned: one, by Mr. Charles Edmonds, is in the Isham Reprints—*The Passionate Pilgrime* from the First Edition, 1870; the other, by Professor Dowden, is in the photo-lithographic facsimile of the First Edition (Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10).

first. The text of the second, at any rate, of Jaggard's sonnets is superior to that in Thorpe's collection. In Jaggard's first sonnet (No. CXXXVIII of 1609) he reads

The first sonnet.

> Vnskilfull in the worlds false forgeries (l. 4) for
> Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.

Jaggard's lines 6–9 run :—

> Although I know my yeares be past the best:
> I smiling, credite her false-speaking toung,
> Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.
> But wherefore sayes my loue that she is young?

These lines, if less polished, are somewhat more pointed than the later version :—

> Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
> Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
> On both sides thus is simple truth supprest:
> But wherefore sayes she not she is uniust?

Line 11,

> O, Loues best habite is a soothing toung,

became in 1609,

> O loues best habit is in seeming trust;

while the concluding couplet—

> Therefore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
> Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be;

appeared ten years later in the different but equally ambiguous form :—

> Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,
> And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

The second sonnet.

Jaggard's second sonnet shows fewer discrepancies with

that of 1609, and his version is on the whole the better of the two :—

line 8—

[1599] Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
[1609] Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.

line 11—

[1599] For being both to me: both to each friend,
[1609] But being both from me both to each friend,

line 13—

[1599] The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt.
[1609] Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,

Finally, Jaggard's text knows nothing of the 1609 misprint of 'sight' for 'side' in the important line 6 :—

Tempteth my better angel from my side.

Nos. III, V, and XVI—excerpts from Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost.*

The three remaining poems which can be confidently assigned to Shakespeare are all to be found in his play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was published in 1598. Other plays of his had been published earlier, but this piece was the first to bear on the title-page Shakespeare's name as author (*By W. Shakespere*). The variations from the text of the play are in all three pieces unimportant and touch single words or inflexions. But such as they are, they suggest that Jaggard again printed stray copies which were circulating 'privately', and did not find the lines in the printed quarto of the play. The distribution of the three excerpts through the miscellany suggests that Jaggard did not know that they all came from the same source. The first excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost*—No. III—immediately follows Shakespeare's two sonnets. It is Longaville's sonnet to Maria, from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 58–71. The variations are as follow :—

No. III.

Love's Labour's Lost (1598)	*Passionate Pilgrim* (1599)
l. 2. cannot	could not
l. 9. Vows are but breath	My vow was breath
l. 10. which on my earth dost	that on this earth doth
l. 11. Exhalest	Exhale
l. 12. If broken then,	If broken, then
l. 14. To lose an oath	To breake an oath

The second excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* stands next but one to the first. It is Dumain's sonnet to 'most divine Kate' (in lines of six feet), from Act iv, Sc. 2, ll. 100–13. The different readings are:— No. V.

Love's Labour's Lost (1598)	*Passionate Pilgrim* (1599)
l. 2. Ah	O
l. 3. faithful	constant
l. 4. were oaks	like Okes
l. 6. Art would comprehend	Art can comprehend
l. 11. Thy eye Ioues lightning bears	Thine eye Ioues lightning seems
l. 13. O pardon love this wrong	O, do not loue that wrong
l. 14. That sings	To sing

The third excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* is Biron's verse-address to Rosaline, in seven-syllable riming couplets (beginning, 'On a day, alack the day'), from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 97–116. This poem is the sixteenth in Jaggard's volume, being the second of the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', and the sole piece by Shakespeare in that portion of Jaggard's volume. The only difference worthy of record between Jaggard's version and the text of the play is the omission from the former of the eighth couplet of the latter, viz.:— No. XVI.

Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee.[1]

Nos. IV, VI, IX, and XI. The *Venus and Adonis* sonnets.

Jaggard did more than include five genuine poems by Shakespeare in order to vindicate his right to place the great poet's name on the title-page. He introduced four sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis, which fill respectively the fourth, sixth, ninth, and eleventh places in his miscellany. Thus Jaggard thought to support the faith of the unwary in Shakespeare's responsibility for the whole of the collection. His partner in the venture, Leake, who owned the copyright of Shakespeare's popular poem, and brought out a new edition of it at the same time as he joined Jaggard in producing his anthology, naturally abetted Jaggard in encouraging the notion that Shakespeare was still at work on a topic which had proved capable of making a very powerful appeal to the Elizabethan public. How great was the importance which Jaggard attached to those portions of the volume which brought the subject of *Venus and Adonis* to the minds of readers, may be gauged from the circumstance that, in a new edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612, he introduced into the title-page the alternative title: *Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis.* But the poetic temper and phraseology of Jaggard's four poems about Venus and Adonis sufficiently refute the pretensions to Shakespearean authorship which Jaggard, with Leake's connivance, made in their behalf. All of them

[1] This piece was reprinted—for the third time in three years—in *England's Helicon*, in 1600. Jaggard's version was there followed, and it may have been transferred direct from *The Passionate Pilgrim.* It is succeeded in *England's Helicon*, as in Jaggard's miscellany, by 'My flocks feed not'. But the editor of *England's Helicon* bestowed on Biron's verses the new heading 'The Passionate Shepherds Song', and subscribed them with the name 'W. Shakespeare'.

embody reminiscences of Shakespeare's narrative poem, but none show any trace of his workmanship.

Their dependence on Shakespeare's poem.

All treat of Venus' infatuation for Adonis and of Adonis' bashful rejection of her advances. The insistence on the boyish modesty of Adonis is largely Shakespeare's original interpretation of the classical fable, and the emphasis newly laid upon the point in Jaggard's sonnets seems to indicate the source of their inspiration. No. IX, 'Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of Love,' develops Venus' warning against the boar-hunt. No. XI, 'Venus with Adonis sitting by her,' works up ll. 97–114 in Shakespeare's poem, where Venus describes how she had been wooed by 'the stern and direful god of war'. In the two other sonnets (Nos. IV and VI) which open the series in Jaggard's volume, hints have been sought outside Shakespeare's poem, but the reference to Adonis in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* appears to have given the sonneteer his leading cue. No. IV ('Sweet Cytherea sitting by a Brooke') and No. VI ('Scarse had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne'), in both of which the goddess is called Cytherea and is pictured by a brook, read like glosses on the passage in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. Sc. 2, ll. 52–3), which tells of

> Adonis painted by a running brook
> And Cytherea all in sedges hid.

The episode of Adonis bathing, with which the second of these two sonnets deals, is unnoticed in Shakespeare's poem.

Of only two of these four poems is any trace found outside *The Passionate Pilgrim*. An early manuscript copy of No. IX was at one time in Halliwell[-Phillipps]'s possession. It gives a different and very tame version of ll. 2–4. The manuscript reading runs:—

Faire was the morne when the faire Queen of Loue,
Hoping to meet Adonis in that place,
Addrest her early to a certain grooue,
Where he was wont ye savage Beast to chase.

No. XI and B. Griffin's *Fidessa*, 1596.

Of No. XI alone ('Venus with Adonis sitting by her') is the authorship determinable beyond doubt. With verbal differences, the sonnet was already included in an ample collection entitled '*Fidessa*. . . . by B. Griffin Gent.', which had been published three years before, in 1596. It filled the third place in Griffin's little array of sixty-two quatorzains. The textual variations again point to Jaggard's dependence for his version on a private transcript. Apart from such differences as 'the warlike god', in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, for 'the wanton god' in *Fidessa*, or 'she clasped Adonis' for 'she clipt Adonis', the two texts entirely disagree in regard to ll. 7–12. Jaggard presents them thus:—

Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes;
Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

In Griffin's printed volumes of 1596 the passage runs thus:—

But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistres at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away.

It is clear that Jaggard did not know Griffin's work as it was printed in Griffin's published *Fidessa*. Jaggard's text was probably a trial version, which Griffin distributed among private friends, but finally excluded from his collection when

he sent it to press. The three other sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis in *The Passionate Pilgrim* have a strong family resemblance to that attributable to Griffin, and may well have been similar experiments of his Muse, which were withheld from the printer and circulated only in private.

Nos. VIII, XVII, and XX: Contributions of Richard Barnfield.

Griffin is one of three contemporary poets whom Jaggard may be safely convicted of robbing. He was wise in laying somewhat heavier hands on the work of Richard Barnfield, whose lyric gift was more pleasing than Griffin's. There is no question that two of Jaggard's pieces—No. VIII, the sonnet beginning 'If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree', and No. XX, the seven-syllable riming couplets at the extreme end of the volume, beginning 'As it fell upon a day'—were from Barnfield's pen. Both were published in 1598 in a poetical tract entitled *Poems: in diuers humours*, which formed the fourth section of a volume bearing the preliminary title, '*The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money*, by Richard Barnfield, Graduate in Oxford.' The whole book was published by William Jaggard's brother John, at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, and there is ground for believing that Jaggard, with his brother's connivance, borrowed in this instance from a printed text.

Barnfield's *Poems in diuers humours*, 1598.

'Poems in diuers humours' was the last of the four parts of the 'Encomion' and had, like each of the three preceding parts, a separate title-page. It was prefaced by a dedication in three couplets to the author's friend 'Maister Nicholas Blackleech of Grayes Inne'. There the writer described the poems which followed as 'fruits of unriper years'. Barnfield's claim to authorship of the 'Poems in diuers humours' cannot be justly questioned.

The opening piece in Barnfield's tract is headed 'Sonnet I.

No. VIII. Barnfield's Sonnet to R. L.

To his friend Maister R. L. in praise of Musique and Poetrie'. This is the eighth poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim.* The texts are identical, though in Barnfield's publication capitals are more freely used than in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, while the proper names are in italics and not in roman letters as in the later volume.[1]

'R. L.,' to whom Barnfield addressed the sonnet, is doubtless Richard Linche, author of a collection of sonnets called *Diella* which appeared in 1596. John Dowland, to whom Barnfield refers in line 5 of his sonnet, was the famous lutenist and musical composer, who had published a year before a valuable volume in folio, called 'The First Book of Songes, and Ayres of foure partes with Tablature for the Lute' (printed by Peter Short). The compliment to Spenser in lines 7–8 is repeated in Barnfield's volume in the next poem but one, a piece which is entitled 'A Remembraunce of some English Poets' and opens with the line: 'Live Spenser ever in thy *Fairy Queene.*' Already, in 1595, Barnfield had proved his admiration for Spenser by publishing a poem in the Spenserian stanza, called 'Cynthia', which he described in his preface as 'the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet Maister

[1] In a reprint of Barnfield's volume under the abbreviated title 'Lady Pecunia', in 1605, only two of the eight 'poems in diuers humours' were included. Among the omitted pieces were the two poems which figured in *The Passionate Pilgrim.* From this omission of the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces Collier argued that Barnfield was not their author; that the claim to them advanced in behalf of Shakespeare by the compiler of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was justifiable, and that they were dropped by Barnfield in 1605, in deference to an imaginary protest on the part of the compiler of Jaggard's miscellany. Collier ignored the fact that not the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces alone, but four other of the original eight 'poems in diuers humours' were excluded from the new edition of Barnfield's volume. So wholesale an exclusion undermines Collier's theory, apart from the internal evidence of poetic quality, which entirely negatives Shakespeare's responsibility for the two pieces in question. Cf. Collier's *Bibliographical Account*, i. 57–8; Grosart's Introduction to Barnfield's *Poems* (Roxburghe Club), pp. xxv seq.

Spenser in his Fayrie Queene'. In the last line of Barnfield's sonnet, the words 'One knight loves both' (i. e. Dowland and Spenser) refer to Sir George Carey, who in 1596 succeeded his father as second Baron Hunsdon. To Sir George, Dowland dedicated his *First Book of Ayres* in 1597, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, was a friend and patroness of Spenser, who dedicated to her his 'Muiopotmos' (1590) by way of acknowledging her 'great bounty' to him as well as the tie of kindred between them.

No. XX. Barnfield's Ode.

The fourth item in Barnfield's 'Poems' of 1598 was headed 'An ode'. This is the concluding poem (No. XX), filling the last four pages, of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599. The reproduction in the later volume is again verbatim, save for the substitution of roman letters for a few italics. Although Jaggard here employed a printed text, a private transcript of Barnfield's Ode seems to have strayed into circulation, and that was printed for the first time in *England's Helicon*. There we find a greatly abbreviated version of Barnfield's Ode. The last thirty lines, which figure in both Barnfield's *Poems* and in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, are omitted, and after the twenty-sixth line there is introduced a concluding couplet which is not found in either of the preceding volumes. These two lines run:

> Even so, poor bird like thee,
> None alive will pity me.

Of the twenty-six lines, which appear in all three books, the text in *England's Helicon* varies little from that in the other collections. *England's Helicon* in line 22 reads 'Ruthless beasts they will not cheer you', instead of 'Ruthless Beares', &c., as in both the earlier printed versions.[1]

[1] There was a crude sort of justice in the attribution of Barnfield's verse to another. Thoroughly well read in contemporary poetry, Barnfield had

No. XVII. There is a likelihood that much else in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, besides the two poems which he included in his printed collection of poems, were by Barnfield. At any rate, the seventeenth poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 'My flocks feed not,' may be confidently set to his credit. In three twelve-line stanzas it had appeared anonymously with minor differences of text in 'Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voyces' by the musical composer Thomas Weelkes, which was printed and published by Thomas Este (or East), in 1597. In no instance did Weelkes give the name of the author whose words he set to music. 'My flocks feed not' again appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600) with the new title 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint'. It was immediately

already shown himself an unblushing plagiarist. His popular ode beginning 'As it fell upon a day' secretly levies heavy loans on a poem by a little-known versifier, Francis Sabie. In his 'Pan his Pipe: conteyning three pastorall Eglogues in Englyshe hexameter; with other delightfull verses' (London. Imprinted by Richard Jones, 1595, 4to) Sabie opens his volume thus:—

It was the moneth of May,
All the fields now looked gay,
Little Robin finely sang,
With sweet notes each green wood rang;
Philomene, forgetfull then
Of her rape by Tereus done,
In most rare and joyfull wise
Sent her notes unto the skies:
. . . . .
Fish from chrystall waves did rise
After gnats and little flies:
Little lambs did leape and play
By their dams in medowes gay:

Barnfield was also a silent debtor to Shakespeare, and in two of his earlier works—*The Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) and his narrative poem *Cassandra* (1595)—not merely adopted the common six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, but borrowed many expressions and turns of phrase both from that poem and from Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, as well as apparently from some of Shakespeare's sonnets, which were as yet unpublished and were only circulating in private transcripts.

followed in that anthology by the first half (twenty-six lines out of fifty-six of Barnfield's fully accredited 'Ode'—'As it fell upon a day'), which bore the heading 'Another of *the same* shepherds'. Though the editor of *England's Helicon* appended to the fragment of Barnfield's 'Ode' the signature 'Ignoto', the authorship of those verses is not in doubt. 'The same shepherd' is Barnfield, and there is no valid ground for rejecting the attribution to his pen of the preceding poem, 'My flocks feed not.'

The text in Weelkes' Madrigals, 1597.

It seems unlikely that Jaggard drew the 'copy' of 'My flocks feed not' directly from Weelkes' volume. Apart from three misprints and minor differences in spelling for which Jaggard's printer may be held responsible (e.g. 'nenying' for 'renying', l. 4; 'wowen' for 'women', l. 12; 'blacke' for 'backe', l. 28), there are textual discrepancies between his and Weelkes' versions which suggest that Jaggard employed 'copy' other than that which Weelkes followed. In neither volume are the words carefully printed, and the sense is in both texts difficult to follow. At the end of the first stanza (ll. 11–12), Weelkes reads:—

> For now I see inconstancie
> More in women then *in many men to be*:

Jaggard reads:—

> For now I see, inconstancy,
> More in wowen [i.e. women] then *in men remaine.*

Here the rime with 'dame', though not good, is improved by Jaggard.

In the second stanza, ll. 10–11 appear in Weelkes thus:—

> With howling *noyse* to see my dolfull plight;
> How sighes resound through *harcklesse* ground.

Jaggard reads:—

> In howling *wise*, to see my dolefull plight,
> How sighes resound through *hartles* ground.

In the third stanza Jaggard's text differs from that of Weelkes in nearly every line. For example:—

line 2, Weelkes: Lowde bells ring not cherefully;
Jaggard: Greene plants bring not forth their die.

line 4, Weelkes: Nimphes backcreping
Jaggard: Nimphes blacke [i.e. backe] peeping.

line 9, Weelkes: Farewell, sweet lasse, the like nere was.
Jaggard: Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was.

line 12, Weelkes: Other help for him I know ther's none.
Jaggard: Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

In *England's Helicon.*

The text of this poem in *England's Helicon* follows closely that of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and was doubtless taken from the latter volume direct or from the same manuscript. Misprints are corrected. The only textual change of importance is in the last stanza, line 10, where 'woe' is replaced by 'moane' for the sake of the rime with 'none' in the concluding line.

The text of Harl. MS. 6910.

The poem was clearly very popular, and was constantly copied in 'private' commonplace books. A transcript of it in a contemporary script in the British Museum, Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 156 *b*, without author's name, supplies many readings which differ from the printed versions. These variations are often improvements and probably present the verse in the form that it left the writer's hand. For example, in Stanza 1, l. 6, the four lines read in the manuscript:—

> All my merry Jiggs are *cleane* forgot
> All *my layes of Love* are lost God wot
> Where my *joyes were firmly linkt by* love
> There *annoyes are* placst without remove.

This makes far better sense than Jaggard's:—

> All my merry Iigges are *quite* forgot,
> All *my Ladies loue* is lost (god wot)
> Where *her faith was firmely fixt in* loue,
> There *a nay is* plac't without remoue.

So again in Stanza 2, ll. 9–10, the manuscript reading:—

> *My* sighes so deepe, *doth cause him* to weepe
> *With* houling *noyse* to *wayle* my *woeful* plight.

is superior to Jaggard's:—

> *With* sighes so deepe, *procures* to weepe,
> *In* howling *wise*, to *see* my *dolefull* plight.

In the following line the MS. is probably right in reading 'through Arcadia grounds' for 'through hartles' or 'harcklesse' of the printed copies. In Stanza 3, l. 4, 'nymphs looke peeping' is better than any of the printed readings (i. e. 'back creeping', 'blacke peeping', or 'backe peeping'). Finally, in l. 7,

> Alle our evening sportes from greenes are fled

is more pictorial than:—

> All our euening sport from vs is fled.[1]

No. XIX. Marlowe's lyric.

Shakespeare's tutor in tragedy, Marlowe, may be safely credited with the authorship of the familiar lyric 'Come live with me and be my love', which is the nineteenth piece in the miscellany, and stands fifth in the appendix of 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke'. It is in four alternately riming stanzas. To it is appended a single stanza of like metre, entitled 'Loues answere'; this stanza has been assigned on good grounds to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The four stanzas of the substantive poem reappear in

[1] The last four lines are omitted from the Harleian MS.

England's Helicon, with the addition of two stanzas in the fourth and sixth places, and the whole is signed 'Chr. Marlow'. The presence of these two new stanzas, and the slight variations between the two texts at other points[1], indicate that different manuscripts were employed by the two compilers, and that the editor of *England's Helicon* did not borrow direct from *The Passionate Pilgrim*.[2]

Survival of the tune.

As in the case of the poem 'My flocks feed not', the air to

[1] For example, the two lines 1 and 20 in *England's Helicon* both open with the words 'Come liue with me', instead of with 'Liue with me' (line 1) or 'Then liue with me' (line 16), as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

[2] The lyric enjoyed great popularity in Shakespeare's day. Marlowe somewhat derisively quotes two lines in his *Jew of Malta*, where Ithamore addresses Bellamine:—

> Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
> Shalt live with me and be my love.

Shakespeare also introduces a stanza into the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 17–29, where Sir Hugh Evans hums over the last two lines of the second stanza and the first two of the third. Sir Hugh sings:—

> To shallow rivers to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.
> There will we make our beds of roses
> And a thousand fragrant posies.

There were numerous imitations of the song. One, entitled 'Another of the nature', in *England's Helicon* begins:—

> Come live with me and be my deare
> And we will revill all the yeare,
> In plaines and groves, on hills and dales
> Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

Another by Dr. Donne was called 'The Bait', and opens thus:—

> Come liue with me and be my love
> And we will some new pleasures prove
> Of golden sands and crystal brooks
> With silken lines and silver hooks.

Cf. Donne's *Poems*, 1635, p. 39.

In his *Poste with a packet of Mad Letters*, 1637, 4to, Nicholas Breton attests the continuance of the piece's popularity:—'You shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the side of the pide-cowe: "Come, live with me, and be my love": you know the rest, and so I rest.'

which the lyric was sung was very popular and still survives. A contemporary manuscript version, found by Sir John Hawkins, is given in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare (ed. 1793, vol. iii, p. 402). A ballad, entitled 'Queen Elinor', which is printed in a contemporary anthology, *Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets* (assigned to the ballad writer Thomas Deloney), has the heading 'To the tune of come live with me and be my love', and the air is given in the 1602 edition of the work now at Britwell.[1] One of the 'Lessons for the Lyra Viole' in a music-book of the day, Corkine's *Second booke of Ayres*, 1612, has, as its heading, the first line of the song; only the musical notes follow (G 2 recto–H recto).

Raleigh's 'Answer'.

The four-line stanza which follows 'Come live with me' in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and is called by Jaggard 'Loues answere', also reappears in *England's Helicon*. It is printed there with a single textual variation: *England's Helicon* reads in line 1 'If *all* the world', instead of 'If *that* the world'; but there are added five new stanzas and the whole is entitled 'The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd'. In the printed type the initials 'S. W. R.' (i.e. 'Sir Walter Raleigh') are attached, but these letters were pasted over with a blank slip of paper in most published copies of *England's Helicon*, perhaps in deference to some exceptional protest on Sir Walter's part to the unauthorized inclusion of the piece in the anthology.

Walton's quotations.

To this pair of poems further interest attaches from their quotation (with some original additions) by Izaak

[1] The 1607 edition, which the Percy Society reprinted, mentions the tune (p. 28) without the musical notation. Several contemporary ballads in the Roxburghe Collection are described as written 'To the Tune of Live with me' (cf. Roxburghe Collection, ed. Chappell, i. 162–3, 205). Marlowe's lyric (in six stanzas) appeared as a broadside, headed 'A most Excellent Ditty of the Lover's promises to his beloved To a sweet new Tune called Live with me & be my Love', together with Raleigh's reply under the title 'The Ladies prudent Answer to her Love To the same Tune' (ibid. ii. 3).

Walton in the second chapter of his *Compleat Angler* (1653, pp. 66–7). Walton heads the first song 'The Milkmaid's Song' and describes it as 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe now at least 50 years ago'. Walton's version resembles that in *England's Helicon*, but to the six stanzas which figure there he added in the second (not in the first) edition of his *Compleat Angler* a seventh of his own invention.

The 'Answer', which Walton also cited in his *Compleat Angler*, he drew from *England's Helicon*, and gave it the new title 'The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer'. In the second edition of his *Compleat Angler* he added as in the former case a seventh stanza. Of the second poem Walton wrote that it 'was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days'. The two pieces, Walton adds, 'were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good'.

No. XII. The lyric 'Crabbed age and youth', which fills the twelfth place in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, obtained little less popularity in Elizabethan England than 'Come live with me and be my love'. It was probably in print before Jaggard designed his miscellany. It forms with textual variations the first two stanzas of a long lyric of over one hundred lines in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*. That anthology, which was of the normal type, was, according to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, in existence in 1595.[1] But no earlier edition than that of 1604 is now extant. The *Garland of Good Will* was repeatedly reissued during the seventeenth century, and the song 'Crabbed age and youth'

[1] Nashe wrote in 1595 (cf. his *Works*, ed. McKerrow, iii. 84): 'Euen as *Thomas Deloney* the Balletting Silke-weauer hath rime inough for all myracles, & wit to make a *Garland of good will*.' Deloney died in 1600. Thomas Pavier, the publisher, received on March 1, 1602, an assignment of the copyright 'uppon condicon that yt be no others mans copie'; cf. Arber, iii. 202. Nevertheless Edward White published the edition of 1604.

was reprinted with frequent alterations and additions. Jaggard's version was again drawn from a 'private' copy other than that used by Deloney in any extant edition. Jaggard's text is here the better. Line 4 in Jaggard's text, 'Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare,' is omitted by Deloney. In line 6 Jaggard reads 'Youth is nimble' for Deloney's 'Youth is wild', and in line 10 'my loue is young' for Deloney's 'my lord is young'. 'Crabbed age and youth' was set to music early, but the original air has not survived.[1]

No. XV.

'It was a Lording's daughter,' a ballad or song for music, opens the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', and fills the fifteenth place in the miscellany. Nothing has been discovered respecting it. It narrates the struggle of a man of arms (an Englishman) with a tutor or man of learning for the hand of 'a Lording's daughter', with the result that 'art with armes contending was victor of the day'. It is in the vein of Deloney's ballads and may possibly be from his somewhat halting pen.

Nos. VII, X, XIII, XIV, and XVIII. (Poems in six-lined stanzas).

The remaining five poems, numbered respectively VII, X, XIII, XIV, XVIII, are all in six-lined stanzas, the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. They occupy ten of the thirty-one printed pages of the volume, and confirm the impression given by the four 'Venus and Adonis' sonnets, that Jaggard and Leake were anxious to bring their venture into close touch with Shakespeare's earliest poem. The metre is

[1] Dramatists make frequent reference to the song. William Rowley notes in his play *A Match at Midnight* (1633), how 'the Widdow and my sister sung both one song, and what was't but *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together?*' (Act v, Sc. 1 (4to), Sign. I 2, back). John Ford imitated the song in his *Fancies* (Act iv, Sc. 1) in the lines:—

Crabbed age and youth
  Cannot jump together;
One is like good luck,
  T'other like foul weather.

The piece was included in Percy's *Reliques* (ed. Wheatley, i. 237).

not peculiarly Shakespearean. It is constantly met with not merely in contemporary narrative poetry, but in ballads and lyrics of the popular anthologies, as well as in 'words' for madrigals and part-songs in song-books.[1] But Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was the most notable example of its employment within Jaggard's and Leake's experience.

None of Jaggard's five poems in six-lined stanzas are met with in print elsewhere. All are pitched in a more or less amorous key, and treat without much individuality of the tritest themes of the Elizabethan lyrist.

No. VII ('Fair is my loue') is an indictment of a beautiful mistress's fickleness; No. X ('Sweet rose, faire flower') is an elegy on the premature death of a fair friend; No. XIII ('Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good') is a lament on the evanescence of beauty; No. XIV ('Good night, good rest') is a lover's meditation at night and dawn; No. XVIII ('When as thine eye hath chose the dame') is an ironical lecture on the art of wooing. The sentiment and phraseology of each of these poems can be paralleled as easily as the metre. Greene, who wrote many songs in the six-line stanza, anticipates Jaggard's seventh and thirteenth poems in two lyrics which are inserted in two of his romances, respectively *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588) and *Alcida, Greenes Metamorphosis* (licensed for the press 1588). A song in the former romance begins with the same words as Jaggard's poem No. VII, viz. 'Fair is my loue', and continues in a like strain:—

> Faire is my loue for Aprill is her face,
> Hir louely brests September claimes his part,
> And lordly July in her eyes takes place,

[1] In John Farmer's *First set of English Madrigals*, which appeared in 1599 at the same time as Jaggard's volume, twelve of the seventeen numbers, and in Weelkes' *Madrigals in six parts*, which came out a year later, seven of the ten numbers, are in six-line stanza.

But colde December dwelleth in her heart;
Blest be the months, that sets my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that Month that hindreth my desire.[1]

In Greene's second tract, *Alcida*, the verses beginning:—

Beauty is vaine, accounted but a flowre,
Whose painted hiew fades with the summer sunne.[2]

adumbrate Jaggard's thirteenth poem:—

Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good . . .
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud.[3]

Again, the ironical advice to the wooer, which constitutes Jaggard's poem XVIII, is little more than a repetition of passages in two poems in the six-lined stanza, which were already in print.

[1] Greene's Works, ed. Grosart, vii. 90. [2] Ib. ix. 87.

[3] There are endless Elizabethan poems in the six-lined stanza which are in sentiment and phrase as well as metre hardly distinguishable from this effort of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The stanza numbered xxxiii in the 'Sonnets' appended to J. C.'s *Alcilia*, which appeared in 1595, runs:—

Though thou be fair, think Beauty but a blast!
A morning's dew! a shadow quickly gone!
A painted flower, whose colour will not last!
Time steals away, when least we think thereon.
Most precious time! too wastefully expended;
Of which alone the sparing is commended.

Cf. the sonnet attributed to Surrey in *Tottel's Miscellany* (p. 10), headed 'The frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie', which opens:—

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season.

In Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) was first printed 'An invective against love', which contains the stanza:—

Beauty the flower so fresh, so fair, so gay,
So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste,
As seems it should endure, by right, for aye,
And never be with any storm defaced;
But when the baleful southern wind doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Davison assigns this poem to the unidentified contributor 'A. W.', and it was appropriated by the publisher of the second edition of *England's Helicon* (1614).

In 'Willobie his Auisa' (1594), canto 44, one 'W. S.' is represented as giving in the same metre identical counsel to a love-lorn friend 'H. W.':—

> Apply her still with dyuers thinges
> (For giftes the wysest will deceave)
> Sometymes with gold, sometymes with ringes,
> No tyme nor fit occasion leaue,
> Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,
> These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

The poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* varies little:—

> And to her will frame all thy waies,
> Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
> Where thy desart may merit praise
> By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
> The strongest castle, tower and towne,
> The golden bullet beats it downe.[1]

A contemporary MS. of No. XVIII.

These five poems were certainly derived by Jaggard from 'private' manuscripts, and doubtless many transcripts were in existence in his day in unpublished poetical collections. Only one of these lyrics (No. XVIII) has survived in a contemporary 'copy', but the variations from Jaggard's version are numerous enough to show that he used another and less satisfactory manuscript. Before 1790 Dr. Samuel Lysons lent a contemporary manuscript poetic miscellany, containing a different version, to Malone, who in his edition of 1790 adopted many of its readings. At the sale of Benjamin

[1] 'A Sonnet' (in seven stanzas of six ten-syllabled lines) in the anthology known as Deloney's *Strange Histories or Song of Sonettes* (probably published in 1595, although no earlier edition than that of 1602 is extant) deals in much the same temper with the same topic:—

> Next, shew thyself that thou hast gone to schoole,
> Commende her wit although she be a foole.
> Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud;
> Looke what she sayes for trothe must be aloude.
> If she be sad, look thou as sad as shee;
> But if that she be glad, then joy with merry glee.

Heywood Bright's library in 1884, the MS. passed to Halliwell, who gave in his Folio Shakespeare, vol. xvi, p. 466, a facsimile of the 'very early MS. copy of this poem with many variations'. Halliwell dated the compilation of the poetical miscellany 'some years before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim*'. In the MS., stanzas 3 and 4 change places with stanzas 5 and 6.

For Jaggard's unintelligible l. 4,

As well as fancy (*partyall might*),

the MS. reads: As well as fancy, *partial like.*

In line 12 of the MS.,

And set *thy* person forth to *sell*

is an improvement on Jaggard's

And set *her* person forth to *sale.*

In l. 14 the MS. reads:—

Her cloudy lookes will *clear ere* night

for Jaggard's

Her cloudy lookes will *calme yer* night.

In ll. 43–6 the MS. gives:—

Think, women love to *match* with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; *they* holy *then*
Begin, *when* age *doth* them attaint.

Jaggard's less satisfactory version runs:—

Thinke Women still to *striue* with men,
To sinne and neuer for to saint,
There is no heauen (*by* holy *then*)
When time with age *shall* them attaint.

Finally, in line 51 the MS. reads:—

She will not stick to ringe my eare

and Jaggard reads :—

She will not stick to round me on th' are.

No. XIII. Supposititious MS.

The poem No. XIII ('Beauty is but a vaine') was printed in 1750 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xx, p. 521, under the title 'Beauty's Value by Wm. Shakespeare. From a corrected MS.' This was reprinted with what was claimed to be greater accuracy in the same periodical ten years later (vol. xxx, p. 39). The variations are not important, and have a too pronouncedly eighteenth-century flavour to establish their pretension to greater antiquity. In line 7, where Jaggard reads :—

And as goods lost, are *seld or never* found.

the *Gentleman's Magazine* manuscript reads :—

As goods *when* lost are *wond'rous* seldom found.

To improve the rhymes 'refresh' and 'redress' (at the end of lines 8 and 10 respectively), the 'corrected' manuscript reads awkwardly 'excite' in the first case and 'unite' in the second. There can be little question that search must be made elsewhere for any contemporary illustration of this poem of Jaggard's miscellany.

Theory of Barnfield's authorship of the poems in six-line stanzas.

The authorship of these five poems, which Jaggard first printed from manuscript, can in the present state of the evidence be matter for conjecture only. It is very possible that they are from Barnfield's pen. Barnfield was a voluminous writer, and not all his verse found its way to the printing-press. Much of it circulated in manuscript only, and is still extant in that medium.[1] It is probable, moreover,

[1] Dr. Grosart printed in full, in his edition of Barnfield's *Poems* for the Roxburghe Club, a 'manuscript' commonplace book bearing Barnfield's autograph, which was in the library of Sir Charles Isham of Lamport Hall. The volume contained some previously unprinted poems from Barnfield's pen together with transcripts of others' work. The first page gives, without indication of its

that much of it was entrusted to William Jaggard's brother John, who printed an ample but by no means exhaustive selection from it in 1598. Barnfield's imitative habit of mind rendered the six-lined stanza, which Shakespeare had glorified in his *Venus and Adonis*, a favourite instrument, and the internal quality of the many six-line stanzas in *The Passionate Pilgrim* justifies the theory that Barnfield was their author, at any rate of those of them that are in a serious vein.

IV

Popularity of Jaggard's miscellany.

It may be assumed, although the indications are obscure, that despite its equivocal claims to respectful notice, Jaggard's venture met with success. There is small doubt that the compiler of the popular anthology called *England's Helicon*, which appeared next year, was influenced by the example of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The former printed four of Jaggard's 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', viz. XVI, 'On a day, alack the day', from *Love's Labour's Lost*; XVII, Barnfield's 'My flocks feed not'; XIX, Marlowe's lyric with the reply; XX, Barnfield's 'As it fell upon a day'. Although the editor of *England's Helicon* depended in most cases on different transcripts, the coincidence of his choice and the order which he followed in introducing these four pieces to his reader can hardly be regarded as fortuitous.

The lost second edition.

No copy of a second edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is extant, and there is no clue to the date of its issue.[1] The poet Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the book in 1606, possibly in a second edition. A third edition

The third edition.

source, a Latin quotation from Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 771–4, which describes Tarquin's admiration of Lucrece's beauty. Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* no doubt suggested to Barnfield the transcription of these lines.

[1] See p. 48, *infra*.

was undertaken by the unabashed Jaggard in 1612, when his prosperity was secure and he had become his own printer.

Jaggard's additions to the text.

Exceptional interest attaches to the issue of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612. The volume was now printed at William Jaggard's own press, which he had controlled only since 1605. Jaggard in this reissue bettered his earlier instruction. He enlarged the text to more than twice its original length by the addition of two somewhat long narrative poems in which Shakespeare had no hand. The third edition, in fact, grossly exaggerated the offence of the first in assigning to Shakespeare work by other hands. The additions to the third edition were from *Troia Britanica*, a collection of poetry by a well-known writer, Thomas Heywood. That volume Jaggard had himself published in 1609, contrary, as would appear, to the wish of the author. Heywood proved less complaisant than those whose name and rights were ignored in the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Heywood's *Troia Britanica* 1609.

Jaggard obtained the licence for the publication of Heywood's *Troia Britanica* on December 5, 1608, on somewhat peculiar conditions. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register described the work, without mention of Heywood's name, as 'A booke called *Brytans Troye*', and the exceptional provision was added 'that yf any question or trouble growe hereof. Then he [i. e. Jaggard] shall answere and discharge yt at his owne losse and costes'.[1] When the book duly appeared, Heywood did not question Jaggard's right to publish it, and no strictly legal 'question or trouble' seems to have 'grown thereof'. But Heywood bitterly complained of Jaggard's typographical carelessness. He requested Jaggard to insert a list of 'the infinite faults escaped'. But Jaggard was obdurate and insolently retorted (according to Heywood's statement) that

[1] Arber, iii. 397.

'hee would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the neck of the author'.[1]

Three years later, in 1612, Jaggard inflicted on Heywood the further indignity of filching from *Troia Britanica* translations in verse of two of Ovid's Epistles, which were first published in that volume. He added them to the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, all the contents of which Jaggard continued to assign on the title-page to Shakespeare's pen. Heywood was in no temper to suffer this new injury at Jaggard's hands in silence. In an address to another printer, Nicholas Okes, who published for him his prose *Apology for Actors*, in 1612 (soon after the appearance of the third edition of Jaggard's 'Passionate Pilgrim'), Heywood not only exposed Jaggard's misconduct, but claimed to have interested Shakespeare in the matter. His protest was issued (he declared) in the great dramatist's name as well as in his own. Heywood's words run: 'Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [i. e. *Troia Britanica*] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume (i. e. *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612) under the name of another, [i. e. Shakespeare], which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worth his [i. e. Shakespeare's] patronage under whom he [i. e. Jaggard] hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that altogether unknowne to him presumed to make so bold with his name.'

Shakespeare's alleged protest.

Jaggard was not, as we have seen[2], the only publisher who had made 'so bold with' Shakespeare's name as to put it

[1] Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 62.
[2] See p. 21, note 1.

to books in which he had no hand. But it was characteristic of Shakespeare to ignore the wrongs which Jaggard and Jaggard's colleagues in trade were in the habit of doing himself and other authors. Heywood's statement offers the only extant evidence that Shakespeare deigned to notice the nefarious practices in which the state of the law of copyright enabled Jaggard and his like to indulge with impunity. But Heywood's exposure was not without effect. Jaggard stayed the issue of the volume with the statement on the title-page that all the contents were 'By W. Shakespeare'. He cancelled that title-page and inserted in unsold copies a new one from which Shakespeare's name was expunged. No name was suffered to take the vacant place.

The text of 1612.

Save for the expansion of the simple title of *The Passionate Pilgrim* for mercantile purposes by the addition of the words 'or Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis' and a notification of the inclusion of the translation of Ovid's Epistles, with a change of imprint and date, the old text reappeared in 1612 with very small alteration. The spelling and punctuation were slightly improved (cf. I. 4, 'Spirit' for 'sperite'; XIV. 19, 'ditty' for 'ditte'; 27, 'each' for 'ech'; XVIII. 14, 18, 'ere' for 'yer'; 20, 'thee' for 'the'). But not all the misprints were removed. One or two new ones were introduced (cf. VIII. 7, 'Spencer' for 'Spenser'). The greater number of the pages were left blank as before.[1]

The reprint of 1640.

Once again *The Passionate Pilgrim* was reprinted in the seventeenth century, just twenty-four years after Shakespeare's death. The 'Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent.' of 1640 contains not merely Shakespeare's Sonnets in a different order from that followed in the previous edition of 1609, but scattered through these rearranged Sonnets are all

[1] See p. 14, *supra*.

the pieces in the 1612 edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, including Heywood's *Epistles*, and there are further poems by other pens. The poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* are mingled with the sonnets and miscellaneous poems most capriciously. Each item is given a distinguishing title.[1]

Lintott's reprint of 1709.

The Passionate Pilgrim was not published again during the seventeenth century. In 1709 it was reprinted from the first edition of 1599 by Bernard Lintott in his 'A Collection of Poems, viz. I. Venus and Adonis; II. The Rape of Lucrece; III. The Passionate Pilgrim; IV. Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick by Mr. William Shakespeare'. In this volume *The Passionate Pilgrim* and the 'Sonnets to

[1] The three opening sonnets of Jaggard's miscellany, which appear in the 1640 volume in Jaggard's order and in Jaggard's text, are preceded by thirty-one of Shakespeare's sonnets of 1609. The first is headed 'False beleafe', the second 'A Temptation', and the third 'Fast and loose'. After three more of the sonnets of 1609, there come poems 4 and 5 of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, headed respectively 'A sweet provocation' and 'A constant vow'. These are separated by four more sonnets from Jaggard's poems 6 and 7, which are headed respectively 'Cruell Deceit' and 'The unconstant Lover'. Three more sonnets introduce consecutively Jaggard's Nos. 8 and 9, called respectively 'Friendly concord' and 'Inhumanitie'. After a set of five sonnets come from *The Passionate Pilgrim* Nos. 11, 'Foolish disdaine'; 12, 'Ancient Antipathy'; and 13, 'Beauties valuation'. Two sonnets intervene before No. 10 of Jaggard's series is reached under the title of 'Love's Losse'. Another five sonnets of 1609 appear before Jaggard's No. 14, 'Loath to depart', and yet nine sonnets more before his Nos. 15, 'A Duel'; 16, 'Love-sicke'; 17, 'Love's labour's lost'; and 18, 'Wholesome counsell'. Seventeen sonnets of 1609 cut these off from No. 20, 'As it fell upon a day,' which is called 'Sympathizing love'. The remaining poem, No. 19, of Jaggard's volume (Marlowe's lyric) is separated altogether from its companions by the insertion of sixty-four sonnets; of *The Tale of Cephalus and Procris*; of two more of Shakespeare's sonnets; of five poems by another hand; of *A Lover's Complaint*, and of Heywood's two 'Epistles'. Jaggard's poem, No. 19, is then printed under the title of 'The Passionate Shepheard to his love', as in *England's Helicon*; the text follows that anthology and fills twenty-four lines; the reply follows also in the amplified text of *England's Helicon*, and is succeeded by a poem in imitation of Marlowe from the same source. The remaining twenty-two poems of the volume of 1640 have no concern with *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Sundry Notes' were each introduced by a separate title-page, of which the imprint ran: 'London, Printed in the year 1599.' In the preliminary 'Advertisement' Lintott wrote: 'The Remains of Mr. William Shakespeare call'd *The Passionate Pilgrime* & Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick (at the end of this collection) came into my hands in a little stitch'd Book, printed at *London* for *W. Jaggard* in the year 1599.' Lintott's 'Collection' was reissued next year, with the addition of a second volume supplying a reprint of the original 1609 edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint.* The new title-page was curiously inaccurate as to the date of the first edition of Shakespeare's narrative poems and of *The Passionate Pilgrim.* The words ran: 'A Collection of Poems in Two Volumes: being all The miscellanies of Mr. William Shakespeare, which were Publish'd by himself in the year 1609, and now correctly Printed from these Editions.' There were at least two impressions of this 'Collection in Two Volumes'. In one of these impressions *The Passionate Pilgrim* and 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes' bore the correct date of 1599. In another impression, the title-pages were reprinted with the date changed to 1609. There is no ground for assuming that Lintott knew of an edition, belonging to that year, of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, or of the appended 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes'. The date was invented to agree with that of the first edition of the *Sonnets.*

Gildon's reprint of 1710.

Another collection of Shakespeare's poems followed independently in 1710. This edition formed an unauthorized 'Seventh' or supplementary volume to Rowe's more or less critical edition of Shakespeare's Plays of 1709. This supplement was undertaken by Edmund Curll, the notorious printer-publisher, with the editorial assistance of Charles Gildon. Rowe's publisher, Jacob Tonson, had

no hand in the venture. The contents included, besides *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, miscalled 'Tarquin and Lucrece', the whole of the Poems of 1640, with its clumsy commingling of the *Sonnets, The Passionate Pilgrim, A Lover's Complaint*, and generous extracts from the work of Heywood and others. Gildon bestowed on this part of his volume (pp. 111–256) the alternative titles of 'His [i.e. Shakespeare's] Miscellany Poems' or 'Poems on Several Occasions'. In a critical essay on Shakespeare's poems (p. 449) he taunted Lintott's 'wise editor' with the 'absurd incoherency' of his very accurate reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim.* The censorious Gildon, ignorant of the existence of the original editions of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, denounced Lintott for throwing 'into a heap without any distinction', 'a medley of Shakespeare's [verses] tho' they are on several and different subjects.' A factitious value attached in Gildon's eyes to the capricious order which was allotted to the contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, and to the separate titles which were there bestowed on the scattered items.

Later eighteenth-century reprints of the 1640 edition.

Gildon's editorial procedure was followed in five succeeding reissues of Shakespeare's *Poems* which were undertaken during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century. The *Passionate Pilgrim* was published with the *Sonnets* and the usual mass of irrelevant verse, in the collection of the poems 'revised by Dr. Sewell', which formed a seventh volume supplementary to Pope's edition of the plays in 1725; in a concluding seventh volume of an edition of Shakespeare's Plays which appeared in Dublin in 16mo in 1771; in the concluding ninth volume of 'Bell's Edition of Shakespeare's Plays' (London, 1774, 12°), as well as in two independent publications: 'Poems on several occasions by

Shakespeare' (London, without date, 1760? 12°) and 'Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare' (London, 1778, 8°). No notice was taken of any of Shakespeare's poems in the editions of his plays by Theobald, Hanmer, Johnson, Warburton, and Steevens (1778). *The Passionate Pilgrim* was not restored to its independence till Malone edited Shakespeare's poems in 1780 in his 'Supplement' to the 1778 edition of Shakespeare's Plays, where *The Passionate Pilgrim* fills pp. 709–36.[1] Malone omitted the two sonnets by Shakespeare and the nineteenth poem on the ground that that piece was by Marlowe; he added two pieces which were not in the original edition—the two stanzas of the song:

Malone's restoration of the text of the original edition.

Take, oh! take those lips away

(of which the first stanza in *Measure for Measure* is alone by Shakespeare, the second being by Fletcher) and the enigmatic poem on *The Phoenix and Turtle*, which was assigned to Shakespeare in Chester's 'Loves Martyr', 1601. Both these pieces had been included in the *Poems* of 1640 and the many reissues of that volume. Of the eighteen pieces which Malone printed from the original edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* he remarked: 'Most of these little pieces bear the strongest marks of the hand of Shakespeare,' though he admitted the possibility that one or two 'might have crept in that were

[1] At page iv of his Advertisement in Vol. i Malone wrote:—'Though near a century and a half has elapsed since the death of Shakespeare, it is somewhat extraordinary, that none of his various editors should have attempted to separate his genuine poetical compositions from the spurious performances with which they have been so long intermixed, or taken the trouble to compare them with the earliest editions. Shortly after his death, a very incorrect impression of his poems was issued out, which in every subsequent edition has been implicitly followed.' Dr. Richard Farmer first pointed out in his 'Essay on Shakespeare's Learning' (1766) that Heywood and not Shakespeare was the translator of Ovid's Epistles and of 'all the other translations which have been printed in the modern editions of the Poems of Shakespeare'.

not the production of our author'. In most of the editions of Shakespeare subsequent to the appearance of Malone's 'Supplement' *The Passionate Pilgrim* has been accorded an independent place at the end of the poems.

V

The Passionate Pilgrim reached three editions. Of the second no copy is known, and of the first and third only two in each instance are traceable. Of these four copies, two are in public libraries and two are in private hands. All are in England. Census of copies.

The first edition was issued in very small octavo. The signatures run A–D 8 in eights. Only A, A 3, A 4, B, B 3, C, D are noted. The leaves number thirty-two. There is no pagination. The first leaf, in the middle of which appears the signature A, and the last leaf, which is unsigned, are blank. A curious feature of the book is the circumstance that of the twenty-eight leaves which contain the text, twenty-five bear type on one side—the front side—only. The three concluding leaves, D 5, D 6, D 7, alone have type on both sides. On C 3 appears a second title:—SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-|hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599. | As in many other small books of poetry of the period, each page of print has two linear ornaments—one above and another below the type. FIRST EDITION, 1599. Description.

Of the two extant copies of the first edition of 1599, one is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the other in the Christie Miller Library at Britwell.

The Capell copy measures $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$. Its state is somewhat dirty, and the date on the second title-page has been No. I. The Capell copy, 1599.

FIRST EDITION, 1599.

cut off by the binder. With it is bound up the 1620 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which it follows. There is an old MS. note at the end of the book running, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' This copy, which once belonged to 'Honest Tom Martin' of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford (1697–1771), has his autograph signature. It was reproduced in photo-lithography in 1883 in the Shakspere-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10, with an introduction by Professor Dowden.

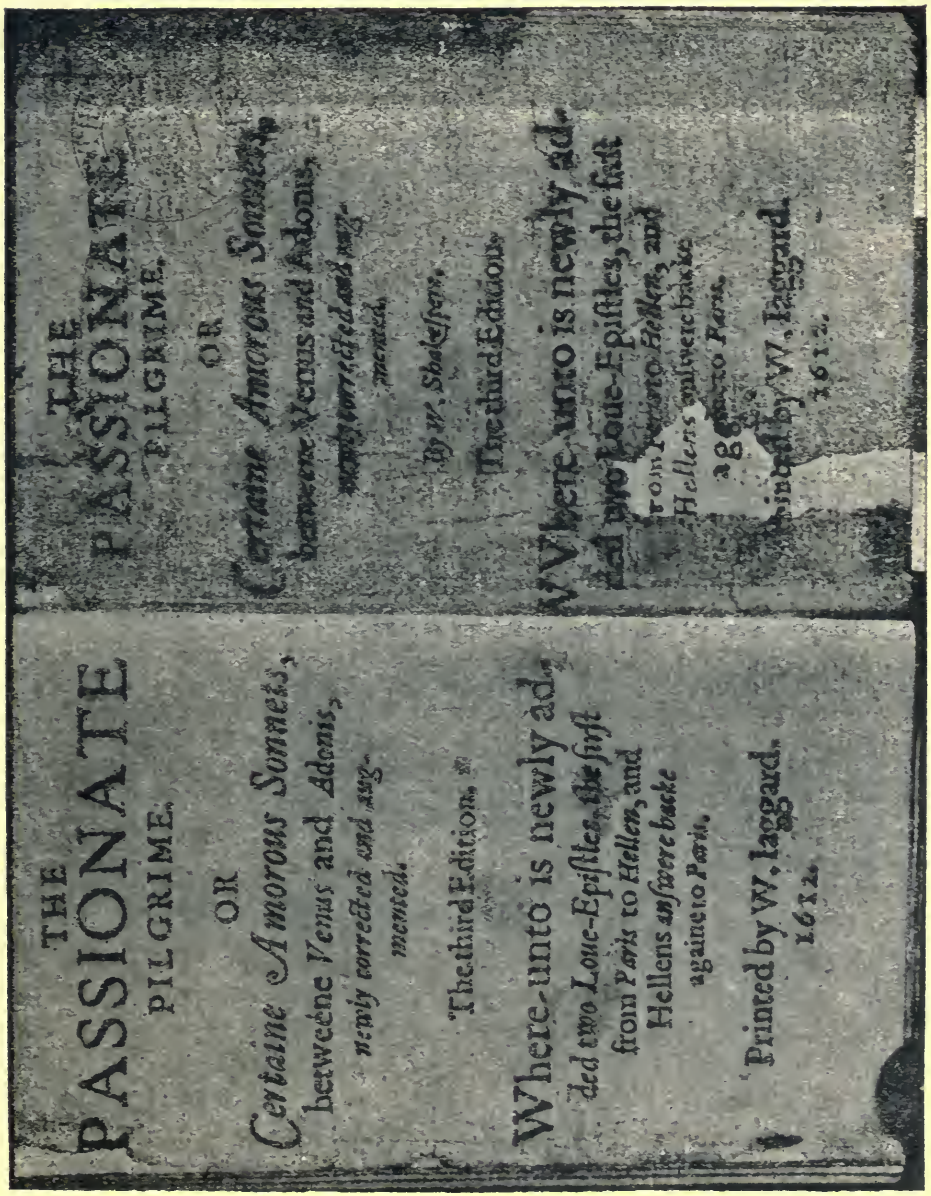
No. II. The Britwell copy, 1599.

The Britwell copy was purchased in 1895 by Mr. Wakefield Christie Miller (died three years later) from Sir Charles Isham, Bart., of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. This copy was discovered by Mr. Charles Edmonds in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall in September, 1867. It is bound in a vellum cover, probably of contemporary date, between two other poetical tracts, viz.:—William Leake's 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, of which no other copy is known, and an undated edition of '*The Epigrammes and Elegies by I. D. and C. M.*' (i.e. Sir John Davies and Christopher Marlowe). This copy measures $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ and is in very clean condition. It is here reproduced in photographic facsimile for the first time by kind permission of Mrs. Christie Miller. A typed reproduction edited by Mr. Charles Edmonds was published in a limited edition of 131 copies, together with the two tracts with which it is bound up, in 1870.

THIRD EDITION, 1612.

The third edition is enlarged to sixty-four leaves by the unwarranted addition of Heywood's rendering of two of Ovid's Epistles. The title runs:—THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | OR | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets*, | *betweene* Venus *and* Adonis, | *newly corrected and aug-*| *mented.* | *By W. Shakespere.* | The third Edition. | Where-unto is newly ad-|ded two Loue-Epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellens* answere backe againe to *Paris.* | Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612. |

The text of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was set up again with small alteration. Rather more italic type was used in the new composition. The signatures of the enlarged volume ran from A–H 8 in eights. The first and last leaves were blank,



THE
PASSIONATE
PILGRIME.
OR
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betweene *Venus* and *Adonis,*
newly corrected and aug-
mented.
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Printed by W. Iaggard.
1612.

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mented.
By W. Shakespere.
The third Edition.
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ded two Loue-Epistles, the first
from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and
Hellens answere backe
againe to *Paris.*
Printed by W. Iaggard.
1612.

THIRD EDITION, 1612.

and there was no pagination. The reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim* followed the example of the original edition in leaving the *verso* of the leaves blank through the first three sheets A–C. Sheet D was differently treated. The type was set on both sides of the page, with the result that the text ended on the *verso* of D5, and did not reach as in the first edition the *verso* of D7. The second title reappears on C3, with the altered date 1612, thus:—

Sonnets: To sundry Notes of Musicke [scroll device] At London Printed by W. Iaggard 1612.

No. III. Bodleian copy, 1612.

The Bodleian copy, which measures $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{16}''$, is in the Malone collection. It is numbered Malone 328, and bears a manuscript note signed 'E. M.' and dated October 22, 1785. Malone there points out that Heywood's translations from Ovid were generally assumed to be by Shakespeare until Dr. Farmer noted their true authorship in 1766. The copy is peculiar in having two title-pages, of which one has the words *By W. Shakespere*, in the central space, and the other is without them. There is no question that Shakespeare's name was removed by the publisher Jaggard, at the request either of Shakespeare or of Heywood, and that the title-page bearing Shakespeare's name was cancelled and another substituted to accompany late impressions of the book. By a happy accident the two titles survive together in Malone's copy. The title which lacks Shakespeare's name is not known to be extant anywhere else.

No. IV. The Loveday copy, 1612.

The second copy, which measures $4\frac{11}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{16}''$, belongs to Mr. John E. T. Loveday of Williamscote, near Banbury. The title-page has in the centre the words *By W. Shakespere.* The existence of this copy was only made known in 1882. It was originally bound in rough calf with five other rare tracts of contemporary date. *The Passionate Pilgrim* occupied the second place. The volume bore on the fly-leaf the words:

'e libris Jac: Merrick
e. coll. Tr: Oxon
1738'

The inscription is in the handwriting of the former owner,

James Merrick, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, who made some reputation in his day as a religious poet and classical and biblical scholar. Merrick died in 1769, within three days of his forty-ninth birthday, and left this, with many other scarce and valuable books, to his friend John Loveday of Williamscote (1711–89), great-grandfather of the present owner. The *Passionate Pilgrim* and the five accompanying tracts have been lately separately bound in morocco and are kept together in a case of the same material.[1]

THIRD EDITION, 1612.

[1] Mr. Loveday, who carefully described his copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* and the rare tracts (originally bound with them) in *Notes and Queries* (Aug. 12, 1882), sixth ser. vol. vi, kindly gave me the opportunity of making a personal examination of them. The accompanying tracts are in the order in which they were originally bound together, as follows :—

1. The Picture of Incest Lively Portraicted in the Historie of Cinyras and Myrrha. By James Gresham. London Printed for R. A. 1626.

3. The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and death of that thrice valiant Capitaine, and most godly Martyr Sir John Oldcastle Knight Lord Cobham. Printed by V. S. for William Wood 1601.

4. The Kings Prophecie : or Weeping Joy. Expressed in a Poeme, to the Honor of Englands too great Solemnities. Jos : Hall London : Printed by T. C. for Symon Waterson. Reprinted for Roxburghe Club by Mr. J. E. T. Loveday.

5. Britain's Ida. Written by that Renowned Poet, Edmond Spencer. London : Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Britaines Bursse. 1628.

6. John Marston's The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satyres. Perseus. Nec scompros [*sic*] metuentia carmina, nec thus. At London. Printed by I. R., and are to be sold by John Busbie, in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane, 1598.

The last three tracts have linear ornaments at the top and bottom of each page of text, as in *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

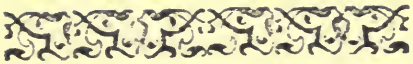
A

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

By W. Shakespeare.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.
1599.

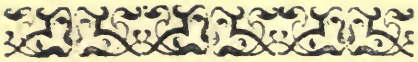
WHen my Loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I doe beleeue her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome vntutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credite her falſe ſpeaking toung,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my Loue that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loues beſt habite is a ſoothing toung,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.
Therfore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus ſmother'd be.



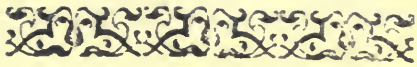
TWo Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Despaire,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

DId not the heauenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainſt whom the world could not hold argumẽt,
Perſwade my hart to this falſe periurie:
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore: but I will proue
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradiſe?

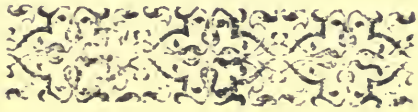
SWeet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, lously, fresh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him stories, to delight his eares.
She shew'd him fauors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refusde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and least, at euery gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.



IF Loue make me forſworn, how ſhal I ſwere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile conſtant proue,
thoſe thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eies,
where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art can comprehend:
It knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice:
Well learned is that toung that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye loues lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadfull thunder,
which (not to anger bent) is muſick & ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To ſing heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly toung.



SCarſe had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne,
And ſcarſe the heard gone to the hedge for ſhade:
When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vſde to coole his ſpleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approch, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him:
He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh LOVE (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?



FAire is my loue, but not ſo faire as fickle.
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor truſtie,
Brighter then glaſſe, and yet as glaſſe is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron ruſty:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe ioyned,
Betweene each kiſſe her othes of true loue ſwearing:
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coyned,
Dreading my loue, the loſſe whereof ſtill fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieaſtings.

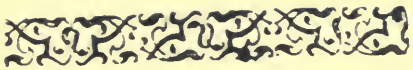
She burnt with loue, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as ſoone as ſtraw out burneth:
She fram d the loue, and yet ſhe foyl d the framing,
She bad loue laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

IF Muſicke and ſweet Poetrie agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the brother)
Then muſt the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whoſe heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauiſh humane ſenſe:
Spenſer to me, whoſe deepe Conceit is ſuch,
As paſsing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'ſt to heare the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Muſicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himſelfe to ſinging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.

FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for ſorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons ſake, a youngſter proud and wilde,
Her ſtand ſhe takes vpon a ſteepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She ſilly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he ſhould not paſſe thoſe grounds,
Once (quoth ſhe) did I ſee a faire ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a ſpectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth ſhe) here was the ſore,
She ſhewed hers, he ſaw more wounds then one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

SWeet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring:
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou leftst me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou leftst me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.



VEnus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould vſe like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Ages breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.

BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A brittle glasse, that's broken presently.
A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are seld or neuer found,
As vaded glosse no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glasse no symant can redresse.
So beauty blemisht once, for euer lost,
In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.

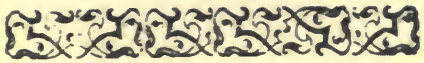
Good night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangde with care:
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile.
In ſcorne or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether
T'may be ſhe ioyd to teaſt at my exile,
T'may be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord

Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth scite each mouing scence from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eies.
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And with her layes were tuned like e the larke.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And driues away darke dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post vnto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished sight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, she sight, and bad me come to morrow.



Were I with her, the night would post too soone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To spite me now, ech minute seemes an houre,
Yet not for me, thine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow

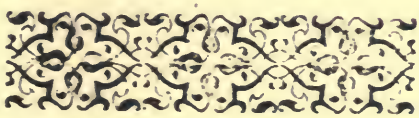
SONNETS

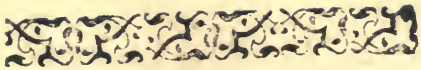
To ſundry notes of Muſicke.

AT LONDON
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are
to be ſold by W. Leake, at the Grey-
hound in Paules Churchyard.
1599.

IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her master, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie coul
Her fancie fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue dis
To leaue the maister loueless, or kill the gallant knight
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite
Vnto the silly damsell.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vsed, to turne them both to gain
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with dis
Alas she could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the mard away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my song is ended.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue whose month was euer May.
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the velluet leaues the wind
All vnseene gan passage find,
That the louer (sicke to death)
Wisht himselfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph so
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whome Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny himselfe for Ioue
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

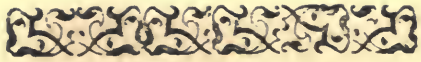




MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amis:
Loue is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts nenying, cauſer of this.
All my merry Iigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is loſt (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac t without remoue.
One ſilly croſſe, wrought all my loſſe,
O frowning fortune curſed fickle dame,
For now I ſee, inconſtancy,
More in wowen then in men remaine.

In blacke morne I, all feares ſcorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell ſpeeding, fraughted with gall.
My ſhepheards pipe can ſound no deale,
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plaies not at all but ſeemes afraid.
With ſighes ſo deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my dolefull plight,
How ſighes reſound through hartles ground
Like a thouſand vanquiſht men in bloudie fight.

Cleare wels ſpring not, ſweete birds ſing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards ſtands weeping, flocks all ſleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleaſure knowne to vs poore ſwaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,
All our euening ſport from vs is fled,
All our loue is loſt, for loue is dead,
Farewell ſweet loue thy like nere was,
For a ſweet content the cauſe of all my woe,
Poore Coridon muſt liue alone,
Other helpe for him I ſee that there is none.



When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partyall might)
Take counsell of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

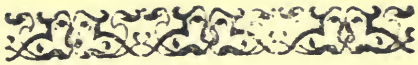
And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,
Least the some subtill practise smell,
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,
But plainly say thou lovst her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cleudy lookes will caline yer night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight.
  And twice desire yer it be day,
  That which with scorne she put away.

What though she striue to try her strength,
And ban and braule, and say the nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
  Had women beene so strong as men
  In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will ſrame all thy waies,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe
By ringiug in thy Ladies eare,
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

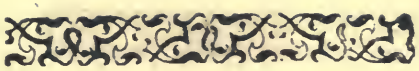
Serue alwaies with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Vnleſſe thy Lady proue vniuſt,
Preaſe neuer thou to chuſe a new:
When time ſhall ſerue, be thou not ſlacke,
To proffer thongh ſhe put thee back.



The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Dissembled with an outward shew:
The tricks and coyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads thē shall not know,
Haue you not heard it said full ott,
A Womans nay doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to striue with men,
To sinne and neuer for to faint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

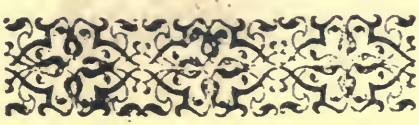
But soft enough, too much I feare,
Least that my mistresse heare my song,
She will not stick to round me on th'eare,
To teach my toung to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To heare her secrets so bewraid.



Liue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue.
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.



A belt of ſtraw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Claſps and Amber ſtuds,
And if theſe pleaſures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Lones anſwere.

IF that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in euery ſhepheards toung,
These pretty pleaſures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Euery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the doleful'st Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.

Whilst as fickle Fortune ſmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſerie:
Words are eaſie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vse his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:
Thus of euery griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
These are certaine signes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

1609

FACSIMILE

LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES SONNETS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1609

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

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FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1609

I

THOUGH Shakespeare's sonnets are unequal in literary merit, many reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy which are not to be matched elsewhere in poetry. Numerous lines like General characteristics.

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy

or

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

seem to illustrate the perfection of human utterance. If a few of the poems sink into inanity beneath the burden of quibbles and conceits, others are almost overcharged with the mellowed sweetness of rhythm and metre, the depth of thought and feeling, the vividness of imagery, and the stimulating fervour of expression which are the finest fruits of poetic power.[1]

[1] This preface mainly deals with the bibliographical history of the sonnets, and the problems involved in the circumstances of their publication. In regard to the general significance of the poems—their bearing on Shakespeare's biography and character or their relations to the massive sonnet literature of the day, at home and abroad—I only offer here a few remarks and illustrations supplementary to what I have already written on these subjects in my *Life of Shakespeare*, fifth edition, 1905, or in the Introduction to the *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904 (Constable's reissue of Arber's English Garner). The abundant criticism which has been lavished on my already published comments has not modified my faith in the justice of my general position or in the fruitfulness of my general line of investigation. My friend Canon Beeching has, in reply to my strictures, ably restated the 'autobiographic' or 'literal' theory in his recent edition of the sonnets (1904), but it seems to me that he attaches insufficient weight to Shakespeare's habit of mind elsewhere, and to the customs and conventions of contemporary literature, especially to those which nearly touch the relations commonly subsisting among Elizabethan authors, patrons, and publishers. Canon Beeching's

The interpretation.

The sonnets, which number 154, are not altogether of homogeneous character. Several are detached lyrics of impersonal application. But the majority of them are addressed to a man, while more than twenty towards the end are addressed to a woman.[1] In spite of the vagueness of intention which envelops some of the poems, and the slenderness of the links which bind together many consecutive sonnets, the whole collection is well calculated to create the illusion of a series of earnest personal confessions. The collection has consequently been often treated as a self-evident excerpt from the poet's autobiography.

In the bulk of the sonnets the writer professes to describe his infatuation with a beautiful youth and his wrath with a disdainful mistress, who alienates the boy's affection and draws him into dissolute courses. But any strictly literal or autobiographic interpretation has to meet a formidable array of difficulties. Two general objections present themselves on the threshold of the discussion. In the first place, the autobiographic interpretation is to a large extent in conflict with the habit of mind and method of work which are disclosed in the rest of Shakespeare's achievement. In the second place, it credits the poet with humiliating experiences of which there is no hint elsewhere.

Shakespeare's dramatic habit of mind.

On the first point, little more needs saying than that Shakespeare's mind was dominated and engrossed by genius for drama, and that, in view of his supreme mastery of dramatic

comments on textual or critical points, which lie outside the scope of the controversy, seem to me acute and admirable.

[1] It is not clear from the text whether all the sonnets addressed to a man are inscribed to the same person. Mingled, too, with those addressed to a man, are a few which offer no internal evidence whereby the sex of the addressee can be determined, and, when detached from their environment, were invariably judged by seventeenth and eighteenth-century readers to be addressed to a woman.

power, the likelihood that any production of his pen should embody a genuine piece of autobiography is on *a priori* grounds small. Robert Browning, no mean psychologist, went as far as to assert that Shakespeare 'ne'er so little' at any point of his work left his 'bosom's gate ajar', and declared him incapable of unlocking his heart 'with a sonnet-key'. That the energetic fervour which animates many of Shakespeare's sonnets should bear the living semblance of private ecstasy or anguish, is no confutation of Browning's view. No critic of insight has denied all tie of kinship between the fervour of the sonnets and the passion which is portrayed in the tragedies. The passion of the tragedies is invariably the dramatic or objective expression, in the vividest terms, of emotional experience, which, however common in human annals, is remote from the dramatist's own interest or circumstance. Even his two narrative poems, as Coleridge pointed out, betray 'the utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst'. Certainly the intense passion of the tragedies is never the mere literal presentment of the author's personal or subjective emotional experience, nor does it draw sustenance from episodes in his immediate environment. The personal note in the sonnets may well owe much to that dramatic instinct which could reproduce intuitively the subtlest thought and feeling of which man's mind is capable.

The particular course and effect of the emotion, which Shakespeare portrayed in drama, were usually suggested or prescribed by some story in an historic chronicle or work of fiction. The detailed scheme of the sonnets seems to stand on something of the same footing as the plots of his plays. The sonnets weave together and develop with the finest poetic and dramatic sensibility themes which

had already served, with inferior effect, the purposes of poetry many times before. The material for the subject-matter and the suggestion of the irregular emotion of the sonnets lay at Shakespeare's command in much literature by other pens. The obligation to draw on his personal experiences for his theme or its development was little greater in his sonnets than in his dramas. Hundreds of sonneteers had celebrated, in the language of love, the charms of young men—mainly by way of acknowledging their patronage in accordance with a convention which was peculiar to the period of the Renaissance. Thousands of poets had described their sufferings at the hands of imperious beauty. Others had found food for poetry in stories of mental conflict caused by a mistress's infidelity or a friend's coolness.[1] The spur of example never failed to incite Shakespeare's dramatic muse to activity, and at no period of literary history was the presentation of amorous adventures more often essayed in sonnets than by Shakespeare's poetic contemporaries at home and abroad during the last decade of the sixteenth century. It goes without saying that Shakespeare had his own experience of the emotions incident to love and friendship or that that experience added point and colour to his verse. But his dramatic genius absolved him of the need

[1] The conflicts between the claims of friend and mistress on the affections, and the griefs incident to the transfer of a mistress's attentions to a friend—recondite topics which are treated in Shakespeare's sonnets—seem no uncommon themes of Renaissance poetry. Clement Marot, whose work was very familiar to Spenser and other Elizabethan writers, in complicated verse headed 'A celle qui souhaita Marot aussi amoureux d'elle qu'un sien Amy' (*Œuvres*, 1565?, p. 437), describes himself in a situation resembling that which Shakespeare assigns to the 'friend' of his sonnets. Being solicited in love by his comrade's mistress, Marot warns her of the crime against friendship to which she prompts him, and, less complacent than Shakespeare's 'friend', rejects her invitation on the ground that he has only half a heart to offer her, the other half being absorbed by friendship.

of seeking his cue there exclusively. It was not in his nature (to paraphrase Browning again) to write merely for the purpose of airing his private woes and perplexities.

Shakespeare acknowledged in his plays that 'the truest poetry is the most feigning'. The exclusive embodiment in verse of mere private introspection was barely known to his era, and in these words the dramatist paid an explicit tribute to the potency in poetic literature of artistic impulse and control contrasted with the impotency of personal sensation, which is scarcely capable of discipline. To few of the sonnets can a controlling artistic impulse be denied by criticism. The best of them rank with the richest and most concentrated efforts of Shakespeare's pen. To pronounce them, alone of his extant work, free of that 'feigning', which he identified with 'the truest poetry', is tantamount to denying his authorship of them, and to dismissing them from the Shakespearean canon.

The alleged morbidity of the sonnets.

The second general objection which is raised by the theory of the sonnets' autobiographic significance can be stated very briefly. A literal interpretation of the poems credits the poet with a moral instability which is at variance with the tone of all the rest of his work, and is rendered barely admissible by his contemporary reputation for 'honesty'. Of the 'pangs of despised love' for a woman, which he professes to suffer in the sonnets, nothing need be said in this connexion. But a purely literal interpretation of the impassioned protestations of affection for a 'lovely boy', which course through the sonnets, casts a slur on the dignity of the poet's name which scarcely bears discussion. Of friendship of the healthy manly type, not his plays alone, but the records of his biography, give fine and touching examples. All his dramatic writing, as well as his two narrative poems and the testimonies of his intimate associates in life, seems to prove

him incapable of such a personal confession of morbid infatuation with a youth, as a literal interpretation discovers in the sonnets.

The comparative study of sonnet literature.

It is in the light not merely of aesthetic appreciation but of contemporary literary history that Shakespeare's sonnets must be studied, if one hopes to reach any conclusions as to their precise significance which are entitled to confidence. No critic of his sonnets is justified in ignoring the contemporary literary influences to which Shakespeare, in spite of his commanding genius, was subject throughout his extant work. It is well to bear in mind that Elizabethan sonneteers, whose number was legion, habitually levied heavy debts not only on the great masters of this form of verse in Italy and France, who invented or developed it, but on contemporary foreign practitioners of ephemeral reputation. Nor should it be forgotten that the Elizabethan reading public repeatedly acknowledged a vein of artificiality in this naturalized instrument of English poetry, and pointed out its cloying tendency to fantastic exaggeration of simulated passion.[1]

Tasso and the language of love.

Of chief importance is it to realize that the whole vocabulary of affection—the commonest terms of endearment—often carried with them in Renaissance or Elizabethan poetry, and especially in Renaissance and Elizabethan sonnets, a poetic value that is wholly different from any that they bear to-day. The example of Tasso, the chief representative of the Renaissance on the continent of Europe in Shakespeare's day, shows with singular lucidity how the language of love was suffered deliberately to clothe the conventional relations of poet to

[1] Impatience was constantly expressed with the literary habit of 'Oiling a saint with supple sonneting', which was held to be of the essence of the Elizabethan sonnet (cf. J. D.'s *Epigrammes*, 1598, Sonnet II at end, headed 'Ignoto', and the other illustrations of contemporary criticism of sonnets in my *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 111–12).

a helpful patron. Tasso not merely recorded in sonnets an apparently amorous devotion for his patron, the Duke of Ferrara, which is only intelligible in its historical environment, but he also carefully describes in prose the precise sentiments which, with a view to retaining the ducal favour, he sedulously cultivated and poetized. In a long prose letter to a later friend and patron, the Duke of Urbino, he wrote of his attitude of mind to his first patron thus[1]: 'I confided in him, not as we hope in men, but as we trust in God. . . . It appeared to me, so long as I was under his protection, fortune and death had no power over me. Burning thus with devotion to my lord, as much as man ever did with love to his mistress, I became, without perceiving it, almost an idolater. I continued in Rome and in Ferrara many days and months in the same attachment and faith.' With illuminating frankness Tasso added: 'I went so far with a thousand acts of observance, respect, affection, and almost adoration, that at last, as they say the courser grows slow by too much spurring, so his [i.e. the patron's] goodwill towards me slackened, because I sought it too ardently.' There is practical identity between the alternations of feeling which find touching voice in many of the sonnets of Shakespeare and those which colour Tasso's confession of his intercourse with his Duke of Ferrara. Both poets profess for a man a lover-like idolatry. Both attest the hopes and fears, which his favour evokes in them, with a fervour and intensity of emotion which it was only in the power of great poets to feign.

Poetic protestations of love for Queen Elizabeth.

That the language of love was in common use in Elizabethan England among poets in their intercourse with those who appreciated and encouraged their literary genius, is convincingly illustrated by the mass of verse which was addressed

[1] Tasso, *Opere*, Pisa, 1821–32, vol. xiii, p. 298.

to the greatest of all patrons of Elizabethan poetry—the Queen. The poets who sought her favour not merely commended the beauty of her mind and body with the semblance of amorous ecstasy; they carried their professions of 'love' to the extreme limits of realism. They seasoned their notes of adoration with reproaches of inconstancy and infidelity, which they couched in the peculiarly intimate vocabulary that is characteristic of genuinely thwarted passion.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh offers especially vivid evidence of the assurance with which the poetic client offered his patron the homage of varied manifestations of amoristic sentiment. He celebrated his devotion to the Queen in a poem, called *Cynthia*, consisting of twenty-one books, of which only the last survives.[1] The tone of such portion as is extant is that of ecstatic love which is incapable of restraint. At one point the poet reflects

> [How] that *the eyes of my mind* held her beams
> In every part transferred by *love's swift thought*;
> Far off or near, *in waking or in dreams*
> *Imagination strong their lustre brought.*
> Such force *her angelic appearance* had
> To *master distance*, time or cruelty.

> Raleigh's simulated passion rendered him
> intentive, *wakeful*, and dismayed,
> In fears, *in dreams*, in feverous jealousy.[2]

[1] The date of Raleigh's composition is uncertain; most of the poem was probably composed about 1594. 'Cynthia' is the name commonly given the Queen by her poetic admirers. Spenser, Barnfield, and numerous other poets accepted the convention.

[2] With some of the italicized words, passages in Shakespeare's sonnets may be compared, e.g.:—

XXVII. 9–10. . . . my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view.

XLIII. 11–12. When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay.

The obsequious dependant and professional suitor declares himself to be a sleepless lover, sleepless because of the cruelty

XLIV. 1–2. If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way.
LXI. 1–2. Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Similarly Spenser wrote of Queen Elizabeth in 1591 in his *Colin Clouts come home againe* with a warmth that must mislead any reader who closes his ears and eyes to the current conventions of amorous expression. Here are some of his assurances of regard (ll. 472–80):—

To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
And I hers ever only, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to be,
One ever I and others never none.

As in Raleigh's case, Spenser draws attention to his sufferings as his patron's lover by night as well as by day. To take a third of a hundred instances that could be adduced of the impassioned vein of poetic addresses to Queen Elizabeth, Richard Barnfield wrote a volume of poems called (like Raleigh's poem) *Cynthia*, in honour of his sovereign (published in 1595). In a prefatory address he calls the Queen 'his mistress'. Much high-strung panegyric follows, and he reaches his climax of adoring affection in a brief ode attached to the main poem. There he describes how, after other adventures in the fields of love, 'Eliza' has finally written her name on his heart 'in characters of crimson blood'. Her fair eyes have inflicted on him a fatal wound. The common note of familiarity in a poet's addresses to patrons is well illustrated by the fluency of style in which Barnfield professes his affection for the Queen:—

Her it is, for whom I mourne;
Her, for whom my life I scorne;
Her, for whom I weepe all day;
Her, for whom I sigh, and say,
Either She, or els no creature,
Shall enioy my loue: whose feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet shall my true loue remaine:
Till (my body turned to clay)
My poore soule must passe away,
To the heauens; where (I hope)
Hit shall finde a resting scope:
Then since I loued thee (alone)
Remember me when I am gone.

of his mistress in refusing him her old favours. In vain he tries to blot out of his mind the joys of her past kindness and to abandon the hopeless pursuit of her affection. He is 'a man distract', who, striving and raging in vain to free himself from strong chains of love, merely suffers 'change of passion from woe to wrath'. The illusion of genuine passion could hardly be produced with better effect than in lines like these:—

> The thoughts of past times, *like flames of hell*,
> Kindled afresh within my memory
> The many dear achievements that befell
> In those prime years and infancy of love.

It was in the vein of Raleigh's addresses to the Queen that Elizabethan poets habitually sought, not her countenance only, but that of her noble courtiers. Great lords and great ladies alike—the difference of sex was disregarded—were repeatedly assured by poetic clients that their mental and physical charms excited in them the passion of love. Protestations of affection, familiarly phrased, were clearly encouraged in their poetic clients by noble patrons.[1] Nashe, a typical Elizabethan, who was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit and temper of the times, bore (in 1595) unqualified witness to the poetic practice when he wrote of Gabriel Harvey, who religiously observed all current conventions in his relations with patrons:—

Harvey's love-poems to Sir Philip Sidney.

'I haue perused vearses of his, written vnder his owne hand to *Sir Philip Sidney*, wherein he courted him as he were another Cyparissus or Ganimede; the last *Gordian* true loues knot or knitting up of them is this:—

[1] The two sonnets which accompanied Nashe's gift to the young Earl of Southampton of an obscene poem called *The choosing of Valentines*, sufficiently indicate the tone of intimacy which often infected 'the dedicated words which writers used' when they were seeking or acknowledging patrons' favours.

Sum iecur, ex quo te primum, Sydneie, vidi;
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare iecur.

All liver am I, Sidney, since I saw thee;
My mouth, eyes, rule it and to loue doth draw mee.[1]

All the verse, which Elizabethan poets conventionally affirmed to be fired by an amorous infatuation with patrons, was liable to the like biting sarcasm from the scoffer.[2] But no satiric censure seemed capable of stemming the tide of passionate adulation, in what Shakespeare himself called 'the liver vein', which in his lifetime flowed about the patrons of Elizabethan poetry. Until comparatively late in the seventeenth century there was ample justification for Sir Philip Sidney's warning of the flattery that awaited those who patronized poets and poetry: 'Thus doing you shall be [hailed as] most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; thus doing, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice.' There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, always prone to follow the contemporary fashion, yielded to the prevailing tendency and penned many sonnets in that 'liver vein' which was especially calculated to fascinate the ear of his literature-loving and self-indulgent patron, the Earl of Southampton. The illusion of passion which colours his verse was beyond the scope of other contemporary 'idolaters' of patrons, because it was a manifestation of his superlative and ever-active dramatic power.

[1] 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden' (O 3 verso), in Nashe's *Works*, ed. McKerrow, vol. iii, p. 92.

[2] On the conventional sonnet of adoration Shakespeare himself passed derisively the same sort of reflection as Nashe when, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 74 seq.), he bestows on a love-sonnet the comment:—

This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.

II

Date of the sonnets.

It is not known for certain when Shakespeare's sonnets were written. They were probably produced at various dates, but such external evidence as is accessible assigns the majority of them to a comparatively early period of Shakespeare's career, to a period antecedent to 1598. Internal evidence is on this point very strongly corroborative of the external testimony. The language and imagery of the sonnets closely connects them with the work which is positively known to have occupied Shakespeare before 1595 or 1596. The passages and expressions which are nearly matched in plays of a later period are not unimportant, but they are inferior in number to those which find a parallel in the narrative poems of 1593 and 1594, or in the plays of similar date. Again, only a few of the parallels in the later work are so close in phrase or sentiment as those in the earlier work.[1]

The plea for marriage.

Two leading themes of the sonnets are very closely associated with Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* and the plays that were composed about the same date. The first seventeen poems, in which the poet urges a beautiful youth to marry, and to bequeath his beauty to posterity, repeat with somewhat greater exuberance, but with no variation of sentiment, the plea that Venus thrice fervently

[1] Almost every play of Shakespeare offers some parallels to expressions in the sonnets. Canon Beeching (pp. xxv–xxvii) has collected several (which are of great interest) from *Henry IV* and *Hamlet*, but they are not numerous enough to justify any very large conclusion. It does not seem to have been noticed that the words 'Quietus' (*Hamlet*, iii. 1. 75, and *Sonnet* CXXVI. 12) and 'My prophetic soul' (*Hamlet*, i. 5. 40, and *Sonnet* CVII. 1) come in *Hamlet* and the sonnets, and nowhere else. The sonnets in which they occur may be of comparatively late date, but the evidence is not conclusive in itself.

urges on Adonis in Shakespeare's poem (cf. ll. 129–32, 162–74, 1751–68). The plea is again developed by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 218–28. Elsewhere he only makes slight and passing allusion to it—viz. in *All's Well*, i. 1. 136, and in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 273–5. The bare treatment, which the subject receives in these comparatively late plays, notably contrasts with the fullness of exposition in the earlier passages.[1]

The eternizing faculty of verse.

An almost equally prominent theme of Shakespeare's sonnets—the power of verse to 'eternize' the person whom it commemorated—likewise suggests early composition. The conceit is of classical origin, and is of constant recurrence in Renaissance poetry throughout Western Europe. The French poet, Ronsard, never tired of repeating it in the odes and sonnets which he addressed to his patrons, and Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, among Elizabethan poets, emulated his example with energy. Shakespeare presents the theme in much the same fashion as his English contemporaries, and borrows an occasional phrase from poems by them, which were in print before 1594. But the first impulse to adopt the proud boast seems to have come from his youthful study of Ovid. Of all Latin poets, Ovid gave the pretension most frequent and most frank expression. *Sonnet* LV, where Shakespeare handles the conceit with

[1] Nothing was commoner in Renaissance literature than for a literary client to urge on a patron the duty of transmitting to future ages his charms and attainments. The plea is versified in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (bk. iii) in the addresses of the old dependant Geron to his master Prince Histor, and in Guarini's *Pastor Fido* (1585) in the addresses of the old dependant Linco to his master the hero Silvio. Chapman dwells on the theme in an address to his patron the Duke of Lennox, in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* (of which the publication began in 1598):—

> None ever lived by self-love; others' good
> Is th' object of our own. They living die
> That bury in themselves their fortunes' brood.

gorgeous effect, assimilates several lines from the exultant outburst at the close of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To that book, which Shakespeare often consulted, he had especial recourse when writing *Venus and Adonis*. Moreover, a second work of Ovid was also at Shakespeare's hand, when his first narrative poem was in process of composition. The Latin couplet, which Shakespeare quoted on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*, comes from that one of Ovid's *Amores* (or 'Elegies of Love') in which the Latin poet with fiery vehemence expatiates on the eternizing faculty of verse.[1] Ovid's vaunt in his 'Elegies' had clearly caught Shakespeare's eye when he was engaged on *Venus and Adonis*, and the impression seems to be freshly reflected in Shakespeare's treatment of the topic through the sonnets.[2]

The sonnets and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

No internal evidence as to the chronological relations of two compositions from the same poet's pen is open to less dispute than that which is drawn from the tone and texture of the imagery and phraseology. The imagery and

[1] To the many instances I have adduced of the handling of this topic by Spenser and other Elizabethan poets, may be added this stanza from Roydon's *Elegie* on Sir Philip Sidney, where he refers to the sonnets which Sidney, in the name of Astrophel, addressed to Lady Rich, in the name of Stella :—

Then Astrophill hath honour'd thee [i.e. Stella];
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

[2] Cf. Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus; mihi fama perennis
Quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.
(Ovid's 'Amores', i. xv. 7–8.)

The *Venus and Adonis* motto is immediately preceded in Ovid's 'Amores' (i. xv. 35–6) by these lines :—

Ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri,
Depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.
Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
Cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi. (31–4.)

phraseology of great poets suffer constant flow. Their stores are continually replenished in the course of their careers. Whenever, therefore, any really substantial part of the imagery and phraseology in two or more works is of identical tone and texture, no doubt seems permissible that they belong to the same epoch in the poet's career. Application of these principles to Shakespeare's sonnets can lead to no other result than that the bulk of them are of the same date as the earliest plays.

Probably Shakespeare's earliest comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost*, offers a longer list of parallels to the phraseology and imagery of the sonnets than any other of his works.[1] The details in the resemblance—the drift of style and thought—confirm the conclusion that most of the sonnets belong to the same period of the poet's life as the comedy. Longaville's regular sonnet in the play (iv. 3. 60–73) closely catches the tone that is familiar to readers of Shakespeare's great collection. Like thirty-four of Shakespeare's collected quatorzains, it begins with the rhetorical question:—

> Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
> 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
> Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
> Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

But apart from syntactical or metrical forms, the imagery in *Love's Labour's Lost* is often almost identical with that of the sonnets.

The lyric image of sun-worship in *Sonnet* VII. 1–4:—

> Lo, in *the Orient* when the gracious light
> Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

[2] Cf. Mr. C. F. McClumpha's papers on the relation of the sonnets (1) with *Love's Labour's Lost*, and (2) with *Romeo and Juliet*, respectively, in *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xv, No. 6, June, 1900, pp. 337–46, and in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xl. pp. 187 seq. (Weimar, 1904).

Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with *looks his sacred majesty*,

reappears in heightened colour in Biron's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 221–8):—

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of *the gorgeous East*,
Bows not *his vassal head*, and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not *blinded by her majesty?*

Only here and in another early play—*Romeo and Juliet*—is the imagery of sun-worship brought by Shakespeare into the same relief.[1]

Another conceit which Shakespeare develops persistently, in almost identical language, in both the sonnets and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is that the eye is the sole source of love, the exclusive home of beauty, the creator, too, of strange delusions in the minds of lovers.[2]

[1] Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 124–5:

the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the *golden* window of the *east*.

[2] Cf. *Sonnet* XIV. 9:

But *from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.*

L. L. L. iv. 3. 350:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive, &c.

Sonnet XVII. 5–6:

If I could write the *beauty* of your *eyes*
And in *fresh numbers* number all your graces.

L. L. L. iv. 3. 322–3:

Such *fiery numbers* as the prompting *eyes*
Of *beauty's* tutors have enriched you with.

Cf. again *Sonnet* CXIV. 2–7 with *L. L. L.* v. 2. 770–5. For a curious parallel use of the law terms 'several' and 'common' see *Sonnet* CXXXVII. 9, 10, and *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 223.

Furthermore, the taunts which Biron's friends address to him on the black or dark complexion of his lady love, Rosaline, are in phrase and temper at one with Shakespeare's addresses to his 'dark lady' in the sonnets. In the comedy and in the poems Shakespeare plays precisely the same fantastic variations on the conventional controversy of Renaissance lyrists, whether a black complexion be a sign of virtue or of vice.[1]

[1] Hardly briefer is the list of similarities of phrase and image offered by Shakespeare's earliest romantic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. The following four examples are representative of many more :—

Son. XXV. 5–6 : *their fair leaves spread*
But as the marigold *at the sun's* eye.

Rom. and Jul. i. 1. 157–8 :
[bud] can *spread his sweet leaves* to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty *to the sun.*

Son. XCVIII. 2–3 :
When *proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,*
Hath put *a spirit of youth* in everything.

Rom. and Jul. i. 2. 26–7 :
Such comfort as do *lusty young men feel*
When well-apparell'd April . . .

Son. CXXXVI. 8–9 :
Among a number one is reckon'd none :
Then in the number let me pass untold.

Rom. and Jul. i. 2. 32–3 :
Which on more view of many, mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Son. LXXXIV. 5–6 :
Lean penury within *that pen* doth dwell
That *to his subject lends not some small glory.*

Rom. and Jul. i. 3. 70–1 :
That book in many eyes *doth share the glory*
That in gold clasps locks in the golden *story.*

One of the most perfect utterances of the sonnets (XXXIII. 4), the description of the glorious morning sun,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,

Words peculiar to sonnets and early plays.

At many points, characteristic features of Shakespeare's vocabulary in the sonnets are as intimately associated with the early plays as the imagery. Several uncommon yet significant words in the sonnets figure in early plays and nowhere else. Such are the epithet 'dateless', which is twice used in the sonnets—XXX. 6 and CLIII. 6, and is only used twice elsewhere, in two early plays, *Richard II*, i. 3. 151, and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 115[1]; the two words 'compile' (LXXVIII. 9), or 'compil'd' (LXXXV. 2), and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished'), which only appear in the sonnets and in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 134; v. 2. 52 and 896; v. i. 12); the participial 'Out-worn' in sonnets LXIV. 2 'Out-worn buried age', and LXVIII. 1 'days out-worn', which is only met with in *Lucrece*, 1350, 'the worn-out age', and 1761, 'time out-worn'; the epithet 'world-without-end', *Sonnet* LVII. 5, which is only found elsewhere in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 799; 'wires' for 'hair' (CXXX, 4), a favourite word with Elizabethan sonneteers between 1590 and 1597, which is only found elsewhere in the epithet 'wiry' for 'hairy' in *King John*, iii. 4. 64; and 'idolatry' ('Let not my love be called idolatry') in CV. 1, which is used elsewhere in five plays[2]—one alone, *Troilus and Cressida* (ii. 2. 56), being of later period.

is closely akin to the lines in yet another early play, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 391–3, where we read how

> the Eastern gate, all fiery red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> *Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.*

[1] Cf. *Son.* xxx. 6:

> For precious friends hid in *death's dateless* night.

Rom. and Jul. v. 3. 115:

> A *dateless* bargain to engrossing *death*!

[2] Viz. *Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4. 207; *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 75; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 109; *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 114; and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 56.

Three rare words which testify to Shakespeare's French reading—'rondure' (XXI. 8), 'couplement' (XXI. 5), and 'carcanet', i.e. necklace (LII. 8)—are only found elsewhere respectively in *King John*, ii. 1. 259, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 535, and in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 4.

Early borrowing from the sonnets.

One or two quotations or adaptations of lines of the sonnets in work by other pens, bring further testimony to the comparatively early date of composition. In these instances the likelihood that Shakespeare was the borrower is very small. The whole line (XCIV. 14)—

> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds

appeared before 1595 in the play of 'Edward III' (ii. 1. 451), together with several distinctive phrases.[1] The poet Barnfield, who, in poems published in that and the previous year, borrowed with great freedom from *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, levied loans on the sonnets at the same time.[2]

[1] Two are especially noteworthy, viz. 'scarlet ornaments', of the lips or cheeks (*Son.* CXLIII. 6 and *Edw. III*, ii. 1. 10), and 'flatter', applied to the effect of sunlight (*Son.* XXXIII. 2 and *Edw. III*, i. 2. 142).

[2] In *Sonnet* LXXXV Shakespeare uses together the rare words 'compiled' and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished') when he writes of

> comments of your *praise*, richly *compiled*, . . .
> And precious phrase by all the Muses *filed*.

Barnfield, in his *Cassandra*, which was ready for publication in January, 1595, writes on the same page of his heroine's lover that 'his tongue *compiles her praise*', and subsequently of 'her *filed* tongue'. The collocation of the expressions is curious. Barnfield's descriptions in his *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) of his youth's 'amber locks trust up in golden tramels', 'which dangle adowne his louely cheekes', with the poet's warning of 'th' indecencie of mens long haire', and the appeal to the boy, 'Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier' (*Affectionate Shepheard*, I. ii; II. xix, xxiii), may comment on Shakespeare's sonnet LXVIII, where the youth is extravagantly complimented on the beauty of his 'golden tresses', which 'show false art what beauty was of yore'. In Shakespeare's sonnet XCVIII, lines 8–12—

> Nor did I wonder at the lily's *white*,
> Nor praise *the deep vermilion* in the rose;
> They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
> Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,

In two sonnets (published in Jan. 1595) Barnfield depreciated the beauty of heroes of antiquity compared with his own fair friend. *Sonnet* XII begins:—

> Some talke of Ganymede th' Idalian Boy
> And some of faire *Adonis* make their boast,
> Some talk of him [i.e. Castor], whom louely *Laeda*
> [i.e. mother of Helen] lost . . .

Sonnet XVII opens:—

> Cherry-lipt *Adonis* in his snowie shape,
> Might not compare with his pure Iuorie white.

Both seem crude echoes of Shakespeare's sonnet LIII:—

> Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
> Is poorly imitated after you.

III

The sonnets in private circulation.

All occasional poetry, and especially poetry for patrons 'in the liver vein', was usually 'kept in private' in the

possibly reflect Barnfield's lines in the *Affectionate Shepheard* (I. iii):—

> His *Iuory-white* and Alabaster skin
> Is staind throughout with *rare Vermillion red.*
> But *as* the *Lillie* and the blushing *Rose,*
> *So* white and red on him in order grows.

It is curious to note that this is the only place in all his works where Shakespeare uses the word 'vermilion'. It is not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; cf. Sidney's *Astrophel*, cii. 5, 'vermillion dyes'; Daniel's *Rosamond* (1592), l. 678, 'vermilion red' (of roses); J. C.'s *Alcilia* (1596), 'vermillion hue' (in Elizabethan Longer Poems, p. 361). But it is far more frequent in sixteenth-century French and Italian poetry (*vermeil* and *vermiglio*). It is used in all the early Italian poems concerning Venus and Adonis which were accessible to Shakespeare. Cf. Dolce's *La Favola d'Adone*, iv. 7:—

> Quivi tra Gigli le *vermiglie* Rose
> Si dimostrano ogn' hor liete e vezzose.

In both Dolce's *La Favola d'Adone* (83. 8) and Tarchagnota's *L'Adone* (72. 6 and 74. 2) Adonis' dead body is metamorphosed into 'uno *vermiglio* fiore' or 'quel fior *vermiglio*', the flower assuming '*vermiglio* color del sangue'.

Elizabethan era. It was 'held back from publishing'. It circulated only among the author's or the patron's friends. The earliest known reference to the existence of any collection of sonnets by Shakespeare indicates that he followed the fashion in writing them exclusively for private audiences.[1]

In 1598 the critic, Francis Meres, by way of confirming the statement that 'the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare', called to '*witness* his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends etc.' There can be little question that Meres refers to sonnets by Shakespeare which were in circulation among his private friends, and were, in the critic's mind, chiefly distinguished from Shakespeare's two narrative poems by being unpublished and in private hands.[2] Meres' language is too vague to press very closely. The use of the common and conventional epithet 'sugared' suggests that Shakespeare's sonnets were credited by the writer with the ordinary characteristics of the artificial sonneteering of the day.[3]

[1] Of the specimens of adulatory verse to which reference has been made above, neither the work of Raleigh, nor of Nashe, nor of Harvey was printed in the authors' lifetime. Harvey's confession of love for Sir Philip Sidney is not known to be extant. The manuscript copies in which Raleigh's and Nashe's verse declared their passion for their patrons were printed for the first time in our own day.

[2] Manuscript poems written for and circulating among an Elizabethan poet's friends rarely reached his own hand again. In 1593 the veteran poet, Thomas Churchyard, when enumerating in his *Challenge* unpublished pieces by himself which had been 'gotten from me of some such noble *freends* as I am loath to offend', includes in his list '*an infinite number of* other Songes and *Sonets*, giuen where they cannot be recouered, nor purchase any fauour when they are craued'.

[3] The conventional epithet 'sugared' was often applied to poetry for patrons. In the *Returne from Parnassus* (1600?), a poverty-stricken scholar, who seeks the favour of a rich patron, is counselled to give the patron 'some *sugar candy* tearms' (ll. 1377–8), while to the patron's son 'shall thy piping poetry and *sugar* endes of verses be directed' (l. 1404). In the same piece (l. 243) Daniel was congratulated on his '*sugared* sonneting'. Cf. '*sugred*

Meres' evidence as to the 'private' circulation of a number of Shakespeare's sonnets in 1598 received the best possible corroboration a year later, when two sonnets, which were undoubtedly by Shakespeare, were printed for the first time in the poetic miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim.* That volume was compiled piratically by the publisher, William Jaggard, from 'private' manuscripts, and although its contents were from various pens, all were ascribed collectively to Shakespeare on the title-page.

There are indications that separate sonnets by Shakespeare continued to be copied and to circulate in MS. in the years that immediately followed. But ten years elapsed before Shakespeare's sonnets were distinctly heard of in public again. Then as many as 154 were brought together and were given to the world in a quarto volume.[1]

The publication of the sonnets.

On May 20, 1609, the grant of a licence for the publication of Shakespeare's sonnets was thus entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company: 'Entred [to Thomas Thorpe] for his copie vnder th' andes of master Wilson and master Lownes Warden, a Booke called Shakespeares *sonnettes* vj^{d}.'

A knowledge of the career and character of Thomas Thorpe, who was owner of the copyright and caused the sonnets to be published, is needful to a correct apprehension

talk', Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593, Sonnet 52, l. 1; '*sugred* terms', R. L.'s *Diella*, 1596, Sonnet 4; 'Master Thomas Watson's *sugred* Amintas' in Nashe's preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589. 'Sucré' is similarly used in French literature of the same date.

[1] Eleazar Edgar, a small publisher, who took up his freedom on June 26, 1597, obtained from the Stationers' Company on January 3, 1600, a licence for the publication of '*Amours*, by J. D., with Certen Oy^{r} (i.e. other) sonnetes by W. S.' No book corresponding to this title seems to have been published. There is small ground for identifying the W. S. of this licence with Shakespeare. There was another sonneteer of the day, William Smith, who had published a collection of sonnets under the title of *Chloris*, in 1596. Edgar may have designed the publication of another collection by Smith.

of the manner in which they reached the printing-press or to a right apprehension of the order in which they were presented to the reading public. The story has many points of resemblance with that of William Jaggard's publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

Thorpe's early life.

Thorpe, a native of Barnet in Middlesex, where his father kept an inn, was at Midsummer, 1584, apprenticed for nine years to an old-established London printer and stationer, Richard Watkins, whose business premises were at the sign of Love and Death in St. Paul's Churchyard. Nearly ten years later he took up the freedom of the Stationers' Company. He seems to have become a stationer's assistant. Fortune rarely favoured him, and he held his own with difficulty for some thirty years in the lowest ranks of the London publishing trade.

His ownership of the manuscript of Marlowe's *Lucan*.

In 1600 there fell into his hands a 'private' written copy of Marlowe's unprinted translation of the first book of *Lucan*. Thorpe, who was not destitute of a taste for literature—he knew scraps of Latin and recognized a good MS. when he saw one—interested in his find Edward Blount [1], then a stationer's assistant like himself, but with better prospects. Through Blount's good offices, Peter Short printed Thorpe's MS. of Marlowe's *Lucan*, and Walter Burre sold it at his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

His dedicatory address to Edward Blount in 1600.

As owner of the MS., Thorpe chose his patron and supplied the dedicatory epistle. The patron of his choice was his friend Blount. The style of the dedication was somewhat flamboyant, but Thorpe showed a literary sense

[1] Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procurer or picker-up of neglected 'copy'. In 1598 he became proprietor of Marlowe's unfinished and unpublished *Hero and Leander*, and found among better-equipped friends in the trade both a printer and a publisher for his treasure-trove.

when he designated Marlowe 'that pure elemental wit', and a good deal of dry humour in offering to 'his kind and true friend', Blount, 'some few instructions' whereby he might accommodate himself to the unaccustomed *rôle* of patron. Thorpe gives a sarcastic description of a typical patron. 'When I bring you the book,' he advises Blount, 'take physic and keep state. Assign me a time by your man to come again. . . . Censure scornfully enough and somewhat like a traveller. Commend nothing lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. . . . One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing.' Finally Thorpe, adopting the conventional tone, challenges his patron's *love* 'both in this and, I hope, many more succeeding offices'.

Three years later he was able to place his own name on the title-page of two humbler literary prizes—each an insignificant pamphlet on current events. Thenceforth for a dozen years his name reappeared annually on one, two, or three volumes. After 1614 his operations were few and far between, and they ceased altogether in 1624. He seems to have ended his days in poverty, and has been identified with the Thomas Thorpe who was granted an alms-room in the hospital of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, on December 3, 1635.

Character of his business.

Thorpe was associated with the publication of twenty-nine volumes in all, including Marlowe's *Lucan*; but in almost all his operations his personal energies were confined, as in his initial enterprise, to procuring the manuscript. For a short period in 1608 he occupied a shop, the Tiger's Head, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the fact was duly announced on the title-pages of three publications which he issued in that year. But his other undertakings were described on their

title-pages as printed for him by one stationer and sold for him by another, and when any address found mention at all, it was the shopkeeper's address, and not his own. He merely traded in the 'copy', which he procured how he could—in a few cases by purchase from the author, but in more cases through the irregular acquisition of a 'private' transcript of a work that was circulating at large and was not under the author's 'protection'.[1] He never enjoyed in permanence the profits or dignity of printing his 'copy' at a press of his own, or selling books on premises of his own. In this homeless fashion he pursued the well-understood profession of procurer of 'dispersed transcripts' for a longer period than any other known member of the Stationers' Company.

The printer George Eld.

Besides Thorpe, there were actively engaged in the publication of the first edition of Shakespeare's sonnets the printer George Eld and two booksellers, John Wright and William Aspley, who undertook the sale of the impression. The booksellers arranged that one-half of the copies should bear one of their names in the imprint, and the other half should bear the other's name. The even distribution of the two names on the extant copies suggests that the edition was precisely halved between the two. The practice was not uncommon. In 1606 the bookseller Blount acquired the MS. of the long unpublished *A Discourse of Civill Life*, by Lodowick

[1] Very few of his wares does Thorpe appear to have procured direct from the authors. It is true that between 1605 and 1611 there were issued under his auspices some eight volumes of genuinely literary value, including, besides Shakespeare's sonnets, three plays by Chapman (of which the text is very bad), four works of Ben Jonson (which his old friend Blount seems to have procured for him), and Coryat's *Odcombian Banquet*, a piratical excerpt from Coryat's *Crudities*. Blount acquired the copyright of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* on November 2, 1604, and assigned it to Thorpe on August 6, 1605. Thorpe did not retain the property long. He transferred his right in *Sejanus*, as well as in Jonson's *Volpone*, to Walter Burre on October 3, 1610.

Bryskett, the friend of Spenser and Sidney. One-half of the edition bore the imprint, 'London for Edward Blount,' and the other half, 'London for W. Aspley.'[1]

Thorpe's printer, Eld, and his bookseller, Aspley, were in well-established positions in the trade. George Eld, who had taken up his freedom of the Stationers' Company on January 13, 1600, married in 1604 a widow who had already lost in rapid succession two husbands—both master-printers. The printing-press, with the office at the White Horse, in Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, which she inherited from her first husband Gabriel Simson (d. 1600), she had handed over next year to her second husband Richard Read (d. 1604). On Read's death in 1604, she straightway married Eld and her press passed to Eld. In 1607 and subsequent years Eld was very busy both as printer and publisher. Among seven copyrights which he acquired in 1607 was that of the play called *The Puritaine*, which he published with a title-page fraudulently assigning it to W. S.—initials which were clearly intended to suggest Shakespeare's name to the unwary.

William Aspley the bookseller.

Aspley, the most interesting of the three men engaged in producing Thorpe's venture, was the son of a clergyman of Royston, Cambridgeshire. After serving an apprenticeship with George Bishop, he was admitted a freeman on April 11, 1597. He never owned a press, but held in course of time the highest offices in the Company's gift, finally dying during the year of his mastership in 1640. His first shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Thorpe carried on business temporarily a few years later, but in 1603 he succeeded Felix Norton in the more important premises at the sign of the Parrot in the same locality. It was

[1] There are two copies in the British Museum with the two different imprints.

there that half of Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* was offered for sale in 1609. Aspley had already speculated in Shakespeare's work. He and a partner, Andrew Wise, acquired in 1600 copyrights of both the *Second Part of Henry IV* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, and published jointly quarto editions of the two. In the grant to Aspley and his friend of the licence for publication of these two plays, the titles of the books are followed by the words 'Wrytten by master Shakespere'. There is no earlier entry of the dramatist's name in the Stationers' Company Registers. In 1623 Aspley joined the syndicate which William Jaggard inaugurated for printing the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, and he lived long enough to be a member of the new syndicate which was formed in 1632 to publish the Second Folio. Aspley had business relations with Thorpe, and with Thorpe's friend Blount, long before the issue of the *Sonnets*, and probably supplied Thorpe with capital.[1]

John Wright, bookseller.

John Wright, the youngest of the associates in the enterprise of the *Sonnets*, had been admitted a freeman *per patrimonium* on June 28, 1602. His business was largely concerned with chap-books and ballads, but he was fortunate enough to acquire a few plays of interest. The most interesting publication in which he took part before the *Sonnets*, was the pre-Shakesperean play on the subject of *King Lear*, the copyright of which he took over from a printer (Simon Stafford) on May 8, 1605, on condition that he employed

[1] On June 23, 1600, Thorpe and Aspley were granted jointly a provisional licence for the publication of 'A leter written to ye governors and assistantes of ye E[a]st Indian Merchantes in London Concerning the estat[e] of ye e[a]st Indian flete etc.' The licence was endorsed: 'This is to be their copy gettinge aucthority for [it].' The book was ultimately published by Thorpe, and was the earliest publication on the title-page of which his name figured. A similar provisional licence, granted to the two men on the same day, came to nothing, being afterwards cancelled owing to the official recognition of another publisher's claim to the copy concerned (cf. Arber's *Registers*, iii. 37).

Stafford to print it, which he did. In 1611 he published a new edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which came from Eld's press, and bore the same imprint as his impression of Shakespeare's sonnets. At a later period—on May 7, 1626—he joined the printer, John Haviland, in purchasing the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. His residence, described as 'at Christ Church Gate', was near Newgate. After 1612 he removed to the sign of 'the Bible without Newgate'.

The absence of Shakespeare's authority.

There are many signs, apart from the state of the text, which awaits our inquiry, that Shakespeare had no more direct concern in Thorpe's issue of his 154 sonnets in 1609, than in Jaggard's issue of his two sonnets, with the other miscellaneous contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ten years before. The exceptionally brusque and commercial description of the poems, both in the entry of the licence in the Stationers' Company Register, and on the title-page, as 'Shakespeares Sonnets' (instead of 'Sonnets by William Shakespeare'), is good evidence that the author was no party to the transaction.[1] The testimony afforded by the dedication to 'Mr. W. H.', which Thorpe signed with his initials on the leaf following the title-page, is even more conclusive.[2] Only when the stationer owned the copyright and controlled the publication, did he choose the patron and sign the dedication. Francis Newman, the stationer who printed 'dispersed transcripts' of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets for the first time in 1591, exercised the customary privilege. Thorpe had already done so himself when issuing Marlowe's *Lucan* in 1600.

[1] The nearest parallel is in the title of *Brittons Bowre of Delights* (1591), a poetic miscellany piratically assigned to the poet Nicholas Breton by the publisher Richard Jones. See *Passionate Pilgrim*, Introduction, p. 16.

[2] Initials, instead of full names, were commonly employed when the dedicatee was a private and undistinguished friend of the dedicator.

There is no ground for the common assumption that 'T. T.' in addressing the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets to 'Mr. W. H.', was transgressing the ordinary law affecting publishers' dedications, and was covertly identifying the 'lovely' youth whom Shakespeare had eulogized in his sonnets. A study of Elizabethan and Jacobean bibliography can alone interpret the situation aright. In all probability Thorpe in the dedication of the *Sonnets* followed the analogy of his dedication of Marlowe's *Lucan* in 1600. There he selected for patron Blount, his friend-in-trade, who had aided him in the publication. His chosen patron of the edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* in 1609 was doubtless one who stood to him in a similar business relation.

The dedication to Mr. W. H.

Although Thorpe's buoyant and self-complacent personality slightly coloured his style, his dedicatory address to 'Mr. W. H.' followed, with slight variations, the best recognized and most conventional of the dedicatory formulae of the day. He framed his salutation of 'Mr. W. H.' into a wish for his patron's 'all happiness' and 'eternity'.[1] 'All

[1] The formula was of great antiquity. Dante employed it in the dedication of his *Divina Commedia*, which ran: 'Domino Kani Grandi de Scala devotissimus suus Dante Aligherius . . . vitam optat per tempora diuturna felicem, et gloriosi nominis in perpetuum incrementum.' The Elizabethan dedicator commonly 'wisheth' his patron 'all happiness' and 'eternity' (or periphrases to that effect) by way of prelude or heading to a succeeding dedicatory epistle, but numerous examples could be adduced where the dedicator, as in Thorpe's case, left the 'wish' to stand alone, and where no epistle followed it. Thorpe's dedicatory procedure and choice of type was obviously influenced by Ben Jonson's form of dedication before the first edition of his *Volpone*, which Thorpe published for Jonson in 1607 and which Eld printed. On the first leaf, following the title, appears in short lines (in the same fount of large capitals as that used in Thorpe's dedication to 'Mr. W. H.') these words: 'To the Most Noble | and Most Aequall | Sisters | The Two Famovs Vniversities | For their Love | And | Acceptance | Shewn | To his Poeme | in the Presentation | Ben: Ionson | The Gratefvll Acknowledger | Dedicates | Both It and Himselfe | .' In very small type, at the right-hand corner of the

happiness', 'health and *eternall happinesse*', 'all perseverance with soules *happiness*', 'health on earth temporall and higher *happiness eternall*', 'the *prosperity* of times successe in this life, with the reward of *eternitie* in the world to come' are variants of the common form, drawn from books that were produced at almost the same moment as Shakespeare's sonnets. The substantives are invariably governed by the identical inflexion of the verb—'wisheth'—which Thorpe employed.

The promise of eternity.

By attaching to the conventional complimentary mention of 'eternity' the ornamental phrase 'promised by our ever-living poet' (i.e. Shakespeare), Thorpe momentarily indulged in that vein of grandiloquence of which other dedications from his pen furnish examples. 'Promises' of eternity were showered by poets on their patrons with prodigal hands. Shakespeare in his sonnets had repeated the current convention with much fervour when addressing a fair youth. Thorpe's interweaving of the conventional 'wish' of the ordinary bookmaker, with an allusion to the conventional 'promise' of the panegyrizing poet, gave fresh zest and emphasis to the well-worn phrases of complimentary courtesy. There is no implication in Thorpe's dedicatory greeting of an ellipse, after the word 'promised', of the word 'him', i.e. 'Mr. W. H.' Thorpe 'wisheth' 'Mr. W. H.' 'eternity', no less grudgingly than 'our ever-living poet' offered his own friend the 'promise' of it in his sonnets.

Thorpe's technical language.

Almost every phrase in his dedicatory greeting of 'Mr. W. H.' has a technical significance, which has no bearing on Shakespeare's intention as sonneteer, but exclusively concerns Thorpe's action and position as the publisher. In accordance with professional custom, Thorpe dubbed himself

page, below this dedication, are the words: 'There follows an *Epistle* if | you dare venture on | the length.' The Epistle begins overleaf.

'the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth', and thereby claimed sole and exclusive responsibility for the undertaking. His fellow-publisher, William Barley, called himself his patron's 'faithful *well-willer*' when, in 1595, he dedicated a book, the manuscript of which he had picked up without communication with the author, to Richard Stapar, a Turkey merchant of his acquaintance.[1] Similarly, when the dramatist John Marston in 1606 undertook to issue for himself his play named 'Parasitaster or the Fawne', he pointed out in a prose preface that he (the author) was the sole controller of the publication, and was on this occasion his own 'setter out': 'Let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my own *setter out*.'

'The onlie begetter.'

To the title which Thorpe bestows on Mr. W. H., 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets,' a like professional significance attaches. In this phrase Thorpe acknowledges the services of 'Mr. W. H.' in 'procuring' and collecting in his behalf the 'private' transcripts, from which the volume was printed. To 'Mr. W. H.'s' sole exertions the birth of the publication may be attributed. 'Mr. W. H.' filled a part which is familiarly known in the history of Elizabethan publishing as 'procurer of the copy'. In Elizabethan English there was no irregularity in the use of 'begetter' in its primary sense of 'getter' or 'procurer', without any implica-

[1] Barley saluted his patron (before Richard Hasleton's report of his 'Ten years' Travels in foreign countries') thus: 'Your worship's faithful well-willer, W[illiam] Barley, wisheth all fortunate and happy success in all your enterprises, with increase of worldly worship; and, after death, the joys unspeakable.' A rare copy of the tract is at Britwell. It is reprinted in Arber's *Garner*. The stationer Thomas Walkley in 1622, in his preface to the Second Quarto of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, wrote that 'he had *adventured* to issue a revised edition knowing how many *well-wishers* it had abroad'. Another 'stationer', Richard Hawkins, who published on his own account the third edition of the same play in 1628, described himself in the preliminary page as 'acting the *merchant adventurer's* part'.

tion of that common secondary meaning of 'breed' or 'generate', which in modern speech has altogether displaced the earlier signification.[1]

[1] 'Beget' came into being as an intensive form of 'get', and was mainly employed in Anglo-Saxon and Mediaeval English in the sense of 'obtain'. It acquired the specialized signification of 'breed' at a slightly later stage of development, and until the end of the seventeenth century it bore concurrently the alternative meanings of 'procure' (or 'obtain') and 'breed' (or 'produce'). Seventeenth-century literature and lexicography recognized these two senses of the word and no other. 'Begetter' might mean 'father' (or 'author') or it might mean 'procurer' (or 'acquirer'). There is no suggestion that Thorpe meant that Mr. W. H. was 'author' of the sonnets. Consequently doubt that he meant 'procurer' or 'acquirer' is barely justifiable. The following are six examples of the Elizabethan use of the word in its primary significance of 'procure':—

(1) The mightier [sc. the] man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or *begets* [i.e. procures] him hate.
(*Lucrece*, 1004–5.)

(2) We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as Time in Padua shall *beget* [i.e. procure].
(*Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 43–5.)

(3) 'In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion . . . acquire and *beget* a temperance.' (*Hamlet*, iii. 2. 6.) Hamlet in this sentence colloquially seeks emphasis by repetition, and the distinction of meaning to be drawn between 'acquire' and 'beget' is no more than that to be drawn between the preceding 'torrent' and 'tempest.'

(4) 'I have some cousins german at Court [that] shall *beget* you (i.e. procure for you) the reversion of the Master of the King's Revels.' (Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602; cf. Hawkins' *Origin of English Drama*, iii. 156.)

(5) '[This play] hath *begot itself* (i.e. procured for itself or obtained) a greater favour than he (i.e. *Sejanus*) lost, the love of good men.' (Ben Jonson's dedication before *Sejanus*, 1605, which was published by Thorpe.)

(6) [A spectator wishes to see a hero on the stage] 'kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; *beget* him (i.e. get him) a reputation, and marry an Emperor's daughter for his mistress'. (Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* (1632), Act i, Epilogue.)

It should be borne in mind that in the Variorum edition of 1821 James Boswell the younger, who there incorporated Malone's unpublished collections, appended to T. T.'s dedication the note: 'The word *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it.' After quoting Dekker's use of the word as above (No. 4), Boswell adds that W. H. probably 'furnished the printer with his copy'. Neither Steevens nor Malone, who were singularly well versed in Elizabethan bibliography,

'First causer and collectour of these floures.'

A very few years earlier a cognomen almost identical with 'begetter' (in the sense of procurer) was conferred in a popular anthology, entitled *Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses*, on one who rendered its publisher the like service that Mr. W. H. seems to have rendered Thorpe, the publisher of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. One John Bodenham, filling much the same *rôle* as that assigned to Mr. W. H., brought together in 1600 a number of brief extracts ransacked from the unpublished, as well as from the published, writings of contemporary poets. Bodenham's collections fell into the hands of an enterprising 'stationer', one Hugh Astley, who published them under the title *Belvedere or The Garden of the Muses*. After an unsigned address from the publisher 'To the Reader' in explanation of the undertaking, there follows immediately a dedicatory sonnet inscribed to John Bodenham, who had brought the material for the volume together, and had committed it to the publisher's charge. The lines are signed in the publisher's behalf, by A. M. (probably the well-known writer, Anthony Munday). Bodenham was there apostrophized as

First causer and collectour of these floures.

In another address to the reader at the end of the book, which is headed 'The Conclusion', the publisher again refers more prosaically to Bodenham, as 'The Gentleman who

recognized that 'begetter' could be interpreted as 'inspirer'—an interpretation of which no example has been adduced. Daniel used the word 'begotten', in the common sense of 'produced', in the dedicatory Sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke, before his collection of sonnets called *Delia* (1592). He bids his patroness regard his poems as her own, as '*begotten* by thy hand and my desire'; she is asked to treat them as if they were literally *produced* by, or born of, her hand or pen, at the writer's request. The countess was herself a writer of poetry, a circumstance which gives point to Daniel's compliment. The passage is deprived of sense if 'begotten by thy hand' be accorded any other meaning.

was *the cause* of this Collection' (p. 235). When Thorpe called 'Mr. W. H.' 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets', he probably meant no more than the organizers of the publication of the book called *Belvedere*, in 1600, meant when they conferred the appellations 'first causer' and 'the cause' on John Bodenham, who was procurer for them of the copy for that enterprise.[1]

IV

State of the text.

THE corrupt state of the text of Thorpe's edition of 1609 fully confirms the conclusion that the enterprise lacked authority, and was pursued throughout in that reckless spirit which infected publishing speculations of the day. The character of the numerous misreadings leaves little doubt that Thorpe had no means of access to the author's MS. The procurer of the 'copy' had obviously brought together 'dispersed transcripts' of varying accuracy. Many had accumulated incoherences in their progress from pen to pen.[2] The 'copy' was constructed out of the papers circulating in private, and often gave only a hazy indication of the poet's

[1] What was the name of which W. H. were the initials cannot be stated positively. I have given reasons for believing them to belong to one William Hall, a freeman of the Stationers' Company, who seems to have dealt in unpublished poems or 'dispersed transcripts' in the early years of the seventeenth century and to have procured their publication; cf. *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 418 seq.

[2] Like Sidney's sonnets, which long circulated in 'private' MSS., Shakespeare's collection 'being spread abroad in written copies, had gathered much corruption by ill writers (i.e. scriveners)'. Cf. the publisher Thomas Newman's dedicatory epistle before the first (unauthorized) edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (1591). Thorpe's bookselling friend, Edward Blount, when he gathered together, without the author's aid, the scattered essays by John Earle, which Blount published in 1628 under the title of *Micro-cosmographie*, described them as 'many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious'.

meaning. The compiler had arranged the poems roughly in order of subject. The printer followed the manuscript with ignorant fidelity. Signs of inefficient correction of the press abound, and suggest haste in composition and press-work. The book is a comparatively short one, consisting of forty leaves and 2,156 lines of verse. Yet there are probably on an average five defects per page or one in every ten lines.

Misprints.

Of the following thirty-eight misprints, at least thirty play havoc with the sense:—

XII. 4. And sable curls *or* siluer'd ore with white: (for *all*).

XXIII. 14. To heare *wit* eies belongs to loues fine *wiht*: (for *with* and *wit*).

XXVI. 11. And puts apparrell on my *tottered* louing: (for *tattered*).

XXVIII. 14. And night doth nightly make greefes *length* seeme stronger: (for *strength*).

XXXIX. 12. Which time and thoughts so sweetly *dost* deceiue: (for *doth*).

XL. 7. But yet be blam'd, if thou *this* selfe deceauest: (for *thy*).

XLIV. 13. Receiuing naught*s* by elements so sloe.

XLVII. 11. For thou *nor* farther then my thoughts canst moue: (for *not* or *no*).

LI. 10. Therefore desire (of perfect*s* love being made).

LIV. 14. When that shall vade, *by* verse distils your truth: (for *my*).

LVI. 13. *As* cal it Winter, which being ful of care: (for *or*).

LXIII. 2. With times iniurious hand *chrusht* and ore-worne: (for *crush'd*).

Misprints.

LXV. 12. Or who his spoile *or* beautie can forbid (for *of*).

LXIX. 3. All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that *end*: (for *due*).

LXXIII. 4. Bare *rn'wd* quiers, where late the sweet birds sang: (for *ruin'd*).

LXXVI. 7. That euery word doth almost *fel* my name: (for *tell*).

LXXVII. 10. Commit to these waste *blacks*, and thou shalt finde: (for *blanks*).

LXXXVIII. 1. When thou shalt be *dispode* to set me light: (for *disposed*).

XC. 11. But in the onset come, so *stall* I taste: (for *shall*).

XCI. 9. Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me: (for *better*).

XCIV. 4. Vnmooued, *could*, and to temptation slow: (for *cold*).

XCVI. 11. How many gazers *mighst* thou lead away: (for *mightest*).

XCIX. 9. *Our* blushing shame, an other white dispaire: (for *One*).

CII. 7–8. As Philomell in summers front doth singe,
And stops *his* pipe in growth of riper daies: (for *her*).

CVI. 12. They had not *still* enough your worth to sing: (for *skill*).

CVIII. 3. What's new to speake, what *now* to register: (for *new*).

CXII. 14. That all the world besides *me thinkes y'are dead*: (for *methinks are dead*).

CXIII. 6. Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth *lack*: (for *latch*).

Misprints.

CXXVII. 9. Therefore my *Mistersse eyes* are Rauen blacke: (for *Mistress's brows*).

CXXIX. 9. *Made In* pursut and in possession so: (for *mad in pursuit*).

10–11. Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame
A blisse in proofe and *proud and* very wo: (for *prov'd a*).

CXXXII. 2. Knowing thy heart *torment* me with disdaine: (for *torments*).

9. As those two *morning* eyes become thy face: (for *mourning*).

CXL. 13. That I may not be so, nor thou *be lyde*: (for *belied*).

CXLIV. 2. Which like two spirits do *sugiest* me still: (for *suggest*).

6. Tempteth my better angel from my *sight*: (for *side*).

CLII. 13. For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde *eye*: (for *I*).

CLIII. 14. Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres *eye*: (for *eyes* rhyming with *lies*).

Confusion in spelling.

The discrepancies in spelling may not exceed ordinary limits, but they confirm the impression that the compositors followed an unintelligent transcript. 'Scythe' appears as 'sieth' (XII. 13 and C. 14), and as 'syeth' (CXXIII. 14); 'Minutes' appears as 'mynuits' (XIV. 5 and LXXVII. 2), as 'mynuit' (CXXVI. 8), and as 'minuites' (LX. 2); 'False' appears as 'false' (XX. 4, 5), as 'faulse' (LXVIII. 14), and as 'falce' (LXXII. 9, XCII. 14, XCIII. 7). More than forty other orthographical peculiarities of like significance, few of which are distinguishable from misprints, are:—'accumilate' for 'accumulate' (CXVII. 10); 'a floate' for 'afloate'

(LXXX. 9); 'alaied' for 'allayed' (LVI. 3); 'are' (in 'thou are') for 'art' (LXX. 1); 'Asconce' for 'Askance' (CX. 6); 'Alcumie' for 'alchemy' (CXIV. 4); 'bale' for 'bail' (CXXXIII. 10); 'beare' for 'bier' (XII. 8); 'binne' for 'been' (CXVII. 5); 'boure' for 'bower' (CXXVII. 7); 'coopelment' for 'couplement' (XXI. 5); 'Croe' for 'crow' (CXIII. 12); 'cryttick' for 'critic' (CXII. 11); 'culler' for 'colour' (XCIX. 14); 'Currall' for 'Coral' (CXXX. 2); 'deceaued' for 'deceived' (CIV. 12); 'denide' for 'denied' (CXLII. 14); 'dome' for 'doom' (CXLV. 7); 'Eaues' for 'Eves', i.e. 'Eve's' (XCIII. 13); 'ethers' for 'eithers', i.e. 'either's' (XXVIII. 5); 'fild' for 'filled' (LXIII. 3 and LXXXVI. 13); 'foles' for 'fools' (CXXIV. 13); 'grin'de' for 'grind' (CX. 10); 'grose' for 'gross' (CLI. 6); 'higth' for 'height' (CXVI. 8); 'Himne' for 'hymn' (LXXXV. 7); 'hower' for 'hour' (CXXVI. 2); 'hunny' for 'honey' (LXV. 5); 'I' for 'Ay' (CXXXVI. 6); 'iealious' for 'jealous' (LVII. 9); 'inhearce' for 'inhearse' (LXXXVI. 3); 'marierom' for 'marjoram' (XCIX. 7); 'naigh' for 'neigh' (LI. 11); 'nere' for 'ne'er', i.e. 'never' (CXVIII. 5); 'of' for 'off' (LXI. 14); 'pertake' for 'partake' (CXLIX. 2); 'pibled' for 'pebbled' (LX. 1); 'pray' for 'prey' (LXXIV. 10); 'randon' for 'random' (CXLVII. 12); 'renu'de' for 'renewed' (CXI. 8); 'sawsie' for 'saucy' (LXXX. 7); 'shall' for 'shalt' (LXXXVIII. 8); 'thether' for 'thither' (CLIII. 12); 'vnstayined' for 'unstained' (LXX. 8); 'woes' for 'woos' (XLI. 7); 'yawes' for 'jaws' (XIX. 3); 'y'haue' for 'you have' (CXX. 6); 'Yf' for 'If' (CXXIV. 1).

'Their' for 'thy'.

The substitution, fifteen times, of *their* for *thy* or *thine*, and once of *there* for *thee*, even more forcibly illustrates the want of intelligent apprehension of the subject-matter of the

poems on the part of those who saw the volume through the press. Few works are more dependent for their due comprehension on the correct reproduction of the possessive pronouns, and the frequent recurrence of this form of error is very damaging to the reputation of the text.

The following is a list of these puzzling confusions :—

XXVI. 12. To show me worthy of *their* sweet respect : (for *thy*).

XXVII. 10. Presents *their* shaddoe to my sightles view : (for *thy*).

XXXI. 8. But things remou'd that hidden in *there* lie : (for *thee*).

XXXV. 8. Excusing *their* sins more then *their* sins are : (for *thy* and *thy*).

XXXVII. 7. Intitled in *their* parts, do crowned sit : (for *thy*).

XLIII. 11. When in dead night *their* faire imperfect shade : (for *thy*).

XLV. 12. Of *their* faire health, recounting it to me : (for *thy*).

XLVI. 3. Mine eye, my heart *their* pictures sight would barre : (for *thy*).

8. And sayes in him *their* faire appearance lyes : (for *thy*).

13. As thus, mine eyes due is *their* outward part : (for *thine*).

14. And my hearts right, *their* inward loue of heart : (for *thine*).

LXIX. 5. *Their* outward thus with outward praise is crownd : (for *Thy*).

LXX. 6. *Their* worth the greater beeing woo'd of time : (for *Thy*).

CXXVIII. 11. Ore whome *their* fingers walke with gentle gate: (for *thy*).

14. Giue them *their* fingers, me thy lips to kisse: (for *thy*).

'To' for 'too'.

The like want of care, although of smaller moment, is apparent in the frequent substitution of the preposition *to* for the adverbial *too*:—

XXXVIII. 3. Thine owne sweet argument, *to* excellent.

LXI. 14. From me farre of, with others all *to* neere.

LXXIV. 12. *To* base of thee to be remembred.

LXXXIII. 7. How farre a moderne quill doth come *to* short.

LXXXVI. 2. Bound for the prize of (all *to* precious) you.

The reverse mistake appears in—

CXXXV. 2. And Will *too* boote: (for *to* boot).

'Were' and 'wear'.

At least thrice *were* is confused with *wear*:—

LXXVII. 1. Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties *were*: (for *wear*).

XCVIII. 11. They *weare* but sweet, but figures of delight: (for *were*).

CXL. 5. If I might teach thee witte better it *weare*: (for *were*).

Miscellaneous errors.

The following proofs of carelessness admit of no classification, but give additional proof of the want of discrimination on the part of those who have credited the volume with exceptional typographical accuracy.[1]

[1] There are some trifling discrepancies between various copies of the edition which illustrate the common practice among Elizabethan printers of binding up an uncorrected sheet, after the sheet has been corrected, and after other copies have been made up with the corrected version. The 'Ellesmere' copy has, in LXXVIII. 6, the unique misreading—*flee* (for *flie*)—which is corrected in other copies. As in the British Museum copy, it has, too, at F3 (recto) the wrong catchword *The* for *Speake*, which is set right in the Bodleian copy.

There was an obvious error in the 'copy' of the first two lines of *Sonnet* CXLVI. 1, 2:—

Poore soule the center of *my sinfull earth*,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array.

The repetition of the three last words of line 1 at the beginning of line 2 makes the sense and metre hopeless.

Sonnet CXVI is wrongly headed 119.

The first word of *Sonnet* CXXII, *Thy*, appears as *TThy*. The initial 'W' of *Sonnet* LXXIX is from a wrong fount. The catchwords are given more correctly in some copies than in others, but nine errors are found in all. At C3 (recto) *To* appears instead of *Thou*; at C4 (verso) *Eternall* for *Eternal*; at E (recto) *Crawls* for *Crawles*; at D2 (recto), E3 (recto), F (verso), G2 (verso), H3 (verso), and I2 (recto), *Mine*, *That*, *I grant*, *When*, *My*, and *Loue* appear instead of the numerals 46, 70, 82, 106, 130, and 142, which are the headings respectively of the next pages (the numeral is given correctly in like circumstances in seven other places).

The appearance of two pairs of brackets, one above the other, enclosing blank spaces, at the end of *Sonnet* CXXVI is a curious irregularity, due probably for once to the printer's scruples, albeit mistaken. The poem is not a regular sonnet: it consists of six riming couplets—twelve lines in all. But it is complete in itself, and it is not uncommon to find poems of the same kind and length inserted in sonnet-sequences of the day. The printer, however, imagined that it was a sonnet with the thirteenth and fourteenth lines missing, and for these he clumsily left a vacant space which he vaguely expected to fill in subsequently.[1]

[1] The suggestion that the printer intended the empty brackets to denote the close of the first section of the sonnets, most of which were addressed to a man, and the opening of a second section, most of which were addressed

Irregularities of punctuation.

Punctuation shows, on the whole, no more systematic care than other features of composition. Commas are frequent, both in and out of place. At times they stand for a full stop. At times they are puzzlingly replaced by a colon or semicolon, or again they are omitted altogether. Brackets are occasionally used as a substitute for commas, but not regularly enough to justify a belief that they were introduced on a systematic plan.[1]

Capitals and italics.

Considerable irregularity characterizes the use of capital letters within the line or of italic type. Both appear rarely and at the compositor's whim. It was the natural tendency to italicize unfamiliar or foreign words and names and to give them an initial capital in addition. But the printer of the sonnets usually went his own way without heed of law or custom.[2]

to a woman, is unsupported by authority or by the precise position of the brackets. They are directly attached to the single sonnet (CXXVI), and point to some imagined hiatus within its limits.

[1] Brackets, in the absence of commas, are helpful in such lines as these:

Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you	LVII. 6.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)	LVIII. 5.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse	LXXI. 9.
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay	10.
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote	LXXX. 11.

Brackets are wrongly introduced in lines like:—

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)	LXXX. 5.
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,	LXXXVI. 2.

The absence of all punctuation within the line in such lines as these is very perplexing:—

Which vsed liues th' executor to be.	IV. 14.
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.	VIII. 14.

In several places a mark of interrogation takes the place of one of exclamation with most awkward effect.

[2] 'Rose' is used twelve times: it is italicized once (I. 2); the names of other flowers are not italicized at all (cf. XXV. 6, XCIV. 14, XCVIII. 9, XCIX. 6). 'Alchemy' (alcumie) is used twice: it is once italicized (CXIV. 4) and once not (XXXIII. 4). 'Audite' is used thrice, and is twice italicized. 'Autumn' appears twice, and is once italicized: 'spring', 'summer', and 'winter' are never thus distinguished. The following are the other italicized words in the sonnets: *Abisme* (CXII. 9); *Adonis* (LIII. 5); *Alien* (LXXVIII. 3);

A Lovers Complaint.

To Thorpe's 'copy' of the sonnets was appended a poem which had no concern with them. It consisted of 329 lines in the seven-line stanza of *Lucrece*, and was entitled '*A Lovers Complaint.* By William Shake-speare.' The piece is a poetic lament by a maiden for her betrayal by a deceitful lover. The title constantly recurs in Elizabethan poetry.[1] The tone throughout is conventional. The language is strained, and the far-fetched imagery exaggerates the worst defects of Shakespeare's *Lucrece.* Such metaphors as the following are frequent :—

> Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
> As they did battery to the spheres intend. (ll. 22–3.)
> This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
> Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face. (ll. 281–2.)

A very large number of words which are employed in the poem are found nowhere else in Shakespeare's work. Some of these seem invented for the occasion to cover incapacity of expression.[2] The attribution of the poem to Shakespeare may

Cupid (CLIII. 1 and 14); *Dyans* (CLIII. 2); *Eaues* (XCIII. 13); *Grecian* (LIII. 8); *Hellens* (LIII. 7); *Heriticke* (CXXIV. 9); *Hews* (XX. 7); *Informer* (CXXV. 13); *Intrim* (LVI. 9); *Mars* (LV. 7); *Philomell* (CII. 7); *Quietus* (CXXVI. 12); *Satire* (C. 11); *Saturne* (XCVIII. 4); *Statues* (LV. 5); *Syren* (CXIX. 1); *Will* (CXXXV. 1, 2, 11, 12, 14; CXXXVI. 2, 5, 14; CXLIII. 13). In *A Lover's Complaint* only a single word throughout is italicized—*Alloes*, in l. 273. The following words of like class to those italicized in the sonnets lack that mark of distinction: Orient (VII. 1); Phænix (XIX. 4); Muse (XXXII. 10 et al. loc.); Ocean (LXIV. 5); Epitaph (LXXXI. 1); Rhethorick (LXXXII. 10); Charter (LXXXVII. 3); cryttick (CXII. 11); cherubines (CXIV. 6); Phisitions (CXL. 8).

[1] Two poems called 'A Lovers Complaint' figure in Breton's *Arbor of Amorous Devises* (1597).

[2] The following are some of the once-used words in *A Lover's Complaint*: 'Acture' (l. 185); 'annexions' (208); 'bat' [i.e. stick] (64); 'credent' (279); 'encrimson'd' (201); 'ender' (222); 'enpatron' (224); 'enswathed' (49); 'extincture' (294); 'fluxive' (50); 'impleach'd' (205); 'inundation' (290); 'invised' (212); 'laundering' (17); 'lover'd' (320); 'maund' (36); 'pensived' (219); 'phraseless' (225); 'plenitude' (302); 'sawn' [= seen] (91); 'sheaved' hat (31); 'termless' (94).

well be disputed. It was probably a literary exercise on a very common theme by some second-rate poet, which was circulating like the sonnets in written copies, and was assigned to Shakespeare by an enterprising transcriber. The reference to—

> Deep-brained sonnets, that did amplify
> Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality,
> (ll. 209–10.)

combines with the far-fetched conceits to suggest that the writer drew much of his inspiration from that vast sonnet literature, which both in France and England abounded in affected allusions to precious gems.[1] The typography of the poem has much the same defects as the sonnets. Among the confusing misprints are the following:—'a sacred *Sunne*' for 'nun' (260); '*Or* cleft effect' for 'O' (293); 'all *straing* formes' for 'strange' (303); '*sounding* palenesse' for 'swounding' or 'swooning' (305); '*sound*' for 'swound' or 'swoon' (308).

[1] Ronsard, and all the poets of the Pléiade, were very generous in their comparison of their mistress' charms to precious stones. The practice, which was freely imitated by Elizabethan sonneteers, received its most conspicuous illustration in the work of Remy Belleau, in his *Les Amovrs et novveavx eschanges des pierres precievses, vertvs et proprietez d'icelles*, which was first published at Paris in 1576, and figuratively describes, with amorous application, the amethyst, the diamond, the loadstone, the ruby, onyx, opal, emerald, turquoise, and many other precious stones. Shakespeare proves his acquaintance with poems of the kind, when he refers in his sonnets to the sonneteers' habit of

> Making a couplement of proud compare,
> With sun and moon, with earth and sea's *rich gems*.
> (*Sonnet* XXI.)

In *Sonnet* CXXX he again derides the common convention :—

> My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
> *Coral* is far more red than her lips' red.

V

Reception of Thorpe's volume.

THORPE's edition of the *Sonnets* does not seem to have been received by the public with enthusiasm. Edward Alleyn, the actor, purchased a copy of the book for fivepence, in June, 1609, within a month of its publication.[1] Another copy, in the John Rylands Library (No. VI, below), was clearly purchased at the same price for a gift-book, near the same date. Yet a third extant copy (No. VII, below) bears indication that it was acquired in very early days by Milton's patron, the Earl of Bridgewater. But there is no sign that Shakespeare's sonnets were widely read. A single edition answered the demand. The copyright proved of no marketable value. Thorpe retained it till he disappeared in 1625, and then no one was found to take it off his hands.

Contemporary references to Shakespeare's sonnets in the printed literature of the day are rare. The poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, seems to have studied them, though he failed to note the purchase of Thorpe's volume in the list which he prepared of the English books bought by him up to the year 1614. Many reminiscences of Shakespeare's sonnets figure in Drummond's early sonnets and poems, which were first collected in 1616. He borrowed, too, some lines from *A Lover's Complaint*, which was appended to Thorpe's edition of the *Sonnets*.[2]

[1] Warner's *Dulwich Manuscripts*, p. 92.

[2] Cf. Drummond's *Poems*, pt. ii, Sonnet xi, 2nd impression, Edinb. 1616:

> deare *Napkin* doe not grieve
> That I this Tribute pay thee from mine *Eine*,
> And that (these posting Houres I am to live)
> *I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine.*

A Lover's Complaint (15–18):

> Oft did she heave her *Napkin* to her *eyne*,
> Which on it had conceited characters,
> *Laundring the silken figures in the brine*
> That season'd woe had pelleted in teares.

Some twenty years later, Shakespeare's earnest admirer and imitator, Sir John Suckling, literally reproduced many expressions from Shakespeare's sonnets, in his *Tragedy of Brennoralt.*[1]

Continued circulation of the sonnets in manuscript.

There seems little doubt that Shakespeare's sonnets continued to circulate in manuscript as separate poems, with distinct headings, after, no less than before, Thorpe's publication of the collection. Many copies of detached sonnets appear in extant manuscript albums, or in commonplace books of the early years of the seventeenth century. The textual variations from Thorpe's edition indicate that these transcripts were derived from a version still circulating in manuscript, which was distinct from that which Thorpe procured. In a manuscript commonplace book in the British Museum, which was apparently begun about the year 1610, there is a copy of *Sonnet* VIII[2], with the heading not found anywhere else: 'In laudem

The eighth sonnet in manuscript.

[1] Shakespeare's *Sonnet* XLVII :—

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famisht for a look,
Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.

clearly suggested such a passage in Suckling's play (v. 18–22) (cf. *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, p. 44), as :—

Iph[*igene*]. Will you not send me neither,
Your picture when y' are gone?
That when my eye is famisht for a looke,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

[2] Cf. Add. MS. 15,226, f. 4 b. This volume contains many different handwritings belonging to various periods of the seventeenth century. It opens with a poem which does not seem to have been printed, entitled *Rawleighs Caueat to Secure Courtiers*, beginning, 'I speak to such if anie such there be.' Towards the end of the volume is a copy of a tract on the Plague of London of 1665, and, in a far earlier hand, copies of Heywood's translation of the two Epistles of Ovid, which appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612.

musice et opprobrium contemptorij (*sic*) eiusdem.' There is no sign that the poem was recognized as forming part of any long sequence of sonnets. The variant readings are not important, but they are numerous enough, combined with differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, to prove that the copyist did not depend on Thorpe's text. In the manuscript the two quatrains and the concluding sixain are numbered '1', '2', and '3' respectively. The last six lines appear in the manuscript thus:—

3.

Marke howe one stringe, sweet husband to another
Strikes each on each, by mutuall orderinge
Resemblinge *Childe*, *and Syer*, and happy Mother
w.ch all in one, *this single note* dothe singe
whose speechles songe beeinge many seeming one
Sings this to thee, *Thou single*, *shalt proue none.*
W: Shakspeare

In Thorpe's edition these lines run thus:—

Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling *sier*, *and child*, and happy mother,
Who all in one, *one pleasing note* do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

The superior punctuation of the last line of the manuscript is noticeable.

Sonnets LXXI and XXXII.

In like manner, *Sonnets* LXXI and XXXII, which, closely connected in subject, meditate on the likelihood that the poet will die before his friend, appear as independent poems in a manuscript commonplace book of poetry apparently kept by an Oxford student about 1633.[1]

[1] This MS., formerly belonging to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, is now in the library of Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, U.S.A. Mr. Winship,

The edition of 1640.

No less than thirty-one years elapsed before a second publisher repeated Thorpe's experiment. In 1640, John Benson, a publisher of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, where Jaggard's memory still lingered, brought out a volume called 'Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare Gent.' It is a miscellaneous collection of verse by several hands,

of Providence, has kindly sent me a transcript. The text of the two sonnets only differs from Thorpe's edition in points of spelling and in the substitution of 'me' for 'you' in LXXI. 8, and of 'loue' for 'birth' in XXXII. 11. Thorpe's readings are the better. In a volume of MS. poetry now belonging to Mr. Bertram, of London, the well-known critic and bookseller, and dating about 1630, *Sonnet* II appears as a separate poem with a distinct title, which is not met with elsewhere. The textual variations from Thorpe's text induce Mr. Dobell to regard it as a transcript of a copy which was not accessible to Thorpe. Most of the poems in Mr. Dobell's manuscript volume bear their writers' names. But this sonnet is unsigned, and the copyist was in apparent ignorance that it was Shakespeare's work. In another similar MS. collection of poetry, which belonged to Mr. Dobell, and is now the property of an American collector, there figured several fragmentary excerpts from Shakespeare's sonnets in an order which is found nowhere else. The handwriting is of the early part of the seventeenth century, and shows slight variations in point of words, spelling, and punctuation from the printed text. In two instances distinct titles are given to the poems. One of these transcripts, headed 'Cruel', runs thus:—

Thou, Contracted to thine owne bright eys,
Feedst thy light flame with selfe substantial fewell,
Makeing a famine, where aboundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe to thy sweet selfe too cruell.
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And onely herauld to ye Gaudy spring,
Within thine owne Bud Buriest thy Contend,
And tender Churle makes wast in niggarding.
Pitty ye world or Els this Glutton bee
To Eat ye worlds due by ye world & thee.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And Dig deep tranches in thy beautyes field,
Thy youths Proud liuery so gazd on now
Wil be A totterd weed of small worth held.
The Canker bloomes haue ful as deepe a dy
As ye Perfumed tincture of ye roses.

The first ten lines correspond with *Sonnet* I. 5–14, the next four with *Sonnet* II. 1–4, and the last two with *Sonnet* LIV. 5–6.

but its main contents are 146 of Shakespeare's sonnets interspersed with all the poems of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* in the third edition of 1612, and further pieces by Heywood and others. A short appendix presents 'an addition of some excellent poems . . . by other gentlemen' which are all avowedly the composition of other pens.

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of the formal assignment of the copyright of either Shakespeare's *Sonnets* or Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* to Benson. But Benson duly obtained a licence on November 4, 1639, for the publication of the appendix to his volume. The following entry appears in the Stationers' Company's Register under that date:—

Entred [to John Benson] for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes and Master ffetherston warden *An Addicion of some excellent Poems to* Shakespeares *Poems* by other gentlemen. *viz*t. His *mistris drawne.* and *her mind* by Beniamin Johnson. *An Epistle to Beniamin Johnson* by Ffrancis Beaumont. | His *Mistris shade* by R. Herrick. etc. vjd.[1]

The volume came from the press of Thomas Cotes, the printer who was at the moment the most experienced of any in the trade in the production of Shakespearean literature. Cotes had bought in 1627 and 1630 the large interests in Shakespeare's plays which had belonged respectively to Isaac Jaggard and Thomas Pavier. He printed the Second Folio of 1632 and a new edition of *Pericles* in 1635. The device which figured on the title-page of his edition of *Pericles,* as well as on that of Pavier's edition of that play in 1619, reappeared on Benson's edition of the *Poems* in 1640.

The source of Benson's text.

But, closely associated as the *Poems* of 1640 were, through the printer Cotes, with the current reissues of

[1] Arber, iv. 461.

Shakespeare's works, it may be doubted whether Benson depended on Thorpe's printed volume in his confused impression of the sonnets.[1] The word 'sonnets', which loomed so large in Thorpe's edition, finds no place in Benson's. In the title-pages, in the head-lines, and in the publisher's 'Advertisement', Benson calls the contents 'poems' or 'lines'. He avows no knowledge of 'Shakespeares Sonnets'. Thorpe's dedication to Mr. W. H. is ignored. The order in which Thorpe printed the sonnets is disregarded. Benson presents his 'poems' in a wholly different sequence, and denies them unity of meaning. He offers them to his readers as a series of detached compositions. At times he runs more than one together, without break. But on each detachment he bestows an independent descriptive heading. The variations from Thorpe's text, though not for the most part of great importance, are numerous.

The separate titles given by Benson to the detached sonnets represent all the poems save three or four to be addressed to a woman. For example, that which Thorpe numbered CXXII is entitled by Benson, 'Vpon the receit of a Table Booke from *his Mistris*,' and that which Thorpe numbered CXXV is headed, 'An intreatie for *her* acceptance.' A word of the text is occasionally changed in order to bring it into accord with the difference of sex. In *Sonnet* CIV. 1, Benson reads 'faire love' instead of Thorpe's 'faire friend', and in CVIII. 5, 'sweet love' for Thorpe's 'sweet boy'.

[1] Benson's preface 'To the Reader' is not very clearly phrased, but he gives no indication that the poems, which he now offers his public, were reprinted from any existing publication. His opening words run :—

'I here presume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master William Shakespeare, Which in themselves appeare of the same purity, [as those which] the Authour himselfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accomodatiō of proportionable glory, with the rest

But it is surprising how rare is any alteration of this kind necessary in order to adapt the sonnets to a woman's fascinations. *Sonnet* XX, which is unmistakably addressed to a man, is headed 'The Exchange', and *Sonnet* XXVI, which begins 'Lord of my love', is headed 'A dutiful message'. But such other headings as, 'In Prayse of his Love,' 'An address to his scornefull Loue,' 'Complaint for his Loues absence,' 'Self-flattery of her beauty,' &c., which are all attached to sonnets in what is known as the first section of Thorpe's volume, present no inherent difficulty to the reader's mind. The superscriptions make it clear that Benson did not distinguish the sonnets from amatory poems of a normal type.

Benson's text seems based on some amateur collection of pieces of manuscript poetry, which had been in private circulation. His preface implies that the sonnets and poems in his collection were not among those which he knew Shakespeare to have 'avouched' (i. e. publicly acknowledged) in his lifetime. By way of explaining their long submergence, he hazards a guess that they were penned very late in the dramatist's life. John Warren, who contributes new commendatory lines ('Of Mr. William Shakespear') for Benson's edition, writes of the sonnets as if the reader was about to make their acquaintance for the first time.[1] He says of them that they

> *Will* make the learned *still* admire to see
> The Muses' gifts so fully infused on thee.

of his everliving Workes.' 'Everliving'—the epithet which Thorpe applied to Shakespeare—was in too common use as a synonym for 'immortal' to make it needful to assume that Benson borrowed it from Thorpe (cf. Shakespeare, *1 Henry VI*, iv. 3. 51, 'That *ever-living* man of memorie Henry the Fifth').

[1] The other piece of commendatory verse by Leonard Digges confines itself to an enthusiastic account of Shakespeare's continued hold on the stage, and to the playgoer's preference of his work over that of Ben Jonson.

The theory that the publisher Benson sought his copy elsewhere than in Thorpe's treasury is supported by other considerations. *Sonnets* CXXXVIII and CXLIV, which take the thirty-first and thirty-second places respectively in Benson's volume, ignore Thorpe's text, and follow that of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599 or 1612). The omission of eight sonnets tells the same tale. Among these are one of the most beautiful, 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?' No. XVIII, and the twelve-lined lyric numbered CXXVI, which some critics have interpreted as intended by Shakespeare to form the envoy to the sonnets addressed to the man. It is difficult to account for the exclusion of these two poems, and six others (Nos. XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, and XCVI), except on the assumption that Benson's compiler had not discovered them.

Eighteenth-century editions of the sonnets.

Whatever may have been the source of Benson's text, his edition of them, although it was not reprinted till 1710, practically superseded Thorpe's effort for more than a hundred years.[1] The sonnets were ignored altogether in the great editions of Shakespeare which appeared in the early years of the eighteenth century. Neither Nicholas Rowe, nor Pope, nor Theobald, nor Hanmer, nor Warburton, nor Capell, nor Dr. Johnson, included them in their respective collections of Shakespeare's plays. None of these editors, save Capell, showed any sign of acquaintance with them. In collections of 'Shakespeare's Poems' forming supplementary volumes to Rowe's and Pope's edition of the plays,

[1] In 1654 there was issued a catalogue of books '*printed for Humphrey Moseley* and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paule's Churchyard'. Among the books noticed is 'Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare Gent.' The entry suggests that Moseley caused to be printed and published a new issue of Shakespeare's poems, but there is no trace of any such edition.

which came out under independent editorship in the years 1710 and 1725 respectively, and were undertaken by independent publishers, the whole of Benson's volume of 1640 was reprinted; the sonnets were not separated from the chaff that lay about them there.[1] The volumes which were issued in the middle of the century under such titles as 'Poems on several occasions, by Shakespeare' (1750?) or 'Poems. Written by Mr. William Shakespeare' (1775), again merely reproduce Benson's work.

Lintott's reprint of Thorpe's edition, 1710.

Only one publisher in the early years of the century showed any acquaintance with Thorpe's version. In 1710 Bernard Lintott included an exact reprint of it in the second volume of his 'A Collection of Poems (by Shakespeare)'. But no special authority attached to Lintott's reprint in the critical opinion of the day, and even Lintott betrayed the influence of Benson's venture by announcing on his title-page that 'Shakespeare's one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets' were '*all in praise of his mistress*'.

Steevens' reprint, 1766.

It was not until 1766 that the critical study of Shakespeare's sonnets can be said to have begun. In that year Steevens included an exact reprint, of his copy of Thorpe's edition of 1609 (with the Wright imprint), in the fourth volume of his 'Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies and Publish'd from the Originals'. The only comment that Steevens there made on the

[1] Charles Gildon, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1710, whose work was freely appropriated by Dr. Sewell, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1725, denied that any of Shakespeare's poems were sent to press before 1640, and refuted doubts of their authenticity on internal evidence only. Of the sonnets or 'Epigrams', as he calls them, he remarks: 'There is a wonderful smoothness in many of them that makes the Blood dance to its numbers' (p. 463).

sonnets was that 'the consideration' that they made their appearance with Shakespeare's name, and in his lifetime, 'seemed to be no slender proof of their authenticity'. Of their literary value, Steevens announced shortly afterwards a very low opinion. He excluded them from his revision of Johnson's edition of the plays which came out in 1778.

Malone's first critical edition, 1780.

Malone produced the first critical edition of the sonnets in 1780, in his 'Supplement to the Edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in 1778', vol. i. This revision of Thorpe's text proved of the highest value. Steevens supplied some notes and criticisms, and in the annotations on *Sonnet* CXXVII, Malone and he engaged in a warm controversy, which occupied nearly six pages of small type, regarding the general value of Shakespeare's sonnets. A year before Steevens borrowed of Malone a volume containing first editions of the *Sonnets* and *Lucrece*. On returning it to its owner, he pasted on a blank leaf a rough sketch in which Shakespeare is seen to be addressing William Atkinson, Malone's medical attendant, in these words:—

> If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
> The water of my sonnets, find their disease,
> Or purge my editor, till he understood them,
> I would applaud thee, &c.[1]

Steevens now insisted that 'quaintness obscurity and tautology' were inherent 'in this exotik species of com-

[1] The volume containing this drawing is in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library (Mal. 34). It contains the following note in Malone's handwriting:—'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779 to peruse *The Rape of Lucrece* in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it, he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and was attended by Mr. Atkinson, the Apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakespeare addresses, is a caricature.—E. M.'

position'. Malone, in reply, confessed no enthusiasm for Shakespeare's sonnets, but claimed for their 'beautiful lines' a rare capacity for illustrating the language of the plays. He agreed that their ardent expressions of esteem could alone, with propriety, be addressed to a woman.

About the same date, Capell, who gave Malone some assistance, carefully revised in manuscript Thorpe's text, as it appeared in Lintott's edition of 1710. But his revised text remains unpublished in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Steevens was to the end irreconcilable, and in an Advertisement prefixed to his last edition of Shakespeare, 1793, he justified his continued exclusion of the sonnets from Shakespeare's works on the ground that the 'strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service'.[1] The sonnets figured in Thorpe's text, revised by Malone, in the latter's edition of Shakespeare's works of 1790, in the Variorum of 1803, and in all the leading editions of Shakespeare's works that have been published since.

Nineteenth-century criticism.

The reasoned and erudite appreciation, which distinguished eighteenth-century criticism of Shakespearean drama, gives historic interest to its perverse depreciations or grudging commendations of the Sonnets. Not till the nineteenth century was reached, did the tones of apology or denunciation cease. Nineteenth-century critics of eminence with a single exception soon reached a common understanding in regard to the transcendent merit of the poetry. Hazlitt, alone of

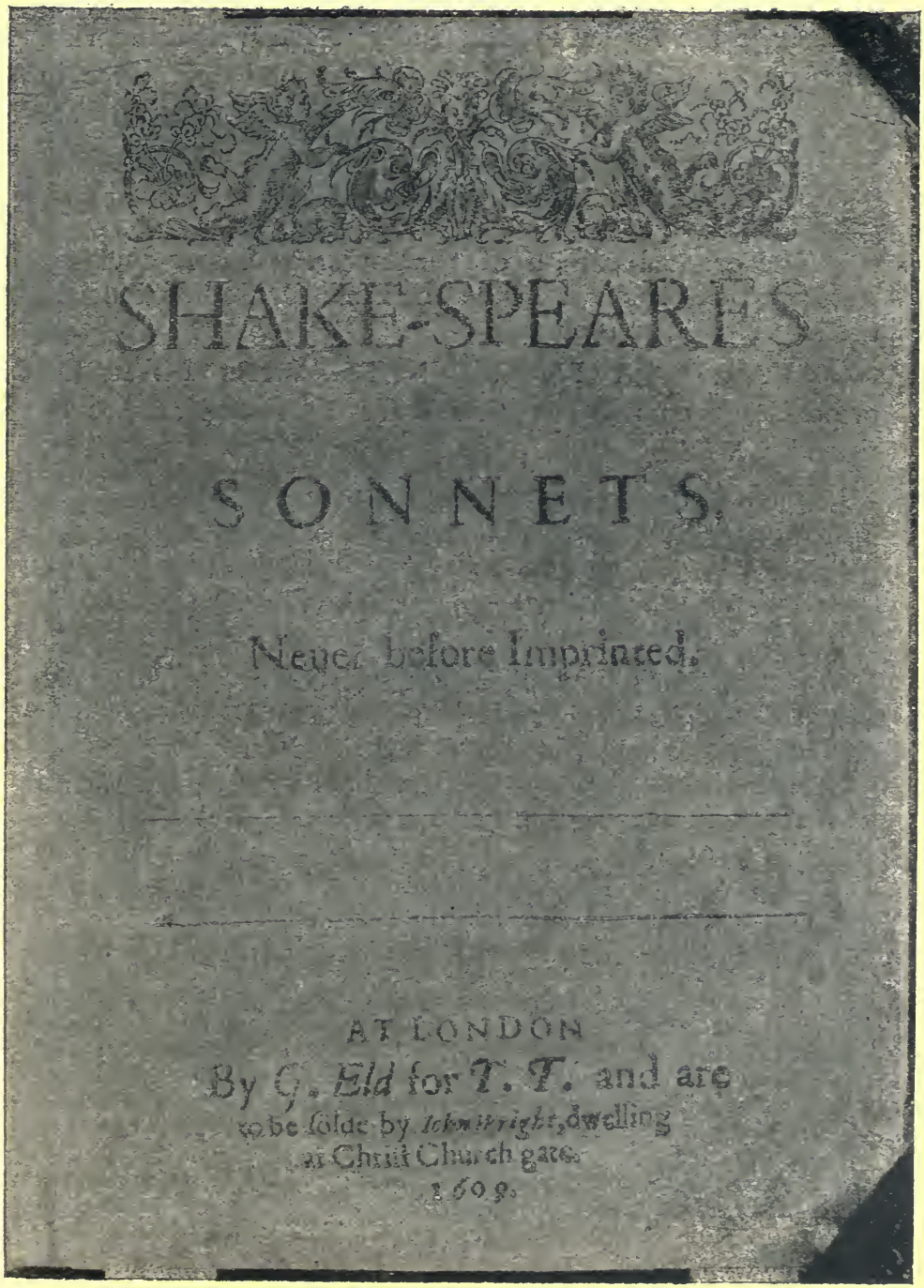
[1] Steevens added: 'These miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer.'

the great Shakespearean critics of the past century, declined to commit himself without damaging reserves to the strain of eulogy. At the same time differences have continued to prevail as to the precise significance of the poems, even amongst those whose poetic insight entitle their opinion to the most respectful hearing. Coleridge and Robert Browning refused to accept the autobiographic interpretation which commended itself to Wordsworth and Shelley. Great weight was attached to Hallam's censure of the literal theory: 'There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets.' The controversy is not yet ended. But the problem, in the present writer's opinion, involves in only a secondary degree vexed questions of psychology or aesthetics. The discussion must primarily resolve itself into an historical inquiry respecting the conditions and conventions which moulded the literary expression of sentiment and passion in Elizabethan England.

VI

Census of copies.

COPIES of the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* are now very scarce. A somewhat wide study of sale catalogues of the past 150 years reveals the presence in the book market of barely a dozen during that period. Many years have passed since a copy was sold at public auction, and the only recent evidence of the selling value of the book is the fact that the copy No. IX, *infra*, which was sold by public auction in 1864 for £225 15*s.* 0*d.*, was acquired privately, a quarter of a century later, by a collector of New York for a thousand pounds. Of the eleven traceable copies which are enumerated below, one lacks the title-page,



SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling
at Christ Church gate.
1609.

and two have facsimile title-pages; of the remaining eight, three have the Aspley imprint and five the Wright imprint. Of the eleven copies, eight are in England, and three in private libraries in America. Of the British copies six are in public collections. The Earl of Ellesmere and Mr. Huth seem to be the only private English owners.[1]

THE EDITION OF 1609. Description.

The original edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* appeared with two title-pages varying in the name of the bookseller in the imprint. One issue ran:—

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley.* | 1609.

The title-page of the other issue ran:—

SHAKES-PEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609.

The volume is printed in quarto, containing in all forty leaves. Signature A, consisting of two leaves only, contains the title-page and dedication. The text of the *Sonnets* begins on signature B and ends on K recto. On K verso begins 'A Louers complaint. | By | William Shake-speare', and it ends with the close of the volume on L2 verso. Thus the signatures run:—A (two leaves), B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K in fours, and L (two leaves). There is no pagination; the leaves A1, A2, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, H4, I4, are unsigned.

No. I. British Museum.

Of the copies in the British Museum, that in the Grenville

[1] It is impossible to determine whether the three copies mentioned in the following sale catalogues can be rightly identified with any of the eleven enumerated copies, or whether they had, and have, a separate existence:—

1. A copy in the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which was sold by the bookseller Osborn, of Gray's Inn, in 1742.

2. A copy in the Duke of Marlborough's library at White Knights, sold in 1819 for £37.

3. A copy in the collection of James Boswell the younger, which was sold in 1825 for £38 17*s.* 0*d.*

collection (G. 11181), measuring $6\frac{5}{8}'' \times 4\frac{5}{8}''$ and bound in red morocco, is in fine condition. This has the Aspley imprint. A few pages are stained. This is possibly the copy with Aspley imprint, priced at £30 in Messrs. Longman's sale list, *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, 1815, p. 301, which fetched £40 19*s.* 0*d.* at the sale of a portion of John Bellingham Inglis' library in June, 1826. THE EDITION OF 1609. British Museum (Grenville) copy.

The second Museum copy (C. 21. c. 44), which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{16}''$, has the title-page and last leaf in a dirty condition, but otherwise it is a good copy. Some pages are mended. It is bound in yellow morocco. It was apparently sold with the library of B. H. Bright in 1845 for £34 10*s.* 0*d.* It has the Wright imprint. It was reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 30, by Charles Praetorius in 1886. No. II. British Museum (Bright) copy.

Of the two copies in the Bodleian Library, the one which is reproduced here belongs to the Malone collection and is bound up with the first edition of *Lucrece*. It has the Aspley imprint, and measures $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5\frac{1}{16}''$, being inlaid on paper measuring $9\frac{1}{8}'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$. Malone acquired the volume in April, 1779, paying twenty guineas for the two quartos.[1] He lent the volume to Steevens in the same year. Malone subsequently inlaid and bound up the two tracts with quarto editions of *Hamlet* (1607), of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1598), of *Pericles* (1609 and 1619), and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608). The whole volume was labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' It is now numbered Malone 34. No. III. Bodleian (Malone) copy.

The second Bodleian copy was presented by Thomas Caldecott, and is now numbered Malone 886. The volume is bound up with 1594 editions of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which it follows. It has several manuscript notes in Caldecott's handwriting, chiefly dealing with misprints and illustrations from the plays. The copy has been cut down by the binder. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{5}{16}''$, and the date of the title-page, which bears Wright's name, has been cut off. No. IV. Bodleian (Caldecott) copy.

A copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, No. V.

[1] The Earl of Charlemont's MSS., i. 343 (in *Hist. Comm. MSS. Report*).

THE EDITION OF 1609.

Trinity College, Cambridge, copy.

Cambridge, is defective, wanting eight leaves (A1–2, B1, K2–L2) including the title. The missing pages are supplied in manuscript by Capell, who transcribed a Wright title-page. The volume measures 7″ × 5″.

No. VI. The John Rylands Library copy.

The John Rylands Library, in Manchester, contains a very fine copy which was acquired with Lord Spencer's Althorp collection, in 1892. It measures 7⅛″ × 5″, and has the Wright imprint. Earl Spencer purchased it in 1798, at the sale of Dr. Richard Farmer's library, for £8. It is in excellent condition, and is bound by Roger Payne in green morocco. Two peculiarities give the copy exceptional interest. On the last page of the volume, below the ornament, is the following manuscript note, in a somewhat ornamental handwriting of the early seventeenth century:—'Comendacons to my very kind & approued ffreind 23 : M : '. The numeral and capital at the end of the inscription may be the autograph of the donor in cipher, or may indicate the date of gift, March or May 23. Nothing is known of the history of this inscription, and there is no internal or external evidence to associate it in any way with Shakespeare. The copy was clearly presented by one friend to another about the date of publication. Another manuscript note in the volume is of more normal character. At the top of the title-page—to the left above the ornament—is the symbol '5d' written in the same hand as the inscription at the end. There is no doubt that this represents the cost of the volume, and it is curious to note that Edward Alleyn records in his account-book for June, 1609, that he paid fivepence for a copy of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The suggestion based on this fact that the Spencer copy originally belonged to Alleyn seems hazardous.[1]

No. VII. The Bridgewater House copy.

An interesting history attaches to the copy in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. Originally acquired by the second Earl of Bridgewater, it was sold by

[1] Cf. Dibdin's *Aedes Althorpianae*, i. 194. Mr. Guppy, the librarian of the John Rylands library, has kindly given me a very full description of this volume and careful tracings of the manuscript inscriptions.

the last Duke of Bridgewater in 1802, apparently on the erroneous assumption that he owned another copy. It was then bought by George Chalmers for £1. At the sale of Chalmers' library, in 1842, it was repurchased for the library at Bridgewater House by the first Earl of Ellesmere, grandfather of the third Earl, the present owner, for £105. This copy was reproduced in photo-zincography, under the direction of Sir Henry James, in 1862. It has the Aspley title-page. It is in eighteenth-century binding. The measurements are $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$. THE EDITION OF 1609.

The copy belonging to A. H. Huth has the Wright imprint. It was for many years in the Bentinck library at Varel, near Oldenburg, and formed part of a volume of tracts which had been bound together in 1728. The volume was first noticed by Professor Tycho Mommsen in 1857, when the Bentinck library was dispersed by sale. It was purchased by Halliwell[-Phillipps], but was sold at a sale of his books in 1858, when it was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, (through the bookseller Lilly) for £154 7*s.* 0*d.* The copy is somewhat dirty, the top margins are cut close, and some of the print in the headlines is shaved.[1] No. VIII The Huth copy.

Of the copies in America, the most interesting belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It has the Wright imprint, is bound in brown morocco by Charles Lewis, and measures $6\frac{7}{8}'' \times 5''$. At the end of the seventeenth century it was purchased by Narcissus Luttrell for one shilling. It subsequently belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears, and it was sold in 1800 at the sale of Steevens' library for £3 19*s.* 0*d.* It was then acquired by the Duke of Roxburghe, at the sale of whose library in 1812 it fetched No. IX The Dwight Church copy

[1] A copy of Shakespeare's 'Poems and Sonnets' dated 1609 is mentioned in the manuscript catalogue of the library of Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire. The library was bequeathed, with the Gopsall property, to Lord Howe's ancestor, William Penn Assheton Curzon, by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso, and friend of Handel, in 1773. But the earliest edition of the *Sonnets* in Lord Howe's library at Gopsall proves on examination (which Lord Howe invited me there to make) to be Lintott's edition of 1710—in which the title-page of the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* is reproduced.

THE EDITION OF 1609.

£21 10*s.* 0*d.* It was again sold at Evans' sale rooms in a valuable collection of 'Books of a Gentleman gone abroad', on Jan. 25, 1830, for £29 10*s.* 6*d.*, and was afterwards acquired by George Daniel, whose monogram G. D. is stamped on the cover. It fetched at the Daniel sale of 1864 £225 15*s.* 0*d.*, and afterwards passed into the collection of Almon W. Griswold of New York. Mr. Church purchased it of Mr. Griswold through Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in 1889 for £1,000 (5,000 dollars). The title-page is reproduced in facsimile in the Grolier Club's 'Catalogue of original and early editions', 1895, p. 185.

No. X. The Halsey copy, formerly at Rowfant.

Mr. F. R. Halsey, of New York, is the owner of the copy formerly belonging to Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in Jan. 1905. This copy has the Aspley imprint. It seems to be the 'imperfect' copy sold at the Jolley sale in London in 1844 for £33;[1] and successively in the libraries of Edward Vernon Utterson, at whose sale in 1852 it fetched £30 5*s.* 0*d.*; of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it for £41 in 1856, when it was acquired by Sir William Tite. At the Tite sale in 1874 it seems to have been bought by Messrs. Ellis & White for the late Frederick Locker Lampson for £15 10*s.* 0*d.* The title and dedication are supplied in admirable facsimile by Harris. The volume is bound in extra-morocco by J. Clarke.

No. XI. The White copy.

A third copy in America, which belongs to Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, also has the title-page and dedication in facsimile. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5''$. The volume was bound by Charles Lewis and acquired by the present owner in New York in 1887.

POEMS OF 1640. Description.

The edition of 1640 is an octavo of ninety-seven leaves without pagination, and is made up in two distinct parts—

[1] Dibdin writes somewhat mysteriously of Jolley's copy, despite its imperfections, thus: 'The history of the acquisition of the Jolley copy is one of singular interest, almost sufficient to add another day to a bibliographical decameron. The copy is in pristine condition, and looks as if snatched from the press.' Bound up with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1594 (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census No. II, British Museum copy), it was acquired by Jolley for a few pence in a Lancashire ramble.

the first of five leaves and the second of ninety-two. The first part, of five leaves, is supplementary to the rest of the work. On the third and fourth leaves are respectively the signatures *2, *3, a form of signature which indicates that the sheet to which it is attached was prepared and printed after the rest of the volume was ready for the press. These supplementary pages contain a frontispiece facing the title, presenting a carefully-elaborated cut of the Droeshout engraving of the First Folio signed 'W. M. Sculpsit'. The engraver was William Marshall, an artist of repute. The lower half of the plate is occupied by eight lines of verse, of which the first six consist of three couplets drawn at haphazard from Ben Jonson's eulogy in the First Folio. The concluding couplet—

POEMS OF 1640.

The supplementary opening pages.

> For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
> Thy like no age shall ever parallel.

alone seems original.[1] The title-page of the supplementary leaves runs:—

Poems: | Written | by Wil. Shake-speare | Gent. | [Printer's device with motto 'Heb. Ddim. Heb. Ddiev.'] Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *Iohn Benson*, dwelling in | St. *Dunstan's* Church-yard. 1640.

On leaf *2 begins 'Address to the Reader', signed I. B., i.e. John Benson, the publisher and bookseller. On leaf *3 begins a piece of commendatory verse 'Vpon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Authour, and his Poems' occupying three pages and signed 'Leon. Digges'. On the back of leaf *4 are seven commendatory couplets headed 'Of Mr. William Shakespeare' and signed John Warren. There the first part of the volume ends.

The substantive portion of the book.

The second and substantive portion of the volume follows immediately. It begins with a second title-page, identical at all points with the first, save for the omission of the date, 1640, in the last line. This title is printed on

[1] The first three couplets are respectively Jonson's lines 17, 18, 47, 48, and 3, 4.

Poems of 1640.

the first leaf of a sheet bearing the signature A. The text begins on a leaf which is signed A2, and headed 'Poems by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.' Thenceforth the signatures are regularly marked, viz. A2, A3–M4 in eights. The contents become very miscellaneous and are by many hands after leaf G (recto), on which appears Shakespeare's last sonnet, CLIV. After an interval of four leaves, on G5 (verso) begins *A Lovers Complaint*, which finishes on H2 (verso), and is succeeded by Heywood's two 'Epistles' from *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612 (H3 recto–K4 recto). The following leaves down to L1 (verso) are successively occupied by Marlowe's poem, 'Liue with me and be my loue', with Raleigh's reply (in the text, not of *The Passionate Pilgrim* but of *England's Helicon*); another [reply] of the same nature (from *England's Helicon*); 'Take oh take those lippes away' (from Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* in two stanzas, of which the first only appeared in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. 1–6); 'Let the bird of lowest lay' with the 'Threnes' (from Chester's *Loves Martyr*, 1601, where it is assigned to Shakespeare); 'Why should this a Desart be' (from *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 133–62); Milton's Epitaph from the Second Folio; Basse's sonnet from the First Folio; and a previously unprinted 'Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, Mr. William Shakespeare'. On signature L2 (recto) is introduced a new section headed: 'An addition of some excellent poems, to those precedent, of renowned Shakespeare, by other gentlemen.' Sixteen separate poems follow with the following titles: 'His Mistresse Drawne', signed B. L.; 'Her minde', signed B[en] I[onson]; 'To Ben. Iohnson', signed F[rancis] B[eaumont]; 'His Mistris Shade' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'Lavinia walking in a frosty morning'; 'A Sigh sent to his Mistresse'; 'An Allegorical allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees', signed I. G.; 'The Primrose' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'A Sigh' (by Thomas Carew); 'A Blush'; 'Orpheus Lute'; 'Am I dispis'd because you say' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse'; 'On his Love going to Sea' (assigned to Carew); and 'Aske me no more where *Ioue*

bestovves' (by Carew). A typed facsimile of the 1640 volume was issued by Alfred Russell Smith in 1885. POEMS OF 1640.

The volume is comparatively common. The earliest mention of its sale by auction was in 1683, but the price it fetched is unknown. It sold for a shilling at Dr. Francis Bernard's sale in 1688. Just a century later a copy fetched 9*s.* at Thomas Pearson's sale. The highest price it has yet reached at public auction is £106, which was realized at the Turner sale in June, 1888. Since that date a dozen copies, in very varying condition, have been publicly sold at lower prices. Copies are in the following public libraries in England: The British Museum, two copies (one in Grenville collection, measuring $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$, and one, C. 39. a. 40, without portrait); Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone collection; Trinity College, Cambridge, Capell collection, measuring $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$; the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham; and the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon. The copies in public libraries.

In America the public libraries possessing copies include: New York Public Library (Lenox collection), Boston Public Library (Barton collection).

Among private owners in America Mr. Robert Hoe of New York owns the very fine copy, bound by Charles Lewis, measuring $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{4}''$, which fetched £106 at the sale in London at Sotheby's on June 18, 1888, of the library of Robert Samuel Turner. Heber's (imperfect) copy is now the property of Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *william Aspley.*
1609. 24

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
Mr.W.H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

SHAKE-SPEARES, SONNETS.

FRom faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauties *Roſe* might neuer die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy lights flame with ſelfe ſubſtantiall fewell,
Making a famine where aboundance lies,
Thy ſelfe thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds freſh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine owne bud burieſt thy content,
And tender chorle makſt waſt in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

VVHen fortie Winters ſhall beſeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery ſo gaz'd on now,
Wil be a totter'd weed of ſmal worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty daies;
To ſay within thine owne deepe ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſſe praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſeru'd thy beauties vſe,
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe
Proouing his beautie by ſucceſſion thine.

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And ſee thy blood warme when thou feel'ſt it could,

3

LOoke in thy glaſſe and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face ſhould forme an other,
Whoſe freſh repaire if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doo'ſt beguile the world, vnbleſſe ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo faire whoſe vn-eard wombe
Diſdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond will be the tombe,
Of his ſelfe loue to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mothers glaſſe and ſhe in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Diſpight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.
But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die ſingle and thine Image dies with thee.

4

VNthrifty loueliness why doſt thou ſpend,
Vpon thy ſelfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequeſt giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck ſhe lends to those are free:
Then beautious nigard why dooſt thou abuſe,
The bountious largeſſe giuen thee to giue?
Profitles vſerer why dooſt thou vſe
So great a ſumme of ſummes yet can'ſt not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy ſelfe alone,
Thou of thy ſelfe thy ſweet ſelfe doſt deceaue,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can'ſt thou leaue?
Thy vnuſ'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which vſed liues th'executor to be.

5

THoſe howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very ſame,

And

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon,
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes euery where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.
But flowers distil'd though they with winter meete,
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

6

THen let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:
That vse is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
Leauing thee liuing in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wormes thine heire.

7

LOe in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pich with wery car,

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes(fore dutious)now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:
So thou,thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8

MVsick to heare,why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not ,ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receaust not gladly,
Or else receau'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vnions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling sier,and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one,one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many,seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

9.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah;if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes,her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place,for still the world inioyes it
But beauties waste hath in the world an end,
And kept vnvsde the vser so destroyes it:
No loue toward others in that bosome sits
That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.

10

FOr ſhame deny that thou bear'ſt loue to any
Who for thy ſelfe art ſo vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'ſt is moſt euident:
For thou art ſo poſſeſt with murdrous hate,
That gainſt thy ſelfe thou ſtickſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire ſhould be thy chiefe deſire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
Be as thy preſence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelfe at leaſt kind harted proue,
Make thee an other ſelfe for loue of me,
That beauty ſtill may liue in thine or thee.

11

AS faſt as thou ſhalt wane ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt,
And that freſh bloud which yongly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from youth conuerteſt,
Herein liues wiſdome, beauty, and increaſe,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore yeare would make the world away:
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſſe, and rude, barrenly perriſh,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gaue the more;
Which bountious guiſt thou ſhouldſt in bounty cherriſh,
She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment therby,
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that coppy die.

12

VWHen I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the braue day ſunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſiluer'd ore with white:
When loſty trees I ſee barren of leaues,
Which erſt from heat did canopie the herd

And Sommers greene all girded vp in ſheaues
Borne on the beare with white and briſtly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt goe,
Since ſweets and beauties do them-ſelues forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing gainſt Times ſieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

13

O That you were your ſelfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your ſelfe here liue,
Againſt this cumming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other giue.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe
Find no determination, then you were
You ſelfe again after your ſelfes deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet forme ſhould beare.
Who lets ſo faire a houſe fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,
You had a Father, let your Son ſay ſo.

14

NOt from the ſtars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons quallity,
Nor can I fortune to breeſe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or ſay with Princes if it ſhal go wel
By oft predict that I in heauen finde.
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,
And conſtant ſtars in them I read ſuch art
As truth and beautie ſhal together thriue
If from thy ſelfe, to ſtore thou wouldſt conuert;

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen.
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeding men.
Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,
Mine be thy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

21

SO is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeue me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

22

MY glasse shall not perswade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength seeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And domb presagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wit.

24

MIne eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspectiue it is best Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

To

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my breast, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart.

25

LEt those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles bost,
Whilst I whome fortune of such triumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour most;
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

LOrd of my loue, to whome in vassalage
Thy merit hath my dutie strongly knit;
To thee I send this written ambassage
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:
Til whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratiously with faire aspect,
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,

To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect,
Then may I dare to boaſt how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not ſhow my head where thou maiſt proue me

27

WEary with toyle, I haſt me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iourny in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe ſee.
Saue that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhadoe to my ſightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my ſelfe, noe quiet finde.

28

HOw can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of reſt?
When daies oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day opreſt.
And each (though enimes to ethers raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And do'ſt him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the ſwart complexiond night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire not thou guil'ſt th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrowes longer, (ſtronger
And night doth nightly make greefes length ſeeme

29

WHen in diſgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-caſt ſtate,

And

And trouble deafe heauen with my bootleſſe cries,
And looke vpon my ſelfe and curſe my fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſt,
Deſiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I moſt inioy contented leaſt,
Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſing,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye ariſing)
From ſullen earth ſings himns at Heauens gate,
For thy ſweet loue remembred ſuch welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my ſtate with Kings.

30

WHen to the Seſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,
I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vſ'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vanniſht ſight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All loſſes are reſtord, and ſorrowes end.

31

Thy boſome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue ſuppoſed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious teare
Hath deare religious loue ſtolne from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie,

Thou art the graue where buried loue doth liue,
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

IF thou survive my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer
And shalt by fortune once more re-survay:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,
Reserue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But since he died and Poets better proue,
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

33

FVll many a glorious morning haue I seene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,
Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
And from the fo-'orne world his visage hide
Stealing vn'eene to west with this disgrace:
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens sun staineth.

34

WHy didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beautious day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten ſmoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my ſtorme-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſa'ue can ſpeake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame giue phiſicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I haue ſtill the loſſe,
Th' offenders ſorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the ſtrong offenſes loſſe.
Ah but thoſe teares are pearle which thy loue ſheeds,
And they are ritch, and ranſome all ill deeds.

35

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou haſt done,
Roſes haue thornes, and ſiluer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipſes ſtaine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathſome canker liues in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and euen I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpas with compare,
My ſelfe corrupting ſaluing thy amiſſe,
Excuſing their ſins more then their ſins are:
For to thy ſenſuall fault I bring in ſence,
Thy aduerſe party is thy Aduocate,
And gainſt my ſelfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be,
To that ſweet theefe which ſourely robs from me.

36

LEt me confeſſe that we two muſt be twaine,
Although our vndeuided loues are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one reſpect,

Though

Though in our liues a ſeperable ſpight,
Which though it alter not loues ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteale ſweet houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame,
Nor thou with publike kindneſſe honour me,
Vnleſſe thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not ſo, I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To ſee his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest ſpight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned ſit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor diſpiſ'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance giue,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee,
This wiſh I haue, then ten times happy me.

38

HOw can my Muſe want ſubiect to inuent
While thou doſt breath that poor'ſt into my verſe,
Thine owne ſweet argument, to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearſe:
Oh giue thy ſelfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy peruſal ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy ſelfe doſt giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muſe, ten times more in worth
Then thoſe old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall

Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.
If my ſlight Muſe doe pleaſe theſe curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine ſhal be the praiſe.

39

OH how thy worth with manners may I ſinge,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praiſe to mine owne ſelfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praiſe thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue looſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deſeru'ſt alone:
Oh abſence what a torment wouldſt thou proue,
Were it not thy ſoure leiſure gaue ſweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
VVhich time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceiue,
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twaine,
By praiſing him here who doth hence remaine.

40

TAke all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more then thou hadſt before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maiſt true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiueſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vſeſt,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this ſelfe deceaueſt
By wilfull taſte of what thy ſelfe refuſeſt.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou ſteale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Laſciuious grace, in whom all il wel ſhowes,
Kill me with ſpights yet we muſt not be foes.

41

THoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſome-time abſent from thy heart,

Thy beautie,and thy yeares full well befits,
For still temptacion followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art,and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art,therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes,what womans sonne,
Will sourely leaue her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me but yet thou mighst my seate forbeare,
And chide thy beauty,and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euen there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

THat thou hast her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.
Louing offendors thus I will excuse yee,
Thou doost loue her,because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,
Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee,my losse is my loues gaine,
And loosing her,my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other,and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the ioy,my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery,then she loues but me alone.

43

WHen most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe,in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright,are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme,forme happy show,
To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How

How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect ſhade,
Through heauy ſleepe on ſightleſſe eyes doth ſtay?
All dayes are nights to ſee till I ſee thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do ſhew thee me,

44

IF the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Iniurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way,
For then diſpight of ſpace I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dooſt ſtay,
No matter then although my foote did ſtand
Vpon the fartheſt earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both ſea and land,
As ſoone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend, times leaſure with my mone.
Receiuing naughts by elements ſo ſloe,
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

45

THe other two, ſlight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embaſſie of loue to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, oppreſt with melancholie.
Vntill liues compoſition be recured,
By theſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe aſſured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back againe and ſtraight grow ſad.

46

MIne eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to deuide the conqueſt of thy ſight,
Mine eye,my heart their pictures ſight would barre,
My heart,mine eye the freeedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him dooſt lye,
(A cloſet neuer pearſt with chriſtall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
To ſide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts,all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie,and the deare hearts part.
As thus,mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my hearts right,their inward loue of heart.

47

BEtwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
When that mine eye is famiſht for a looke,
Or heart in loue with ſighes himſelfe doth ſmother;
With my loues picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
An other time mine eye is my hearts gueſt,
And in his thoughts of loue doth ſhare a part.
So either by thy picture or my loue,
Thy ſeiſe away,are preſent ſtill with me,
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canſt moue,
And I am ſtill with them,and they with thee.
Or if they ſleepe, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart,to hearts and eyes delight.

48

HOw carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle vnder trueſt barres to thruſt,
That to my vſe it might vn-vſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood,in ſure wards of truſt?
But thou,to whom my iewels trifles are,

Moſt

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou best of deerest, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar theefe.
Thee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
For truth prooues theeuish for a prize so deare.

49

AGainst that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe,
Cauld to that audite by aduis'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greete me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of setled grauitie.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne desart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leaue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

50

HOw heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heauily he answers with a grone,

More ſharpe to me then ſpurring to his ſide,
For that ſame grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

THus can my loue excuſe the ſlow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed,
From where thou art, why ſhoulld I haſt me thence,
Till I returne of poſting is noe need.
O what excuſe will my poore beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeeme but ſlow,
Then ſhould I ſpurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged ſpeed no motion ſha'l I know,
Then can no horſe with my deſire keepe pace,
Therefore deſire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall ragh noe dull fleſh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus ſhall excuſe my iade,
Since from thee going he went wilfull ſlow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

52

SO am I as the rich whoſe bleſſed key,
Can bring him to his ſweet vp-locked treaſure,
The which he will not euery hower ſuruay,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldome pleaſure,
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſollemne and ſo rare,
Since ſildom comming in the long yeare ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheſt,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpeciall inſtant ſpeciall bleſt,
By new vnfouloing his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you whoſe worthineſſe giues skope,
Being had to tryumph, being lackt to hope.

53

VVHat is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhaddowes on you tend?

Since

Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,
And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:
Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.
In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

OH how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds disclosES:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

NOt marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:
The liuing record of your memory.

Gainst

Gainſt death, and all obliuious emnity
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not ſaid
Thy edge ſhould blunter be then apetite,
Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
To morrow ſharpned in his former might.
So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulneſſe,
Too morrow ſee againe, and doe not kill
The ſpirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulneſſe:
Let this ſad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted new,
Come daily to the banckes, that when they ſee:
Returne of loue, more bleſt may be the view.
As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
Makes Sõmers welcome, thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

57

BEing your ſlaue what ſhould I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your deſire?
I haue no precious time at al to ſpend;
Nor ſeruices to doe til you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilſt I (my ſoueraine) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterneſſe of abſence ſowre,
VVhen you haue bid your ſeruant once adieue.
Nor dare I queſtion with my iealous thought,
VVhere you may be, or your affaires ſuppoſe,
But like a ſad ſlaue ſtay and thinke of nought
Saue where you are, how happy you make thoſe.
So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

58

THat God forbid, that made me first your slaue,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.
Oh let me suffer(being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
Without accusing you of iniury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child ?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fiue hundreth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this composed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether reuolution be the same.
Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

LIke as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
So do our minuites hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toile all forwards do contend.
Natiuity once in the maine of light,

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, dispight his cruell hand.

61

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
My heauy eielids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to prye,
To find out shames and idle houres in me,
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62

SInne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,
And all my soule, and al my euery part;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gratious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
T'is thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies.

63

AGainst my loue shall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaild on to Ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

WHen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,
When sometime lofty towers I see downe rased,
And brasse eternall slaue to mortall rage.
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store,
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my loue away.
This thought is as a death which cannot choose
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

SInce brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
But sad mortallity ore-swaies their power,

How with this rage ſhall beautie hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger then a flower?
O how ſhall ſummers hunny breath hold out,
Againſt the wrackfull ſiedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtoute,
Nor gates of ſteele ſo ſtrong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times beſt Iewell from times cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foote back,
Or who his ſpoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnleſſe this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may ſtill ſhine bright.

66

TYr'd with all theſe for reſtfull death I cry,
As to behold deſert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And pureſt faith vnhappily forſworne,
And gilded honor ſhamefully miſplaſt,
And maiden vertue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And ſimple-Truth miſcalde Simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

AH wherefore with infection ſhould he liue,
And with his preſence grace impietie,
That ſinne by him aduantage ſhould atchiue,
And lace it ſelfe with his ſocietie?
Why ſhould falſe painting immitate his cheeke,
And ſteale dead ſeeing of his liuing hew?
Why ſhould poore beautie indirectly ſeeke,
Roſes of ſhaddow, ſince his Roſe is true?

Why

Why ſhould he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to bluſh through liuely vaines,
For ſhe hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?
O him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what welth ſhe had,
In daies long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

68

THus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſignes of faire were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a liuing brow:
Before the goulden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers, were ſhorne away,
To liue a ſcond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique howers are ſeene,
Without all ornament, it ſelfe and true,
Making no ſummer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dreſſe his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth Nature ſtore,
To ſhew faulſe Art what beauty was of yore.

69

THoſe parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All toungs (the voice of ſoules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen ſo as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crownd,
But thoſe ſame toungs that giue thee ſo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther then the eye hath ſhowne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they meaſure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolye is this, that thou doeſt common grow.

70

THat thou are blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlanders marke was euer yet the faire,
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A Crow that flies in heauens ſweeteſt ayre.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approue,
Their worth the greater beeing woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth loue,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure vnſtayined prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young daies,
Either not aſſayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſoe thy praiſe,
To tye vp enuy, euermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maskt not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

71

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you ſhall heare the ſurly ſullen bell
Giue warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildeſt wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I loue you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you looke vpon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poore name reherſe;
But let your loue euen with my life decay.
Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Leaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,
What merit liu'd in me that you ſhould loue
After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
Valeſſe you would deuiſe ſome vertuous lye,

To

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O least your true loue may seeme false in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.
For I am shamd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

THat time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
Bare rn'wd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang,
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.
This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,
To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

74

BVt be contented when that fell arest,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.
When thou reuewest this, thou doest reuew,
The very part was consecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretches knife,

To

To base of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground:
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Saue what is had, or must from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

VVHy is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, euer the same,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

THy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious minuits waste,

The

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
Times theeuish progresse to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

78

SO oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,
As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added feathers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my art, and doost aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

WHilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,

He lends thee vertue, and he ſtole that word,
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth liue.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelfe dooſt pay.

80

O How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth vſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me toung-tide ſpeaking of your fame.
But ſince your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſaile doth beare,
My ſawſie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your ſhalloweſt helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilſt he vpon your ſoundleſſe deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleſſe bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then If he thriue and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this, my loue was my decay.

81

OR I ſhall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you ſuruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life ſhall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world muſt dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes ſhall lye,
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall ore-read,
And toungs to be, your beeing ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You ſtill ſhall liue (ſuch vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath moſt breaths, euen in the mouths of men.

I grant

82

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers vse
Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuisde,
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting set,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:
And therefore haue I slept in your report,
That you your selfe being extant well might show,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This silence for my sinne you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

84

WHo is it that sayes most, which can say more,
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

That to his ſubiect lends not ſome ſmall glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory.
Let him but coppy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo cleere,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtile admired euery where.
You to your beautious bleſſings adde a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.

85

MY toung-tide Muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe richly compil'd,
Reſerue their Character with goulden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the Muſes fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilſt other write good wordes,
And like vnlettered clarke ſtill crie Amen,
To euery Himne that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſht forme of well refined pen.
Hearing you praiſd, I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of praiſe adde ſome-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whoſe loue to you
(Though words come hind-moſt) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

86

WAs it the proud full ſaile of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my ſilence cannot boaſt,

I was

I was not sick of any feare from thence.
But when your countenance sild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

87

FArewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deseruing?
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is sweruing.
Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

VVHen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in loosing me shal win much glory:
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.
Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

SAy that thou diest forsake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,

Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not(loue)disgrace me halfe so ill,
To set a forme vpon desired change,
As ile my selfe disgrace,knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
Least I(too much prophane)should do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee,against my selfe ile vow debate,
For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

THen hate me when thou wilt, if euer,now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
Joyne with the spight of fortune,make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after losse:
Ah doe not,when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Giue not a windy night a raine morrow,
To linger out a purposd ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,
When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
But in the onset come,so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortunes might.
And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
Compar'd with losse of thee,will not seeme so.

91

SOme glory in their birth,some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds,some in their Horse.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,
But these perticulers are not my measure,
All these I better in one generall best.

Thy

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments coſt,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horſes bee:
And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou maiſt take,
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

92

BVt doe thy worſt to ſteale thy ſelfe away,
For tearme of life thou art aſſured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will ſtay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end,
I ſee, a better ſtate to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
But whats ſo bleſſed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maiſt be falce, and yet I know it not.

93

SO ſhall I liue, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceiued husband ſo loues face,
May ſtill ſeeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the falce hearts hiſtory
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles ſtrange.
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet loue ſhould euer dwell,
Whatere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes ſhould nothing thence, but ſweetneſſe tell,
How like *Eaues* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet vertue anſwere not thy ſhow.

94

THey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not do the thing, they most do showe,
Who moueing others, are themselues as stone,
Vnmooued, cold, and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherrit heauens graces,
And husband natures ritches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence:
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
But if that flowre with base infection meete,
The baseſt weed out-braues his dignity:
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

HOw sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,
And all things turnes to faire that eies can see!
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

SOme say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
Both grace and faults are iou'd of more and lesse:
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:
As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The

The baſeſt Iewell wil be well eſteem'd:
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeene,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the ſterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his lookes tranſlate.
How many gazers mighſt thou lead away,
If thou wouldſt vſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate?
But doe not ſo, I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

HOw like a Winter hath my abſence beene
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies ſeene?
What old Decembers barenneſſe euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was ſommers time,
The teeming Autumne big with ritch increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords deceaſe:
Yet this aboundant iſſue ſeem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleaſures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they ſing, tis with ſo dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

98

FRom you haue I beene abſent in the ſpring,
When proud pide Aprill (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any ſummers ſtory tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praiſe the deepe vermillion in the Roſe,
They weare but ſweet, but figures of delight:

Drawn, after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that (smels
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

VVHere art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise reply Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrincle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wasts life,
So thou preuenst his sieth, and crooked knife.

101

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answere Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praisd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he showes now.

102

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in see-
I loue not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare, (ming
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournefull himns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

ALack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more,much more then in my verse can sit,
Your owne glasse showes you,when you looke in it.

104

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still:Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure,and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew,which me thinkes still doth stand,
Hath motion,and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which,heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

LEt not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one,of one,still such,and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day,to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing,leaues out difference.
Faire,kinde,and true,is all my argument,
Faire,kinde and true,varrying to other words,
And in this change is my inuention spent,
Three theams in one,which wondrous scope affords.
Faire,kinde,and true,haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now,neuer kept seate in one.

When

106

WHen in the Chronicle of wasted time,
I see discriptions of the fairest wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,
Euen such a beauty as you maister now.
So all their praises are but prophesies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
They had not still enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present dayes,
Haue eyes to wonder, but lack toungs to praise.

107

NOt mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.
Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,
While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

108

WHat's in the braine that Inck may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,
What's new to speake, what now to register,
That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,

I muſt each day ſay ore the very ſame,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when firſt I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues freſh caſe,
Waighes not the duſt and iniury of age,
Nor giues to neceſſary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
Finding the firſt conceit of loue there bred,
Where time and outward forme would ſhew it dead.

109

O Neuer ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to quallifie,
As eaſie might I from my ſelfe depart,
As from my ſoule which in thy breſt doth lye:
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iuſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my ſelfe bring water for my ſtaine,
Neuer beleeue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that beſiege all kindes of blood,
That it could ſo prepoſterouſlie be ſtain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy ſumme of good:
For nothing this wide Vniuerſe I call,
Saue thou my Roſe, in it thou art my all.

110

ALas 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my ſelfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: But by all aboue,
Theſe blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worſe eſſaies prou'd thee my beſt of loue,
Now all is done, haue what ſhall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing breſt.

111

O For my ſake doe you wiſh fortune chide,
The guiltie goddeſſe of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wiſh I were renu'de,
Whilſt like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eyſell gainſt my ſtrong infection,
No bitterneſſe that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pittie me then deare friend, and I aſſure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

112

YOur loue and pittie doth th'impreſſion fill,
Which vulgar ſcandall ſtampt vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I muſt ſtriue,
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tounge,
None elſe to me, nor I to none aliue,
That my ſteel'd ſence or changes right or wrong,
In ſo profound *Abiſme* I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders ſence,
To cryttick and to flatterer ſtopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe diſpence.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides me thinkes y'are dead.

113

SInce I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Seemes

Seemes ſeeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or ſhape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne viſion houlds what it doth catch:
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet-fauor or deformedſt creature,
The mountaine, or the ſea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it ſhapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My moſt true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

114

OR whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eie ſaith true,
And that your loue taught it this *Alcumie?*
To make of monſters, and things indigeſt,
Such cherubines as your ſweet ſelfe reſemble,
Creating euery bad a perfect beſt
As faſt as obiects to his beames aſſemble:
Oh tis the firſt, tis flatry in my ſeeing,
And my great minde moſt kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his guſt is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poiſon'd, tis the leſſer ſinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth firſt beginne.

115

THoſe lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen thoſe that ſaid I could not loue you deerer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reaſon why,
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckening time, whoſe milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan ſacred beautie, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Diuert ſtrong mindes to th' courſe of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranie,

Might

Might I not then ſay now I loue you beſt,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt:
Loue is a Babe, then might I not ſay ſo
To giue full growth to that which ſtill doth grow.

119

LEt me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.
O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempeſts and is neuer ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to euery wandring barke,
Whoſe worths vnknowne, although his higth be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though roſie lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickles compaſſe come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

ACcuſe me thus, that I haue ſcanted all,
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay,
Forgot vpon your deareſt loue to call,
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchaſ'd right,
That I haue hoyſted ſaile to al the windes
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight.
Booke both my wilfulneſſe and errors downe,
And on iuſt proofe ſurmiſe, accumilate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,
But ſhoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale ſaies I did ſtriue to prooue
The conſtancy and virtue of your loue

118

LIke as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

WHat potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

120

THat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
Vnlesse my Nerues were brasse or hammered steele.
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

As

As I by yours , y'haue past a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest sence,how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you,as you to me then tendred
The humble salue,which wounded bosomes fits!
But that your trespasse now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours,and yours must ransome mee.

121

TIS better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be,receiues reproach of being,
And the iust pleasure lost,which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling,but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am,and they that leuell
At my abuses,reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes,my deedes must not be shown
Vnlesse this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122.

THy guift,,thy tables,are within my braine
Full characterd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.
Or at the least,so long as braine and heart
Haue faculte by nature to subsist,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee,thy record neuer can be mist:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,

To truſt thoſe tables that receaue thee more,
To keepe an adiunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſſe in mee.

123

NO! Time, thou ſhalt not boſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight:
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
What thou doſt foyſt vpon vs that is ould,
And rather make them borne to our deſire,
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
Thy regiſters and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or les by thy continuall haſt:
This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,
I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

124

YF my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,
It might for fortunes baſterd be vnfathered,
As ſubiect to times loue, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.
No it was buylded far from accident,
It ſuffers not in ſmilinge pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto th'inuiting time our faſhion calls:
It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,
Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,
But all alone ſtands hugely pollitick,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhowres.
To this I witnes call the foles of time,
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

VVEt't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,

Or

Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.
Hence, thou subborn'd *Informer*, a trew soule
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.
If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detaine, but not still keepe her tresure!
Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

( )
( )

127

IN the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,
And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Arts faulse borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

Therefore my Mistersse eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes so suted, and they mourners seeme,
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,
Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
That euery toung saies beauty should looke so.

128

HOw oft when thou my musike musike playst,
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which should that harue'st reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tikled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
Since sausie Iackes so happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

TH'expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
Inioyd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swollowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In pursut and in possession so,
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

130

MY Miſtres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red,then her lips red,
If ſnow be white why then her breſts are dun:
If haires be wiers,black wiers grow on her head:
I haue ſeene Roſes damaskt,red and white,
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her cheekes,
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Miſtres reekes.
I loue to heare her ſpeake,yet well I know,
That Muſicke hath a farre more pleaſing ſound:
I graunt I neuer ſaw a goddeſſe goe,
My Miſtres when ſhee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe compare.

131

THou art as tiranous,ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruell;
For well thou know'ſt to my deare doting hart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious Iewell.
Yet in good faith ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To ſay they erre,I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſweare it to my ſelfe alone.
And to be ſure that is not falſe I ſweare
A thouſand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witneſſe beare
Thy blacke is faireſt in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke ſaue in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlaunder as I thinke proceeds.

132

THine eies I loue,and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with diſdaine,
Haue put on black,and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' Eaſt,
Nor that full Starre that vſhers in the Eauen
Doth halfe that glory to the ſober Weſt
As thoſe two morning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beſeeme thy heart
To mourne for me ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſute thy pitty like in euery part.
Then will I ſweare beauty her ſelfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

BEſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
I'ſt not ynough to torture me alone,
But ſlaue to ſlauery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be.
Me from my ſelfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next ſelfe thou harder haſt ingroſſed,
Of him,my ſelfe,and thee I am forſaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſſed:
Priſon my heart in thy ſteele boſomes warde,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
Who ere keepes me,let my heart be his garde,
Thou canſt not then vſe rigor in my Iaile.
And yet thou wilt,for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

SO now I haue confeſt that he is thine,
And I my ſelfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My ſelfe Ile forfeit,ſo that other mine,
Thou wilt reſtore to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not,nor he will not be free,
For thou art couetous,and he is kinde,
He learnd but ſuretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as faſt doth binde.
The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou vſurer that put'ſt forth all to vſe,

And

And ſue a friend,came debter for my ſake,
So him I looſe through my vnkinde abuſe.
Him haue I loſt, thou haſt both him and mè,
He paies the whole,and yet am I not free.

135

WHo euer hath her wiſh,thou haſt thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote,and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whoſe will is large and ſpatious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others ſeeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance ſhine:
The ſea all water,yet receiues raine ſtill,
And in aboundance addeth to his ſtore,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no vnkinde,no faire beſeechers kill,
Thinke all but one,and me in that one *Will*.

136

IF thy ſoule check thee that I come ſo neere,
Sweare to thy blind ſoule that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy ſoule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-ſute ſweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treaſure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wils,and my will one,
In things of great receit with eaſe we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſſe vntold,
Though in thy ſtores account I one muſt be,
For nothing hold me,ſo it pleaſe thee hold,
That nothing me,a ſome-thing ſweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue,and loue that ſtill,
And then thou loueſt me for my name is *Will*.

137

THou blinde foole loue,what dooſt thou to mine eyes,

That they behold and ſee not what they ſee:
They know what beautie is, ſee where it lyes,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falſehood haſt thou forged hookes,
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?
Why ſhould my heart thinke that a ſeuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not
To put faire truth vpon ſo foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this falſe plague are they now tranſferred.

138

WHen my loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I do beleeue her though I know ſhe lyes,
That ſhe might thinke me ſome vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds falſe ſubtilties.
Thus vainely thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although ſhe knowes my dayes are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſt:
But wherefore ſayes ſhe not ſhe is vniuſt?
And wherefore ſay not I that I am old?
O loues beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told.
Therefore I lye with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

139

O Call not me to iuſtifie the wrong,
That thy vnkindneſſe layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy toung,
Vſe power with power, and ſlay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'ſt elſe-where; but in my ſight,
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aſide,
What needſt thou wound with cunning when thy might

Is more then my ore-preſt defence can bide?
Let me excuſe thee, ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face ſhe turnes my foes,
That they elſe-where might dart their iniuries:
Yet do not ſo, but ſince I am neere ſlaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

BE wiſe as thou art cruell, do not preſſe
My toung-tide patience with too much diſdaine:
Leaſt ſorrow lend me words and words expreſſe,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me ſo,
As teſtie ſick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phiſitions know.
For if I ſhould diſpaire I ſhould grow madde,
And in my madneſſe might ſpeake ill of thee,
Now this ill wreſting world is growne ſo bad,
Madde ſlanderers by madde eares beleeued be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou be lyde, (wide.
Beare thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart goe

141

IN faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they diſpiſe,
Who in diſpight of view is pleaſd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy toungs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte, nor ſmell, deſire to be inuited
To any ſenſuall feaſt with thee alone:
But my fiue wits, nor my fiue ſences can
Diſwade one fooliſh heart from ſeruing thee,
Who leaues vnſwai'd the likeneſſe of a man,
Thy proud hearts ſlaue and vaſſall wretch to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That ſhe that makes me ſinne, awards me paine.

142

LOue is my ſinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
Hate of my ſinne, grounded on ſinfull louing,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne ſtate,
And thou ſhalt finde it merrits not reproouing,
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That haue prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeald falſe bonds of loue as oft as mine,
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'ſt thoſe,
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deſerue to pittied bee.
If thou dooſt ſeeke to haue what thou dooſt hide,
By ſelfe example mai'ſt thou be denide.

143

LOe as a carefull huſwife runnes to catch,
One of her fethered creatures broake away,
Sets downe her babe and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would haue ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face:
Not prizing her poore infants diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
And play the mothers part kiſſe me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maiſt haue thy *Will*,
If thou turne back and my loude crying ſtill.

144

TWo loues I haue of comfort and diſpaire;
Which like two ſpirits do ſugieſt me ſtill,
The better angell is a man right faire:
The worſer ſpirit a woman collour'd il.
To win me ſoone to hell my femall euill,

Tempteth

Tempteth my better angel from my ſight,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I geſſe one angel in an others hel.
Yet this ſhal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

THoſe lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid I hate,
To me that languiſht for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my wofull ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer ſweet,
Was vſde in giuing gentle dome:
And tought it thus a new to greete:
I hate ſhe alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſau'd my life ſaying not you.

146

POore ſoule the center of my ſinfull earth,
My ſinfull earth theſe rebbell powres that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtlie gay?
Why ſo large coſt hauing ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou vpon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this exceſſe,
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then ſoule liue thou vpon thy ſeruants loſſe,
And let that pine to aggrauat thy ſtore;
Buy tearmes diuine in ſelling houres of droſſe:

Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So ſhalt thou feed on death,that feeds on men,
And death once dead,ther's no more dying then.

147

MY loue is as a feauer longing ſtill,
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe,
Feeding on that which doth preſerue the ill,
Th'vncertaine ſicklie appetite to pleaſe:
My reaſon the Phiſition to my loue,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept
Hath left me,and I deſperate now approoue,
Deſire is death,which Phiſick did except.
Paſt cure I am,now Reaſon is paſt care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely expreſt.
For I haue ſworne thee faire,and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell,as darke as night.

148

OMe! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correſpondence with true ſight,
Or if they haue,where is my iudgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be faire whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What meanes the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not,then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not ſo true as all mens:no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I miſtake my view,
The ſunne it ſelfe ſees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue,with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
Leaſt eyes well ſeeing thy foule faults ſhould finde.

149

CAnſt thou O cruell,ſay I loue thee not,
When I againſt my ſelfe with thee partake:

Doe

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
An of my ſelfe, all tirant for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'ſt thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrſt on me doe I not ſpend
Reuenge vpon my ſelfe with preſent mone?
What merrit do I in my ſelfe reſpect,
That is ſo proude thy ſeruice to diſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lou'ſt, and I am blind.

150

OH from what powre haſt thou this powreſull might,
VVith inſufficiency my heart to ſway,
To make me giue the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwere that brightneſſe doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warranti'e of skill,
That in my minde thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and ſee iuſt cauſe of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
VVith others thou ſhouldſt not abhor my ſtate.
If thy vnworthineſſe raiſd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

LOue is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knowes not conſcience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſe bodies treaſon,
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, fleſh ſtaies no farther reaſon,

But

But ryſing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize,proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To ſtand in thy affaires,fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call,
Her loue,for whoſe deare loue I riſe and fall.

152

IN louing thee thou know'ſt I am forſworne,
But thou art twice forſworne to me loue ſwearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuſe thee,
When I breake twenty:I am periur'd moſt,
For all my vowes are othes but to miſuſe thee:
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:
For I haue ſworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindneſſe:
Othes of thy loue,thy truth,thy conſtancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindneſſe,
Or made them ſwere againſt the thing they ſee.
For I haue ſworne thee faire:more periurde eye,
To ſwere againſt the truth ſo foule a lie.

153

CVpid laid by his brand and fell a ſleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly ſteepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A dateleſſe liuely heat ſtill to indure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men proue,
Againſt ſtrang malladies a ſoueraigne cure:
But at my miſtres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needes would touch my breſt,
I ſick withall the helpe of bath deſired,
And thether hied a ſad diſtemperd gueſt.
But found no cure,the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire;my miſtres eye.

154

THe little Loue-God lying once a ſleepe,
Laid by his ſide his heart inflaming brand,
Whilſt many Nymphes that vou'd chaſt life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayreſt votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And ſo the Generall of hot deſire,
Was ſleeping by a Virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diſeaſd, but I my Miſtriſſe thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

FRom off a hill whose concaue wombe reworded,
A plaintfull story from a sistring vale
My spirrits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid hiue of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lettice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heaue her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking vndistinguisht wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leueld eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gases lend,

To

To euery place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commixt.

Her haire nor looſe nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a careleſſe hand of pride;
For ſome vntuck'd deſcended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beſide,
Some in her threeden fillet ſtill did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand fauours from a maund ſhe drew,
Of amber chriſtall and of bedded Iet,
Which one by one ſhe in a riuer threw,
Vpon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
Like vſery applying wet to wet,
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries ſome;but where exceſſe begs all.

Of folded ſchedulls had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe peruſ'd,ſighd,tore and gaue the flud,
Crackt many a ring of Poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters ſadly pend in blood,
With ſleided ſilke,feate and affectedly
Enſwath'd and ſeald to curious ſecrecy.

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxiue eies,
And often kiſt,and often gaue to teare,
Cried O falſe blood thou regiſter of lies,
What vnapproued witnes dooſt thou beare!
Inke would haue ſeem'd more blacke and damned heare!
This ſaid in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Big diſcontent,ſo breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

Sometime a bluſterer that the ruffle knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt houres obſerued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew:
And priuiledg'd by age deſires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So ſlides he downe vppon his greyned bat;
And comely diſtant ſits he by her ſide,
When hee againe deſires her, being ſatte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her ſuffering extaſie aſſwage
Tis promiſt in the charitie of age.

Father ſhe ſaies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blaſting houre;
Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,
Not age, but ſorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a ſpreading flower
Freſh to my ſelfe, if I had ſelfe applyed
Loue to my ſelfe, and to no Loue beſide.

But wo is mee, too early I attteuded
A youthfull ſuit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards ſo commended,
That maidens eyes ſtucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts ſhee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occaſion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their ſilken parcels hurles,
Whats ſweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that ſaw him did inchaunt the minde:

For

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were,
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruly though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controuersie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannad'g, by'th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reason strong
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weepe:
He had the dialect and different skil,
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bosome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both inchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personal duty, following where he haunted,
Consent's bewitcht, ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his heart:
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reseru'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false Iewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, aduise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curbe it vppon others proofe,
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art,
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me: Gentle maid,
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pitty
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere inuite nor neuer vow.

All my offences that abroad you see

Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
Loue made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of greefe and blushes, aptly vnderstood
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modesty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorously empleacht
I haue receau'd from many a seueral faire,
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseecht,
With th'annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplifie
Each stones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

With obiects manyfold; each ſeuerall ſtone,
With wit well blazond ſmil'd or made ſome mone.

Lo all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiu'd and ſubdew'd deſires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
But yeeld them vp where I my ſelfe muſt render:
That is to you my origin and ender:
For theſe of force muſt your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter, you en patrone me.

Oh then aduance(of yours)that phraſeles hand,
Whoſe white weighes downe the airy ſcale of praiſe,
Take all theſe ſimilies to your owne command,
Hollowed with ſighes that burning lunges did raiſe:
What me your miniſter for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their diſtract parcells, in combined ſummes.

Lo this deuice was ſent me from a Nun,
Or Siſter ſanctified of holieſt note,
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun,
Whoſe rareſt hauings made the bloſſoms dote,
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of ritcheſt cote,
But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remoue,
To ſpend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my ſweet what labour iſt to leaue,
The thing we haue not, maſtring what not ſtriues,
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,
Playing patient ſports in vnconſtraind giues,
She that her fame ſo to her ſelfe contriues,
The ſcarres of battaile ſcapeth by the flight,
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boaſt is true,

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdewe,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I ſtrong ore them and you ore me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie vs all congeſt,
As compound loue to phiſick your cold breſt.

My parts had powre to charme a ſacred Sunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giuing place:
O moſt potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor ſpace
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (ſhame
Loues armes are peace, gainſt rule, gainſt ſence, gainſt
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.

Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,

And

And credent ſoule, to that ſtrong bonded oth,
That ſhall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This ſaid, his watrie eies he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With bryniſh currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the ſtreame gaue grace!
Who glaz'd with Chriſtail gate the glowing Roſes,
That flame through water which their hew incloſes,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the ſmall orb of one perticular teare?
Put with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breſt ſo cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his paſſion but an art of craft,
Euen there reſolu'd my reaſon into teares,
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shooke off my ſober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to Cautills, all ſtraing formes receiues,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſounding paleneſſe: and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt deceiues:
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and ſound at tragick ſhowes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

Could ſcape the haile of his all hurting'ayme,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Againſt the thing he ſought, he would exclaime,
When he moſt burnt in hart-wiſht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praiſd cold chaſtitie.

Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo louerd.
Aye me! fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould doe againe for ſuch a ſake.

O that infected moyſture of his eye,
O that falſe fire which in his cheeke ſo glowd:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that ſad breath his ſpungie lungs beſtowed,
O all that borrowed motion ſeeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruert a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.

PERICLES

1609

FACSIMILE

LONDON
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES
PERICLES

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION
1609

FROM THE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

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FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1609

I

The novel of Apollonius of Tyre.

THE play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, dramatizes a tale of great antiquity and world-wide popularity. The fiction deals with the adventurous travels of an apocryphal hero, called Apollonius of Tyre, who in the play is re-christened Pericles. The vein is frankly pagan. The story was doubtless first related in a Greek novel of the first or second century A.D. The incidents of a father's incestuous love for his daughter, of adventures arising from storms at sea, of captures by pirates, of the abandonment for dead of living persons, are very common features of Greek novels of the period. But the Greek text has not survived. It is in a Latin translation that the story enjoyed its vogue through the Middle Ages. More than a hundred mediaeval manuscripts of the Latin version are extant, of which one at least dates from the ninth century.[1] The Latin version was printed about 1470 for the first time, but the volume has no indication of place or date of production.[2]

Its European vogue.

Meanwhile the Latin tale was rendered into almost all the vernacular languages of Europe—not only into Italian,

[1] There are eleven in the British Museum.

[2] A vast amount of energy has been devoted in Germany to a study of the story of Apollonius of Tyre in the Latin version, and of its developments and analogues in modern languages. A useful summary of results, with a good account of the vast German literature on the subject, will be found in Mr. Albert H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: a study in comparative literature*, Philadelphia, 1898. A valuable paper by N. Delius on the play 'Ueber Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1868 (iii), pp. 175–204, should be read with papers by Mr. F. G. Fleay (in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1878, pp. 209–23), and by Mr. Robert Boyle on 'Wilkins' share in the play called *Pericles*', 1882.

Spanish, Provençal, French, and English, but also into German, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and mediaeval Greek. It found its way into cyclopaedias of mediaeval learning like Godfrey de Viterbo's *Pantheon* (*c.* 1186), and into the popular collection of stories, *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it figured from the fourteenth century onwards. A version was included in Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (t. vii, Histoire cxviii, pp. 113–206, 1604), a French compendium of popular fiction which had an universal vogue; it was there described as 'une histoire tirée du grec'.

The English versions.

In English the earliest version belongs to the eleventh century. A manuscript of that date is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. At the end of the fourteenth century the poet Gower introduced an original English rendering into his *Confessio Amantis*. An English translation of a French prose version was made by Robert Copland, and was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 the tale was again 'gathered into English [prose] by Laurence Twine, gentleman', under the title: 'The Patterne of painefull Aduentures, Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the *Lady Lucina his wife and* Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Twine Gentleman. Imprinted at London by William How. 1576.'[1] This

[1] The book was licensed by the Stationers' Company to the printer and publisher, William How, July 17, 1576, thus: 'Willm Howe. Receyved of him, for his licence to ymprint a booke intituled the most excellent pleasant and variable historie of the strange adventures of prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his Daughter. . . . viij*d*.' No copy of How's edition is known. Only a copy of the third edition now seems accessible. This is in the Bodleian Library, and has the imprint, 'Printed at London by Valentine Sims, 1607.' The second undated edition bore the imprint, 'Imprinted at London

volume was twice reissued (about 1595 and in 1607) before the play was attempted. The translator, Laurence Twine, a graduate of All Souls College, Oxford, performed his task without distinction.

The play and Gower's version.

The reissue in 1607 of Twine's English rendering of the old Latin story of Apollonius of Tyre may have suggested the dramatization of the theme. But those who were responsible for the effort did not seek their material alone in Twine's verbose narrative. They based their work on the earlier, briefer, and more spirited version in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. That poem, which was first printed by Caxton in 1483, was twice reprinted in the sixteenth century by Thomas Berthelet in 1532 and 1554, and the latest edition was generally accessible at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A prominent feature of the Shakespearean play is 'the chorus' or 'presenter' who explains the action before or during the acts. The 'chorus' takes the character of the poet Gower. Of his eight speeches (filling in all 305 lines), five (filling 212 lines) are in the short six- or seven-syllable rhyming couplets of Gower's *Confessio*. Abundant internal details corroborate the professed claim of the writers to dramatize Gower's version of the ancient story. Twine's volume only furnished occasional embellishment. Most of the characters bear the names which figure in Gower's story. All differ materially from those in Twine's version.

The nomenclature of the play.

Not that the drama fails to deviate on occasion from the path which Gower followed. At three points the nomenclature of the play differs from all the authorities. In Gower

by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman'; a copy was formerly in E. V. Utterson's library and sold at his sale in 1854 for £7 7*s.* 0*d.*; this was reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, 1843, i. 182–257 (re-edited by W. C. Hazlitt, pt. i, vol. iv, 247–334).

Pericles' wife has no name, and the daughter is called Thaisë. In Twine the wife is called Lucina and the daughter Tarsia. In the Shakespearean play the wife is called Thaisa, and the daughter is christened Marina—a cognomen for which there is no suggestion in the old narratives. But the most notable change of all is in the name of the hero. Throughout the previous literature on the subject he is known solely as Apollonius of Tyre. The name of Pericles naturally suggests the Athenian statesman, who would be familiar to any reader of Plutarch. The Pericles of the drama seems, by way of justifying his Athenian designation, to emphasize his 'education in arts and arms' (ii. 3. 82). But the name is something more than an echo of Athenian history. It is a reminiscence of Pyrocles, one of the heroes of Sidney's romance of *Arcadia*[1]. In the early scenes of the play, too, many expressions reflect a recent study of Sidney's romance.

Defects of the plot.

The play, whatever literary merit attaches to a small portion of it, proves, as a whole, that the old story of Apollonius' travels is ill adapted to drama. The action is far too multifarious to present a homogeneous effect. The scene rambles confusedly by sea from Antioch to Tyre, Tarsus, Mytilene, Ephesus, and Pentapolis. The events cover too long a period of time to render them probable or indeed intelligible in representation. At least nine months separate the last scene of Act ii, where the hero's marriage is celebrated, from the first scene of Act iii, where his first child is born; a year elapses between Scenes 2 and 3 of the latter Act, and as many as fourteen years pass between its close, where the child figures as an infant of one year, and the opening of

[1] Richard Flecknoe, writing of the play in 1650, called the hero Pyrocles. Musidorus, the other hero of Sidney's romance, had already supplied the title of another romantic play, *Mucedorus*, which appeared in 1595.

Act iv, where she is a full-grown woman. The choruses, which are themselves interrupted by dumb-shows, supply essential links in the narrative. They 'stand i' the gaps to teach the stages of the story'. The whole construction gives the impression of clumsy incoherence.[1] Dryden, when defending the construction of his own play, *The Conquest of Granada*, in 1672, instanced *Pericles* and the 'Historical Plays of Shakespeare' as illustrative of the awkward practice of dramatists of the past in working on 'some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age'. The censure is fully applicable to *Pericles*.

Shakespeare's alleged authorship.

The play was produced in the spring of 1608 at the Globe Theatre by the King's Company of players, of which Shakespeare was a member. On May 20 of that year a licence was secured for its publication. The drama was published, with a title-page bearing the date 1609[2] and assigning the authorship to 'William Shakespeare'.

II

Publisher's misuse of Shakespeare's name.

THE literary quality of the bulk of the play, and some external evidence, refute the assertion of the title-page of 1609 that Shakespeare was sole author of the drama. Such testimony as the title-page offers counts in itself for little. There are several instances of the appearance of Shakespeare's

[1] In 1656 Richard Flecknoe, in his *Diarium*, p. 96, has the epigram :—

'On the play of the life and death of Pyrocles.'
Ars longa, vita brevis, as they say,
But who inverts that saying made this play.

[2] The conjecture that there was an edition of 1608 is uncorroborated. The statement that the Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the First Quarto (now in the Boston Public Library, No. VII *infra*) bore the date 1608 is untrue. Some sentences in the fishermen's talk in *Pericles*, Act ii, Sc. 1, are closely copied in John Day's comedy called *Law Tricks*, which was undoubtedly published in 1608. But the fishermen's talk was generally reproduced in Wilkins' novel of 1608, and Day might have read it there.

name on volumes with which he had no concern. Apart from the poetic anthology called *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), which was described on the title-page as 'by William Shakespeare', the initials 'W. S.' had been fraudulently paraded on the title-page of the play *Locrine* as early as 1595, and they had reappeared with no greater justification on the title-pages of the plays, *Lord Cromwell* and *The Puritaine*, in 1602 and 1607 respectively. Furthermore, Shakespeare's full surname had adorned the title-pages of no less than three plays for which others were responsible. In 1600 *The first part of the true & honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, which was printed for T. P. (i.e. Thomas Pavier), bore the words on the title-page, 'Written by William Shakespeare.' Five years later a comedy entitled, *The London Prodigall*, which was printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, bore on its title-page the words, 'By William Shakespeare.' Finally, in 1608, the year in which *Pericles* was licensed for the press, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was 'printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by W. Shakespeare.' That Shakespeare had any hand in any of these six pieces to which his initials or his full name were attached may be confidently denied. The introduction of his name was a publisher's device, and was intended to deceive the unwary.

Shakespeare's share in *Pericles*.

The assignment of the whole play of *Pericles* to Shakespeare in 1609 was a transaction in the vein of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. It was less reprehensible than such ventures as *Locrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritaine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigall*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, because there is good evidence that while Shakespeare had no hand in full two-thirds of the piece, he and he alone was responsible for the remaining one-third. The greater part of Acts iii and v and some portions of Act iv may without much hesitation

be assigned to Shakespeare's pen. A scattered line or two here and there at other points of the play have a Shakespearean ring, but nowhere else is there any sustained evidence of Shakespeare's handiwork. Most of the other scenes are penned in a 'clipt jargon' which lacks his literary feeling.

The story of Marina.

All the Shakespearean scenes deal with the story of Pericles' daughter, Marina. They open with the tempest at sea during which she is born, and they close with her final restoration to her parents and her betrothal. The language is throughout in Shakespeare's latest manner. The ellipses are often puzzling. The condensed thought is intensely vivid, and glows with strength and insight. The blank verse adapts itself, in defiance of strict metrical law, to every phase of sentiment. The themes of Shakespeare's contributions to the play anticipate many of those which occupied him in his latest work. The tone of Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and Boult in the brothel resembles that of Isabella's speeches in *Measure for Measure.* Thaisa, whom her husband Pericles imagines to be dead, shares some of the experiences of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale.* The picture of the shipwreck which accompanies Marina's birth adumbrates the opening scene of *The Tempest*; and there are ingenuous touches in the portrayal of Marina herself which suggest the girlhood of Perdita.

Coleridge's theory.

The most reasonable explanation of the manner of Shakespeare's association with the piece is suggested by Coleridge. According to Coleridge, *Pericles* illustrated 'the way in which Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. At first he proceeded with indifference, only now and then troubling himself to put in a thought or an image, but as he advanced he interested himself in his employment, and [large portions of the last three acts] are almost

entirely by him'. This explanation absolves Shakespeare's responsibility for the choice of the intractable plot and for the piece's clumsy construction. The effect of his own work is impaired by such dominant features as those. The dramatic intensity, which colours the scenes in which Pericles recognizes his long-lost daughter and wife, is weakened by the duplication, which the plot requires, of the motive within very narrow limits of space. Shakespeare's interposition failed to relieve materially the strain of improbability which is inherent in the ancient story. The play as a whole fills a secondary rank in any *catalogue raisonné* of dramatic literature.

George Wilkins the chief author.

There seems good ground for assuming that the play of *Pericles* was originally penned by George Wilkins, and that it was over his draft that Shakespeare worked. Wilkins was a dramatist of humble attainments who had already produced, either alone or in collaboration with others, plays for the King's Company at the Globe Theatre, which included Shakespeare among its members and first produced *Pericles.* In 1607 Wilkins had published under his own name a piece called *The Miseries of Inforst Mariage*—a popular domestic tragi-comedy, of which the plot was treated anew in the following year in *A Yorkshire Tragedy,* one of the pieces fraudulently assigned by publishers to Shakespeare. Both *The Miseries* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* were performed by Shakespeare's company of actors at the Globe. Although the characters and plot are very different from those of *Pericles,* there is sufficient resemblance between the rhetorical vehemence and syntactical incoherence of passages in the non-Shakespearean part of *Pericles* and in Wilkins' *Miseries* to render it possible that both came from the same pen.[1]

[1] The suggestion that the prose portions of the brothel scenes were from the pen of a third coadjutor rests on more shadowy ground. Some critics

Wilkins' novel of Pericles.

One curious association of Wilkins with the play of *Pericles* is attested under his own hand. He published in his own name a novel in prose which he plainly asserted to be based upon the play. The novel preceded the publication of the drama. The evidence of the filial relation in which the romance stands to the play is precisely stated alike in the title-page of the former and in 'The Argument to the Whole Historie'. The title runs:—THE | Painfull Aduentures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an-|cient Poet Iohn Gower. | AT LONDON | *Printed by T. P. for* Nat: Butter, | 1608.|[1] In the Argument the reader is requested 'to receive this Historie in the same maner as it was under the habite of ancient *Gower*, the famous English Poet, by the King's Maiesties Players excellently presented'.

The novel's dependence on the play.

Wilkins' novel follows the play closely in its general outline. The preliminary 'Argument' of the whole 'Historie' precisely summarizes the plot. There follows a list of the

would assign those scenes to William Rowley, a professional collaborator who contributed scenes to a large number of plays designed by others. Rowley was undoubtedly capable of the *Pericles* brothel scenes, but they do not seem beyond the scope of Wilkins, who treats them with considerable fullness in the novel which he based on the play of *Pericles*.

[1] In the centre of the title-page is a rough woodcut portrait of the poet Gower. Only two copies of the novel are known, and of these only one is quite perfect. Some fragments of a third copy belonged to John Payne Collier. The copy in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Nassau and Heber successively, lacks the dedication which is addressed to Master Henry Fermor, one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and is signed 'George Wilkins'. The other copy, which is quite perfect, is in the public library at Zürich, and was reprinted at Oldenburg by Prof. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, with an introduction by John Payne Collier. The Zürich copy seems to have been purchased in London about 1614 by Johann Rudolph Hess, of Zürich (1588–1655). It subsequently belonged to a Swiss poet, Martin Usteri (1741–1827). The 'T. P.' by whom the novel was printed ('Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter') was the printer Thomas Purfoot, junior. He must not be confused with the bookseller Thomas Pavier, who published under the same initials, 'T. P.', the 1619 edition of the play of *Pericles*.

'dramatis personae' headed 'The names of the Personages mentioned in the Historie', which is not to be found in the play but seems to belong to it. But there are places in which the novel develops incidents which are barely noticed in the play, and elsewhere the play is somewhat fuller than the novel. At times the language of the drama is exactly copied, and, though it is transferred to prose, it preserves the rhythm of blank verse.[1]

The novel is far more carefully printed than the play, and corrects some of the manifold corruptions of the printed text of the latter. One or two phrases which have the Shakespearean ring are indeed found alone in the play. The novel may be credited with embodying some few lines from Shakespeare's pen, which exist nowhere else.[2]

But this point cannot be pressed very far. The discrepancies and resemblances between the two texts alike suggest that Wilkins followed a version of the play, which did not embody the whole of Shakespeare's revision. There is much in Wilkins' prose which appears to present passages

[1] Take, for example, Pericles' account of himself in the novel and the play. The passage runs in the play thus (ii. 3. 81–5) :—

> A Gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,
> My education beene in Artes and Armes:
> Who looking for aduentures in the world,
> Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
> and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

In the novel the passage runs (in the third person) as follows:—'A gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles, his education been in arts and arms, who, looking for adventures in the world, was by the rough and unconstant seas, most unfortunately bereft both of ships and men, and, after shipwreck, thrown upon that shore.'

[2] When Pericles greets his new-born babe Marina on shipboard (iii. 1. 30 sqq.), he exclaims in the play :—

> Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
> That euer was Prince's Child.

In the novel his speech opens thus :—'*Poor Inch of nature*, thou art as rudely welcome to the worlde as euer Princesse Babe was,' &c. 'Poor Inch of nature' is undoubtedly a Shakespearean touch which the transcriber of the play for the press overlooked.

from the play in a state anterior to Shakespeare's final revision. If we assume Wilkins to be author of the greater part of the play, we must conclude that in the novel he paraphrased his own share more thoroughly than the work of his revising coadjutor, or that he retained in the novel passages which his collaborator cut out or supplanted in the play.[1]

III

The popularity of *Pericles*.

Of the popularity of the piece, both on the stage and among readers, there is very ample evidence. There were at least six editions issued within twenty-six years of its production, two in 1609, and one in each of the years 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The title-page of the early editions, all of which announced the work to be by Shakespeare, described it as 'the late and much admired play', and noted that it had 'been diuers and sundry times acted'. Not more than six plays of Shakespeare were printed more frequently in quarto within the same period of time. It was, however, excluded from the First Folio of 1623 and from the Second Folio of 1632. Together with the six spurious plays which had been fraudulently assigned to Shakespeare in his lifetime, it was appended to a reissue of

[1] For example, Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and to Boult in the brothel scene, iv. 6, are far longer in the novel than in the play, yet they obviously come from the latter, at an earlier stage of its development than that which is represented by the printed text. One of Marina's speeches in the novel (p. 66) ends thus:—'O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mée your bondwoman, I will accompt it freédome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may liue honest, I am content: or if you think it is too blessed a happinesse to haue me so, let me euen now, now in this minute die, and Ile accompt my death more happy than my birth.' A very slight transposition of the words, with an occasional omission, would restore this passage to the blank verse from which it was obviously paraphrased.

the Third Folio in 1664 and to the Fourth Folio of 1685. Some doubt clearly lurked in the minds of Shakespeare's earliest editors as to the extent of his responsibility for the piece.

Numerous references to the piece in contemporary literature attest the warm welcome which the public extended to its early representations. As early as 1609 some popular doggerel entitled 'Pimlyco or Runne Red-cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon' (Sig. C 1, line 6) included the lines:—

> Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd
> Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so lowd;
> (As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes
> Did swarme with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*,
> So that I truly thought all These
> Came to see *Shore*[1] or *Pericles*.

In the prologue to Robert Tailor's comedy, *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*, 1614, the writer says of his own piece:—

> If it prove so happy as to please,
> Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

On May 24, 1619, the piece was performed at Court on the occasion of a great entertainment in honour of the French ambassador, the Marquis de Trenouille. The play was still popular in 1630 when Ben Jonson, indignant at the failure of his own piece, *The New Inn*, sneered at 'some mouldy tale like *Pericles*' in his sour ode beginning 'Come leave the lothed stage'. On June 10, 1631, the piece was revived before a crowded audience at the Globe Theatre 'upon the cessation of the plague'. At the Restoration

[1] *Shore* may be the play by Thomas Heywood, printed in 1600, entitled *The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth &c.* It presents the whole story of Jane Shore.

Pericles renewed its popularity in the theatre, and Betterton was much applauded in the title rôle.

Early criticism.

From an early date critics were divided as to its merits. An admirer, Samuel Sheppard, in 1646, in *The Times Displayed* blindly instanced the piece as that work of 'great Shakespeare' wherein he outran the powers of Aristophanes. Owen Feltham, in 1630, wrote more intelligibly of 'th' unlikely plot' of pieces that 'do displease As deep as *Pericles*'. Another poet, John Tatham, who personally approved the play, quoted in 1652 some current censure which condemned *Pericles* as one of Shakespeare's conspicuous failures:—

> But *Shakespeare*, the *Plebean* Driller [1], was
> Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

A greater critic, Dryden, took a low view of the piece, although he never doubted Shakespeare's responsibility. He wrongly excused the incompetence that he detected in it on the ground that it was Shakespeare's first experiment in drama (Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, 1684):—

> *Shakespear's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
> The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*.

The recognition of a divided authorship.

Although the exclusion of the piece from the Folios of 1623 and 1632 may have been due to suspicion of Shakespeare's full responsibility, the belief that Shakespeare was author, not of the whole play, but only of those scenes which are dominated by Marina, was not expressly stated till 1738. On August 1 in that year the dramatist George Lillo produced at Covent Garden Theatre an adaptation of the later portions of the drama in a piece entitled *Marina; a play in three Acts.* In the prologue the author, although no professional critic,

[1] Driller is probably a misprint for 'droller'.

displayed a saner judgement regarding Shakespeare's part in the composition of *Pericles* than any previous writer :—

> We dare not charge the whole unequal play
> Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,
> As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
> So do his bright inimitable lines
> Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
> And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

Dr. Farmer was the earliest professed critic to accept Lillo's suggestion. In 1766 he pronounced Shakespeare's hand to be visible in certain scenes and in those only. He as stoutly opposed the attribution of the whole to Shakespeare as the complete withdrawal of the piece from his record. No subsequent Shakespearean commentator of repute has questioned in substance the justice of Dr. Farmer's verdict.

IV

Blount's licence.

MUCH mystery surrounds the original publication of the play in 1609. The Stationers' Registers show that on May 20, 1608, Edward Blount, the most cultivated publisher of the day, obtained a licence for its publication. The entry runs :—

> [1608] 20 Maij
> Entred [to Edward Blount] for his copie under thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called. *The booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre* vjd.[1]

On the same day Blount also obtained a licence for 'A booke Called Anthony and Cleopatra'. In spite of these grants Blount had no hand in publishing *Pericles*. Nor is *Antony and Cleopatra* known to have been published till seventeen years

[1] Arber, iii. 378.

had passed away, when it appeared in the First Folio of 1623, of which Blount was one of the syndicate of five publishers.

Pericles was published in 1609 by Henry Gosson. Gosson was an undistinguished 'stationer', although his family had been for some time closely connected with the trade. He was apprenticed to his father, Thomas Gosson, who was in active business from 1579 to 1600[1], and died early in 1601. Henry was admitted a freeman of the Company *per patrimonium* on August 3, 1601, his widowed mother, Alice Gosson, standing surety. In 1603 he established himself at the sign of the 'Sun' in Paternoster Row, where *Pericles* was published six years later. He mainly confined himself to chapbooks, pamphlets of news, and ballads, but most of the occasional works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, were issued by him.

Henry Gosson's position.

Gosson employed many printers, and it is not easy to identify the press to which he entrusted his 'copy' of *Pericles*. But there is some ground for assuming that it came from that of William Jones, in Ship Alley, Red Cross Street. Jones, who served his apprenticeship with a man of position in the trade, John Windet, took up his freedom in 1596, and carried on a small printing business from 1601 to 1626. The form of imprint on the title-page of Gosson's edition of *Pericles* associates it nearly with a quarto pamphlet in prose by George Wilkins, which Jones printed for Gosson (without date) about 1605.[2]

The printer.

[1] The elder Gosson took up his freedom on February 4, 1577, as the apprentice of Thomas Purfoote. Besides Henry, he had two sons, Edward and Richard, both apprenticed to the Stationers; but they never reached the rank of freemen of the Company.

[2] The pamphlet is entitled 'Three Miseries of Barbary', and the imprint runs: 'Printed by W. I. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold in Pater Noster Rowe at the signe of the Sunne.' There is a copy in the British Museum. All excepting the prefatory page is in black letter. In 1606 Gosson employed the veteran, James Roberts, to print for him in quarto a prose

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of a transfer of the copyright of *Pericles* from Blount to Gosson. It may be that Gosson issued the work in defiance of Blount's just claim to it, or that Blount tacitly withdrew his pretensions owing to inability to obtain an authentic copy of the piece.

The corrupt state of the text.

The incoherence of the text in the first edition, the carelessness with which it was printed and produced, indicates that the 'copy' followed some hasty and unauthorized transcript, and that the type was not corrected by an intelligent proof-reader. Malone asserted with truth—'There is I believe no play of our author's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself.'[1]

The confusion of verse and prose.

That the text was not derived from an authentic manuscript is proved most clearly by the circumstance that a very large portion of the blank verse is printed as prose, or is cut up into lines of unequal length (each beginning with a capital letter), which ignores all metrical characteristics. In the last two acts, in which figure many speeches from Shakespeare's pen, very little of the verse escapes the disguise of prose.[2]

translation from the Italian 'Newes from Rome', and in 1608 he commissioned Robert Raworth to print a new quarto edition in black letter of his father's copyright, 'The Contention betweene three brethren. The Whore-Monger, the Drunkard, and the Dice-Player.' Raworth's press had just reopened, after a temporary suppression on account of his endeavour to infringe Leake's copyright by printing an unauthorized edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But such small evidence as exists suggests that William Jones was responsible for *Pericles*, rather than either Roberts or Raworth.

[1] Malone, *Supplement* (1780), vol. ii, p. 4 *n*.

[2] Act iii, Sc. 3 offers a good example of the method of printing blank verse. It is a short scene, consisting, when printed properly, of no more than forty-one lines. Not one line is printed in accordance with the requirements of the metre. A dozen of the blank verse lines are printed as prose. All the others are combined in different lengths, each beginning with a capital, and are robbed of metrical significance. Cf. also iii. 4. 4–11; iv. 1. 1–8, 31–42, 72–81; iv. 6. 101–27 (the scene of Marina with Lysimachus).

All Marina's verse in Act iv is so disguised. In some of the early scenes blank verse is suffered suddenly to masquerade as prose, and then resumes its correct garb. At other times two lines are run into one (cf. ii. 3. 60–1; ii. 5. 4–5, 42–3); or one line is set out in two (cf. ii. 4. 25). Elsewhere prose is printed as irregular verse. The second fisherman's final speech (ii. 1. 174–6) is printed thus:—

> Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
> My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
> And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

A shorthand transcript.

How Gosson acquired the corrupt 'copy' is not easily determined. The practice of taking down a piece in shorthand from the actor's lips was not uncommon.[1] There is

[1] Plays were often 'copied by the ear'. Thomas Heywood included in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 (pp. 248–9), a prologue for the revival of an old play of his concerning Queen Elizabeth, called 'If you know not me, you know Nobody', of which he revised the acting version. Nathaniel Butter had published the first and second editions of the piece in 1605 and 1608, and Thomas Pavier the third in 1610. In a prose note preceding the new prologue the author denounced the printed edition as 'the most corrupted copy, which was published without his consent'. In the prologue itself, Heywood declared that the piece had on its original production on the stage pleased the audience:

> So much that some by stenography drew
> The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.
> And in that lameness it hath limpt so long
> The Author now to vindicate that wrong
> Hath took the pains, upright upon its feet,
> To teach it walk, so please you sit and see't.

Sermons and lectures were frequently described on their title-page as 'taken by characterie'. (Cf. Stephen Egerton's Lecture, 1589, and Sermons of Henry Smith, 1590 and 1591.) The popular system of Elizabethan shorthand was that devised by Timothy Bright in his 'Characterie: An arte of shorte scripte, and secrete writing by character', 1588. In 1590 Peter Bales devoted the opening section of his 'Writing Schoolmaster' to the 'Arte of Brachygraphy'. In 1612 Sir George Buc, in his 'Third Vniversitie of England' (appended to Stow's Chronicle), wrote of 'the much-to-be-regarded Art of Brachygraphy' (chap. xxxix), that it 'is an Art newly discovered or newly recovered, and is of very good and necessary use, being well and honestly exercised, for, by the meanes and helpe thereof, they which know it can readily take a Sermon, Oration, *Play*, or any long speech, as they are spoke, dictated, *acted*, and uttered in the instant'.

a likelihood that Gosson commissioned a shorthand writer to report the piece in the theatre, or that at any rate he purchased a shorthand writer's notes. Many incoherences may be attributed to confused hearing, and the failure to respect the just metrical arrangements is hardly explicable in any other way.

Several of the least intelligible passages in the early editions can be with certainty restored to sense by reference to the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel. A comparison of the shape that many words take respectively in novel and play shows beyond doubt that the play's incoherences are errors of the ear. In i. 4. 39 in the speech, in which Cleon, governor of Tarsus, describes the straits to which his subjects are put by the pending famine, a hopeless line runs:—

> Those pallats *who not yet too sauers younger*,
> Must haue inuentions to delight the tast.

The novel shows the correct words are:—

> Those palates who *not yet two summers younger*,[1] &c.

In Act ii, Prologue, 22 it is said of Helicanus, Pericles' deputy at Tyre, that he

> *Sau'd one* of all that haps in *Tyre*.

The novel reads in like context that 'Helicanus let no occasion slip wherein hee might *send word* to Tharsus of what occurrents soeuer had happened'. *Sau'd one* is an ignorant mishearing of 'sends word'.

In iii. 3. 29 Pericles vows:

> All *vnsisterd* shall this heyre of mine remayne.

The novel relates how Pericles vows that his 'head should grow *vnscisserd*'.

The quotations in foreign languages are hopelessly mis-

[1] In the novel it is said of the famine-stricken city that she '*not yet two summers younger* did excell in pompe'.

printed from the same cause. In the Spanish motto (ii. 2. 27) the words 'Piu' and 'que' appear as 'Pue' and 'kee' respectively, and in the Latin motto (ii. 2. 30) the word 'pompae' is disguised as 'Pompey'.

Progressive degradation of the text.

Pericles was printed at least eight times in the course of the seventeenth century. Each edition differs from the other in minute points of typography. But no endeavour was made by the editors or printers to give intelligibility to the corrupted text or to respect the metrical intention of the authors until 1709, when *Pericles* was included in Nicholas Rowe's collection of Shakespeare's plays. Small literary interest attaches to the successive seventeenth-century editions. They present a curious picture of the progressive degradation of a text which was at the outset inexcusably corrupt.

The two editions of 1609.

Two editions were produced by Gosson in 1609, and it is difficult to determine which is the earlier. It is obvious that they are nearly related to one another. They closely resemble each other in their general incompetence. The title-pages are at all points identical. But the variations in spelling and typographic detail, which from the literary point of view are unimportant, are sufficiently numerous to prove that they represent two settings of the type, one of which followed the other with slight arbitrary changes. The ornamental initial letter 'T', at the opening of the text, is of different pattern in each edition. An occasional correction was introduced in the second setting, but it was usually balanced by the insertion elsewhere of a new misprint or misspelling, so that it is not easy to state that the text of one edition of 1609 is better than that of the other. The one is easily distinguished from the other by the first stage-direction, which in the one appears correctly 'En*t*er Gower', and in the other is misprinted 'En*c*er Gower'. The copy in the Malone collection in the

Bodleian Library, which is reproduced here in facsimile, has the 'En*t*er Gower' opening. Although certainty on the point is impossible, the 'En*t*er Gower' opening seems to be the mark of the first setting of the type.[1]

The differences of reading.

The actual differences of reading are few. But on the whole the compositor of the 'En*t*er Gower' edition, who may be judged to have worked direct from the corrupt manuscript, seems to have been more careful than the compositor of the 'En*e*er Gower' edition, who worked from his colleague's proof.

Some of the misprints of the first compositor were avoided by the second. But the obvious misprints are more numerous in the second setting than in the first. Thus, where the first prints rightly *potion* (i. 2. 68), the other misprints *portion*. Similar examples are :—

	In the 'En*t*er' (first) edition.	In the 'En*e*er' (second) edition.
i. 1. 41.	thee	hee
i. 2. 55.	plants	planets
93.	spares	feares
ii. Chor. 14.	Statue	Statute
iii. Chor. 53.	fell	selfe
iii. 1. 5.	gently	dayly
60.	give	bring
iii. 2. 91.	there	their
iii. 3. 19.	still	dayly
iv. 1. 21.	keep	weepe

[1] The 'En*e*er' copy has throughout on the left-hand page (even on the last left-hand page, which has no right-hand companion) the headline, 'The Play of,' and on the right-hand 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'; while the 'En*t*er' copy, which has on the right-hand page throughout the same heading ('Pericles, Prince of Tyre'), repeats those words on nineteen of the thirty-four left-hand pages of the text, and only on the remaining fifteen left-hand pages does 'The Play of' appear.

In the two following places neither text is right. But the 'En*t*er' (first) text is nearer the right reading than the 'En*e*er' (second). In iii. 2. 93–4 the sense requires 'warmth breathes'. The 'En*t*er' copy gives 'warmth breath', the 'En*e*er' copy 'warme breath'. In v. 1. 47 the sense requires 'deafened'. The 'En*t*er' copy gives 'defend', the 'En*e*er' copy 'defended'.

At least three necessary words are omitted in the 'En*e*er' copy, viz. ii. 1. 134 'to'; 5. 71 'say'; iii. 1. 9 'as'.

Only one omission, and that a stage direction, is noticeable in the 'En*t*er' copy, viz. ii. 5. 13 'Exit'.

The cases where the 'En*e*er' (second) goes right and the 'En*t*er' (first) wrong are fewer. But they are not unimportant. The five most noticeable corrections are:—

iii. 1. 66.	Paper	*for* Taper
iv. Chor. 17.	ripe	*for* right
iv. 6. 12.	Caualeres (i. e. Cavaliers)	*for* Caualereea
164.	women-kinde	*for* wemen-kinde
v. Chor. 20.	fervor	*for* former

Spelling differences.

Irregularities in spelling where the two editions differ merely reflect the caprices of the two compositors. A superfluous '-e' following words, e. g. 'booke', 'keepe', 'vnlesse', 'returne', frequently occurs in both copies. But the words that have it in one copy often lack it in the other. Where the one copy reads 'fruite' and 'fellowe', the other copy reads 'fruit' and 'fellow'. But the latter copy has 'mountaine' and 'devoure' though the former has 'mountain' and 'devour'. Fifty words, which have the superfluous '-e' in the 'En*t*er' (first) edition, are without it in the 'En*e*er' (second) edition. Forty words, which have the same ending in the

'En*e*er' (second) edition, are without it in the 'En*t*er' (first) edition.

Disposition of capital letters.

Similarly, capitals beginning common nouns within the line are distributed capriciously through both issues. But they do not appear in the same places in both copies. It may be estimated that the superfluous capital appears sixty-five times in the 'En*t*er' copy in places where it is absent from the other copy, and sixty-nine times in the 'En*e*er' copy in places where it is absent from the 'En*t*er' edition. It is a peculiarity of the 'En*t*er' copies that a small letter distinguishes the word 'king' at the heading of the King's speeches. In the 'En*e*er' copy the ordinary form 'King' is invariable.

Stafford's text of 1611.

The edition of 1611 was 'printed by S. S.', i.e. Simon Stafford.[1] No other name or initial appears in the imprint, but Gosson was in all probability the publisher again. It is a hasty badly-worked reprint page by page of the 'En*e*er' (second) quarto. Except in one place the catchwords are identical. A few new misprints are introduced (e.g. i. 1. 10 'fit' for 'sit', iv. 1. 87 'chaught' for 'caught'), and there are variations in the spelling (e.g. on title-page 'History' for 'Historie'; 'sayd' for 'said' and 'Maiestyes' for 'Maiesties').

Pavier's edition of 1619.

The edition of 1619 came from different hands. *Pericles* did not then reappear in an independent volume. It was appended to a new edition of *The Whole Contention betweene . . . Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall Ends of the*

[1] Stafford was originally a member of the Drapers' Company, and became a freeman of the Stationers' Company 'by translation' on May 7, 1599. His press was, before 1602, in Adling Street, on Adling Hill, 'near Carter Lane Inn' (now Addle Street, E.C.), and from 1602 onwards in Hosier Lane, near Smithfield. His more notable undertakings before 1609 were Richard Carew's *Survey of Cornwall* for John Jaggard, in 1602, and the pre-Shakespearean play of *King Lear* for John Wright in 1605.

good Duke Humfrey, Richard, Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two parts. (These two parts were early drafts of the second and third parts of *Henry VI*, which figured in a finally revised shape in the First Folio.) A new title-page introduces *Pericles*, but the signatures of the volume are continuous throughout. The title-pages of both *The Whole Contention* and *Pericles* bear the imprint 'Printed for T. P.' These initials are those of Thomas Pavier. He had acquired in a formal way the copyright of *the first and second parts of Henry the vjth, ii. bookes* as early as April 19, 1602,[1] but he undertook no edition of any play relating to Henry VI before the volume of 1619. There is no entry of the transfer to Pavier of Gosson's interest in *Pericles*. But Pavier was long engaged in making an unprincipled use of Shakespeare's name, and he would probably be none too scrupulous in employing 'copy' which would serve his purpose. In 1608 he had issued *A Yorkshire Tragedy . . . Written by W. Shakespeare* with his own full name in the imprint, 'Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and in 1619 he produced a new edition of that spurious production with the same form of imprint as in the volume containing *Pericles*, 'Printed for T. P.'[2] Thomas Pavier had obtained copyright in the

[1] Arber, iii. 304. The reference is probably to the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, the unrevised drafts of the *second* and *third* parts (not the first and second) of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. Of both of these pieces Thomas Millington, who assigned the copyright to Pavier in 1602, had before that date issued two editions.

[2] Pavier was originally a draper, and on June 3, 1600, was admitted 'by translation' a freeman of the Stationers' Company. In his will (P. C. C. 19 Hele) he speaks of the publisher William Barley as his master. From almost the date of his admission fines were exacted from him for irregular conduct; e.g. for causing Edward Allde to print a book contrary to order, October, 1602; and for selling an unauthorized edition of the *Basilicon Doron* on June 27, 1603. Nevertheless, he was admitted a liveryman on June 30, 1604. On August 14, 1600, he acquired the copyright in a large number of

ordinary way for *A Yorkshire Tragedy* on May 2, 1608; the work is described in the Stationers' Registers, iii. 377, thus: 'A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy* written by WYLLIAM SHAKESPERE.'

Small change was made in Pavier's text of *Pericles*. It followed closely the 'Enter' (first) edition of 1609. But there are one or two rational emendations (cf. i. 2. 86 'thinke' for 'doo't', *recte* 'doubt'; i. 3. 34 'my' for 'now'; iv. 6. 28 'impunity' for 'iniquity'; v. 1. 89 'weighed' for 'wayde').

In 1623 a syndicate of publishers produced the First Folio collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. *Pericles* was not included, either owing to Pavier's unreadiness to part with his interest, or to suspicions on the part of the editors of the First Folio as to the authenticity of the piece. Pavier carried on business till his death early in 1626, and apparently retained his claim to *Pericles* till the last. On August 14, 1626, his widow made over to Edward Brewster and Robert Bird all the estate, right, title, interest, of her late husband in some sixty specified volumes as well as '*in Shakespere's plaies or any of them*'. The specified books include *The play of Henry Fift, Sir John Oldcastle, A play Tytus and Andronicus, History of Hamblett*, all of which seem to have been treated as Shakespeare's work.[1] *Pericles* was among the unspecified plays placed to Shakespeare's credit, which were included in the property made over by Pavier's widow to Bird and Brewster.

Transfer of copyright to Bird and Brewster.

'thinges formerlye printed', including *The Historye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battell of Agencourt*, and *The Spanishe Tragedie*. He published two imperfect editions of Shakespeare's *Henry V* (in 1602 and 1608). On April 19, 1602, Pavier acquired from Thomas Millington, besides the two parts of *Henry VI*, 'a booke called *Titus and Andronicus*,' and on August 30, 1608, he received licence to publish *A history of Tytana and Theseus*, possibly a draft of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which nothing more is known. Arber, iii. 388.

[1] Arber, iv. 164, 165.

Bird's edition of 1630. The two imprints.

In 1630 Bird produced a new edition of *Pericles*, which was printed by John Norton.[1] Bird's edition followed Pavier's text of 1619. On some title-pages he set out his address at the sign of the Bible in Cheapside. Other copies merely bore the imprint, 'Printed by J. N. for R. B.' At Bird's hands, the text underwent further deterioration. Here and there an essential word is omitted altogether (cf. v. 1. 222 'state' omitted) or is hopelessly misprinted (cf. iii. 2. 27 'endwomens' for 'endowments', and v. 3. 88 'hough' for 'Although'). The whole line, i. 2. 23 ('Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne'), and the necessary stage direction 'Enter all the Lords to Pericles' (i. 2. 33) were suffered to fall out. On the other hand a necessary stage direction, which was previously omitted ('Exit Gower' in iii. Prol. l. 60), here for the first time finds a place. But this seems Bird's sole contribution to the elucidation of the confused text.

Cotes' edition of 1635.

Bird did not retain his interest in *Pericles* long. Thomas Cotes, an enterprising printer with whom a brother, Richard Cotes, was in partnership, acquired in 1627, on the death of Isaac Jaggard, chief proprietor of the First Folio, Jaggard's printing-press and most of his stock. Part of the property which passed to the brothers Cotes was Jaggard's 'part in Shackspheere playes', and on November 8, 1630, the partners made an important addition to their Shakespearean property by purchasing from Bird his 'copies' of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, and *Pericles*, all of which had at one time been in Pavier's possession. Thomas Cotes printed the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works in 1632, but once again *Pericles* suffered exclusion from that treasury. Cotes, however, made amends by producing at his press and

[1] Norton was of a family long engaged in the trade, and had for a time been in partnership with Nicholas Okes.

publishing for himself a new edition of *Pericles* in quarto in 1635. Cotes' edition closely follows Bird's text of 1630, and is equally incoherent.

The Third Folio reprint.

No further edition of *Pericles* appeared till 1664, when the play was at length included in a collective edition of Shakespeare's works. It then figured in the opening pages of an appendix containing in addition six other plays which had been falsely ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime. The volume was the second (*not* the first) impression of the Third Folio. The first impression, which has the imprint, 'London. Printed for Philip Chetwinde 1663,' reproduces the thirty-six plays which appeared in the First and Second Folios. The second impression has a new title-page running:—'Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before printed in Folio, viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas Ld. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. *Printed for P. C: London*, 1664.'

The seven 'Playes never before printed in Folio' appear at the end of the volume with new paginations and new signatures. The text of *Pericles* fills ten leaves, of which the first six belong to a quire signed 'a', and the second four to a quire signed 'b'. The pagination runs 1–20. The introductory heading runs:—'The much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince, Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time.' Chetwinde's text is that of the quarto of 1635, but there are many conjectural alterations. For the first time the play is

divided into five Acts, and the first scene is headed *Actus Primus: Scena Prima.* There is no further indication of scenes. For the first time there also appears a list of dramatis personae. This is placed under the heading 'The Actors Names' at the end of the piece. It is imperfect and there are curious errors. The daughter of Antiochus, who is unnamed in the play, is called 'Hesperides' from the figurative language of i. 1. 27. 'Philoten, daughter to Cleon', who is merely mentioned in the text and does not take any part in the action, is included in the list. 'Dionyza' is miscalled 'Dionysia', and Mytilene is misspelt Metaline.

The play of *Pericles* is as completely separated from what follows it in the Third Folio, as from what precedes it. *The London Prodigall*, which succeeds *Pericles*, opens a new set of signatures and a new pagination, which are both continuous to the end of the volume.[1] It was clearly the original intention of the publisher Chetwinde to add to the Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays *Pericles* alone. The extension of the appendix so as to admit the six other plays is shown by the signatures and new pagination to have been an afterthought.

The Fourth Folio reprint.

The Fourth Folio of 1685 is a reprint of the second impression of the Third Folio of 1664. *Pericles* figures in the same place in the volume, but it does not begin a new pagination; the piece is paged continuously with the tragedies. The signatures throughout the volume are also continuous and are quite regular. The list of dramatis personae—'The Actors Names'—is found at the head of the play, instead of at the end as in the Third Folio.

Rowe's text.

Nicholas Rowe, in his first critical edition of Shakespeare's

[1] The concluding section of the volume consists of fifty leaves, irregularly signed, thus:—*, **, **, ****, in fours; ¶A, ¶B, in sixes; ¶C—¶F, in fours; ¶G, six leaves.

works of 1709 (as well as in the reissue of 1714), based his text on that of the Fourth Folio and included *Pericles* and the six spurious pieces. Rowe attempted for the first time to distinguish the verse from the prose, and he made a few verbal emendations. But he did not go far in the elucidation of the text. Pope and the chief eighteenth-century writers excluded *Pericles*, together with the spurious plays, from their editions of Shakespeare's works. Although Theobald did not reprint the piece in his edition of Shakespeare (1733), he was a careful student of it, as manuscript notes by him in extant copies of the 1630 and 1635 editions amply show (see Nos. XLIX and LXV *infra*).

The two editions of 1734.

Two rival reprints in 12mo of the Fourth Folio version of *Pericles* appeared in London in 1734, independently of any collective edition. One of these ('Pericles Prince of Tyre by Shakespear,' sixty pages) was printed and published by R. Walker at the Shakespear's Head. The other ('Pericles Prince of Tyre By Mr. William Shakespear,' sixty-seven pages) was 'printed for J. Tonson and the rest of the Proprietors'. To Tonson's edition was prefixed an advertisement by William Chetwood, prompter at the Drury Lane Theatre, challenging Walker's pretensions to print this and other of Shakespeare's plays 'from copies made use of at the Theatre'; Chetwood denounced Walker's text as 'useless, pirated, and maimed'. But Tonson's version is little better than his rival's. *Pericles* was not republished again until Malone printed it (in 1780) with all the doubtful pieces in his 'Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' edition of 1778'. Malone for the first time recovered the verse from the prose of the early version, and by somewhat liberal emendations rendered most of the text readable and intelligible.

Malone's revised text.

It was at the suggestion of Dr. Richard Farmer that

Pericles was first included in a thoroughly critical edition of Shakespeare's plays. At Farmer's instance Malone introduced it into his edition of *Shakespeare* of 1790. Steevens followed Malone's example in 1793, and only one editor, Thomas Keightley—in 1864—has excluded it since.

V

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ERRATUM

Page 35, section v, line 3, *for* twenty-two copies *read* twenty-three copies.

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V

Census of copies.

NONE of the six quarto editions of *Pericles* are common, but the number of extant copies of each varies greatly. In no case do more than twenty-two copies of any one edition seem now traceable. Of the fourteen copies dated 1609 which are known, nine belong to the 'En*t*er Gower' (first) impression, which is reproduced in this volume, and five to the 'En*e*er Gower' (second) impression. The edition of 1611 is scarcer than any other; only two copies are traceable. The 1619 edition is the commonest. At least twenty-three extant copies are now identifiable. Of the 1630 edition, which exists in two impressions with different imprints, some sixteen copies are enumerated below, seven of which bear the shorter imprint, nine the longer. The claim that has been put forward in behalf of the 1630 short-imprint edition to extreme scarcity seems barely justified. The edition of 1635 is again fairly common; nineteen copies are described below. A singularly large number of the extant copies of all editions passed through the hands of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Distribution of copies.

Of the six quarto editions, at least seventy-four copies survive in all. A fourth of that number has changed hands of late years and it is difficult to trace the present owners. Half of the untraced copies are doubtless in America. Of the fifty-seven copies of which the present ownership is now known, thirty are in Great Britain, twenty-six in America,

and one is in Germany. Of the British copies no less than twenty-one are in public libraries, eight being in the British Museum, and four each at the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the twenty-six traceable American copies eleven are in public libraries.

Prices.

The highest price paid for any quarto edition of *Pericles* was £171, which was paid by Mr. Perry, of Providence, in 1896, for an exemplar of the 1609 edition, at John Chaloner Smith's sale.

Copies of later editions, when they have been offered for sale of late years, have not fetched very high prices. In 1901 an unbound copy of the 1619 edition at Sotheby's brought £100 (February 25), and a copy of the 1635 edition £66 (May 16).[1] Many fair copies of the four latest quartos have changed hands for £15 and under.

THE EDITION OF 1609 (I and II).

In each of the two impressions of Gosson's edition of 1609 the leaves in quite perfect copies number thirty-six. The signatures run A–I in fours. The last leaf is blank. The text starts on A2 recto and ends on I3 verso. The pages are unnumbered. Facsimiles of the two impressions of 1609 by E. W. Ashbee were privately issued in 1862 and 1871 respectively, under the direction of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Copies with 'Enter' opening, called FIRST QUARTO I.

No. I. Bodleian (Malone) copy.

The copy at the Bodleian Library, which is reproduced in this volume, measures $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$. It is inlaid, and forms part of a volume of seven Shakespearean quartos which were bound together by Malone and labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' The volume, which is numbered Malone 34, opens with *Lucrece*, 1594; and is followed by the *Sonnets*, 1609 (Aspley imprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598; by this edition of *Pericles*, 1609; by the 1619 edition of *Pericles*; and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

[1] At a London sale on November 14, 1678, a 1635 copy was sold in a bundle of eleven other plays for 5*s.* 6*d.* Another copy, at the Thomas Pearson sale (May–June, 1788), fetched sixpence.

The British Museum copy, which measures $6\frac{15}{16}'' \times 4''$, has been roughly cut down and inlaid in paper measuring $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{9}{16}''$. The leaves number thirty-five. Some head-lines and initial letters have been injured. The title-page has been torn. It is leather-backed with marbled cardboard sides. The pressmark is C. 12. h. 5. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 21), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

THE EDITION OF 1609 (I). No. II. British Museum copy.

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$, and wants the last blank leaf; it consists of thirty-five leaves instead of thirty-six.

No. III. Capell copy.

Mr. A. H. Huth's copy in perfect condition, consisting of thirty-six leaves, was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864, through the bookseller Lilly, for £84. It seems to have been acquired by Daniel, at Heber's sale, in 1834 for £18. It is bound in olive morocco by Charles Lewis, and has the blank leaf at the end, and on the title-page the autograph in contemporary hand of 'Scipio Squyer 5. Maij 160[9]'.

No. IV. Huth copy.

The copy belonging to Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire, was acquired about 1750 by Charles Jennens (the virtuoso and friend of Handel), who in 1773 bequeathed it with his property at Gopsall to William Penn Assheton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. It measures $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 7\frac{1}{16}''$. Leaf F4 is supplied in manuscript. The leaves number thirty-four only.

No. V. Gopsall copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, which measures $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$, was acquired about 1821 by John Murray, the grandfather of the present owner.

No. VI. Murray copy.

The interesting copy in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears. At Steevens' sale in 1800 it was bought for the Duke of Roxburghe's collection for £1 2*s.* 0*d.* At the Duke's sale in 1812 it fetched £1 15*s.* 0*d.*, and was acquired by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., whose autograph and book-plate are both inserted in it. At Jolley's sale in 1844 it passed

No. VII. Barton copy, Boston Public Library, U.S.A.

THE EDITION OF 1609 (I).

through the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for £13 to the American collector, T. P. Barton, whose books were presented to the Boston Public Library in 1870. The copy, which is slightly foxed, is half-bound in old red morocco.

No. VIII. Mr. W. A. White's copy, New York, U.S.A.

Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, who owns a first impression of 1609, purchased it for £60 from the library of Frederick Perkins of Chipstead, which was sold on July 20, 1889. It measures $6\frac{13}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$, and is bound in morocco. It belonged at one time to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears; but it is to be distinguished from the Steevens copy sold at his sale in 1800, which is now in the Barton collection (see No. VII).

No. IX. Mr. E. Dwight Church's copy, New York, U.S.A.

The copy formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5''$ and is bound in red morocco by Bedford. It formerly belonged to Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £53 10*s.* 0*d.*

Copies with 'Eneer' opening, called SECOND QUARTO II.

No. X. British Museum copy.

The British Museum copy (pressmark C. 34. k. 36) is bound in red russia, and stamped on the side with the arms of David Garrick, who was the former owner. It measures $6\frac{7}{16}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$. The top edges are planed and the title has been repaired. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 22), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

No. XI. Devonshire copy.

The Duke of Devonshire's copy belonged to the actor, John Philip Kemble, who purchased it at Dr. Richard Wright's sale in 1787 for nine shillings. It bears upon its title-page in Kemble's autograph the words, 'Collated and perfect. J. P. K. 1798.' It has been inlaid, and bound up with the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*, and early editions of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays—*Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Locrine*, 1595; and *The first part of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. The volume is lettered outside, 'Plays vol. cxxi.'

No. XII. Hamburg copy.

The copy in the Public Library of Hamburg, which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$, is bound up with thirteen other contemporary quartos, and is labelled on the back *Anglicana Varia*. It is the third item in the volume. The eleventh is a copy of the 1609 edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which is believed to be

unique. The ninth is George Wilkins' *Miseries of Inforst Marriage*, 1607.[1] THE EDITION OF 1609 (II).

A perfect copy of thirty-six leaves, belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, measures $6\frac{7}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$. It is unbound, and with it is stitched up Samuel Daniel's *The Queen's Arcadia* (1606). On the title-page are the autographs of two former owners, 'Edw. Palmer' and 'Jno. Fenn', 1782. The latter was Sir John Fenn (1739–94), editor of the 'Paston Letters', who owned the 1624 edition of *Lucrece* (Census No. XXII). The copy was bought for the present owner at the sale of John Chaloner Smith's library, on February 12, 1896, for £171. No. XIII. Mr. Marsden J. Perry's copy, U.S.A.

A defective copy was sold at Halliwell-[Phillipps'] sale, July 1, 1889, for £30. The title is a modern reprint, and leaves A 4 and I are wanting.[2] No. XIV. Untraced. Halliwell-[Phillipps'] copy.

The 1611 edition has the same number of leaves (thirty-six) in its perfect condition as in the case of the 1609 edition, which it reprints. The signatures run A–I in fours. C 2 is unmarked, and the last leaf is blank. It is without pagination. THE EDITION OF 1611.

Only two copies are known, and only one is complete. The British Museum owns the imperfect one. The complete copy is in Mr. Marsden J. Perry's library, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 37) which measures $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ was acquired on November 9, 1858, from James No. XV. British Museum copy.

[1] The remaining items, of which a list has been kindly forwarded to me by the Librarian, Dr. J. Spitzer, are, with two exceptions, plays which were published between 1606 and 1609. The abbreviated titles are: 1. Chapman's *Duke of Byron*, 1608; 2. Heywood's 'If you know not me', 1608; 3. *Pericles*, 1609; 4. Tourneur's *Revengers Tragaedie*, 1607; 5. *The Tragedie of Nero*, 1607; 6. Barnes' *Divils Charter*, 1607; 7. *Historie of Orlando Furioso*, 1599; 8. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (date cut off); 9. Wilkins' *Miseries*, 1607; 10. Dekker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607; 11. Marlowe's *Faustus*, 1609; 12. *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; 13. Middleton's *A Mad World*, 1608; 14. T[homas] P[ope] G[oodwine]'s *Historie of Blanchardine*, 1597 (unique).

[2] Copies of the 1609 edition were sold at the sales of the Duke of Marlborough, White Knights, in 1819 (for £2 5*s.* 0*d.*), of William Barnes Rhodes, in 1825 (for £9 9*s.* 0*d.*), and of John Dunn Gardner, with title-page in facsimile, in 1854 (for £21). There is no means of identifying them precisely with any of the traceable copies.

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the layd Prince:
As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath beene diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiestyes Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side.

By *William Shakespeare.*

Printed at London by *S. S.*
1611.

Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps], and was by him identified with the one sold by auction for £14 3*s.* 6*d.* at James Edwards' first sale in 1804. A note by Halliwell[-Phillipps] pasted in a fly-leaf runs:—'Although the present volume wants two leaves in sheet D (unless indeed the omission is to be ascribed to the printer, the catchwords being right) it is of great literary curiosity and importance, being not only unique but unused by and unknown to all the editors of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier is the only one who even names it, at first with doubt as to its existence, and afterwards only on my information. The present is no doubt Edwards' copy which sold in 1804 for what was in those days the large price of £14, since which time it seems to have disappeared until purchased privately by me.' Signatures D 2 and D 3 are missing and have been replaced by two blank leaves. This copy was facsimiled for private circulation in 1868 by E. W. Ashbee under Halliwell[-Phillipps'] direction. THE EDITION OF 1611.

The complete copy belonging to Mr. Perry, which measures $6\frac{7}{8}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$, was purchased privately by him of Mr. Maurice Jonas, of London, in 1896. It is bound by Rivière in red morocco, and consists of thirty-five leaves. The last blank page has disappeared. No. XVI. Perry copy, U.S.A.

The edition of 1619 formed the third and concluding section of a volume which opened with a reprint of the two parts of *The Whole Contention between the two famous houses Lancaster and York*. Those two plays occupy the leaves signed A–Q in fours, 'The First Part' filling A 2–H 4 verso, and 'The Second Part' I–Q 4 verso. The title-page of *Pericles* is on an unsigned inserted leaf following Q 4. The text of *Pericles* opens on a leaf signed R, and runs regularly in fours to the verso of B b 1. B b 2 in perfect copies is blank. *Pericles* thus consists of thirty-four leaves without pagination. The *Pericles* portion of the volume is usually found detached and separately bound. The title-page of *The Whole Contention* has no date. That of *Pericles* is dated 1619, and runs thus:— THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | CALLED, | Pericles, Prince of | Tyre. | *With the true Relation of the whole Hi-*|story, aduentures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by THE EDITION OF 1619.

THE EDITION OF 1619.

W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for T. P. 1619. | There is a device on the title with the motto HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.

Copies attached to *The Whole Contention.*

No. XVII. British Museum copy.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 38), which measures $7\frac{9}{16}'' \times 5\frac{11}{16}''$, still forms part of the volume of which the first portion is occupied by *The Whole Contention* (in two parts). The title-page of *Pericles* is missing. Two blank leaves intervene between the close of the second part of *The Whole Contention* and the opening of the text of *Pericles.* The latter play fills thirty-three leaves instead of thirty-four. The volume is bound in red morocco, and on the front cover is stamped the arms of David Garrick, the former owner.

No. XVIII. New York Public Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library in fine condition is bound without title-page with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention.* Its earlier owners have been C. W. Loscombe, F.S.A., at whose sale in 1854 it fetched £11 15*s.* 0*d.*; J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], at whose sale in 1856 it fetched £6 7*s.* 6*d.*; and Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £21, and was bought for the Lenox collection.

No. XIX. Virginia University copy, U.S.A.

A copy in the library of the University of Virginia at Charlottetown is bound with an imperfect copy of *The Whole Contention* and some other early quarto plays. The volume was presented by Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), President of the United States.

No. XX. Mr. E. D. Church's (Rowfant) copy.

A copy, lacking the title-page, but bound up as published with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention*, now in the possession of Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York, was formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson. It measures $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$.

In no other known copies does *Pericles* retain its original shape of supplement to *The Whole Contention.*

No. XXI. Huth copy.

In Mr. Huth's library, though *Pericles*, 1619, is separately bound, the copy of *The Whole Contention* to which it was attached is preserved in separate binding in the same collection.

Detached copies. No. XXII.

A detached perfect copy in the British Museum (C. 12. h. 6) was formerly in the library of George Steevens, whose auto-

graph is on the title-page. It was sold at his sale in 1800 for 15*s*. The page measures $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$; it is inlaid on paper measuring $8\frac{5}{16}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$. THE EDITION OF 1619. British Museum copy.

The copy in the Malone collection at the Bodleian Library, which measures $6\frac{13}{16}'' \times 4\frac{15}{16}''$ (Malone 34), is inlaid, and was bound up by Malone with his copy of the 1609 edition of *Pericles*, and five other early quartos as described above (No. I). No. XXIII. Bodleian copy.

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{5}{8}''$. No. XXIV. Capell copy.

A copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, measuring $6\frac{15}{16}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$, belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on the title-page a manuscript note '[The Name at length is to the edit. 1609]' below the words 'Written by W. Shakespeare'. No. XXV. Dyce copy.

A copy belongs to Earl Howe, and is at Gopsall in the collection formed by Charles Jennens. It measures $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$. No. XXVI. Gopsall copy.

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. F. A. Newdegate, M.P., at Arbury, bound up with five other quarto plays, viz. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600; *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619; *Birth of Merlin*, 1662; *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Mucedorus*, 1668. No. XXVII. The Arbury copy.

A detached copy of *Pericles*, 1619, is in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library, as well as the copy attached to *The Whole Contention* (1619). No. XXVIII. Lenox collection, New York.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is clean, and is bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis. The title-page has been repaired. No. XXIX. Barton copy, Boston Public Library, U.S.A.

A copy formerly in the possession of J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps] now belongs to Mr. Perry, of Providence. The margins are much cut down, but the text is perfect and measures $6\frac{15}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$. The volume is bound by W. Pratt, and consists of thirty-four leaves. The title is defective. No. XXX. Perry copy (1).

A second copy belonging to Mr. Perry, in a perfect condition, forms part of a volume containing eight other Shakespearean quartos, which was found in a German library in 1902. It is bound in seventeenth-century calf, and is No. XXXI. Perry copy (2).

THE EDITION OF 1619.

stamped on the side with the name of a seventeenth-century collector, Edward Gwynn.[1]

No. XXXII. Folger copy. No. XXXIII. Furness copy.

Other American owners are Mr. Folger, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.[2]

Untraced copies.

The present ownership of the following copies, one or two of which may possibly be identifiable with some already enumerated, cannot be positively stated :—

No. XXXIV. Roxburghe-Tite-Gaisford copy.

A copy, bound in olive morocco, belonging successively to the Duke of Roxburghe and to William Nanson Lettsom (1796–1865), at whose sale in 1865 it fetched £9 15*s.* 0*d.*; it was resold at the Tite sale, in 1874, to A. Russell Smith for £5 15*s.* 0*d.*, and at the Thomas Gaisford sale, on April 23, 1890, to Messrs. Pearson for £30. It has autograph notes by Bishop Warburton, and a few manuscript annotations transcribed from Theobald's copy by Lettsom.

No. XXXV. Cosens copy.

F. W. Cosens' copy, bound by Rivière, sold November 11, 1890, with all faults, to Bernard Quaritch for £12 5*s.* 0*d.*

No. XXXVI. Crawford copy.

Copy of W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, sold March 12, 1891, to Quaritch for £37; bound in morocco by Bedford.

No. XXXVII. Warwick copy.

The copy belonging to the Earl of Warwick, acquired *c.* 1867, through J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], by George Guy, fourth Earl of Warwick (1818–93), was disposed of to an American purchaser in 1896.

No. XXXVIII. Stevens copy.

An unbound detached copy, sold at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, on February 25, 1901, with minute fragments of the date rubbed off, but otherwise perfect, ending B b 1, was purchased by B. F. Stevens, the American agent, for £100.

No. XXXIX. Burton-Griswold copy.

The American actor, W. E. Burton, who died in 1860, owned a copy which was afterwards in the library of Almon W. Griswold of New York.

[1] Gwynn seems to have collected a valuable library in the seventeenth century, and his full name is usually stamped on the front side cover of his books. A collection of royal proclamations, dating between 1634 and 1661; in the British Museum, 506. h. 11, is in a calf binding, stamped in this manner with Gwynn's name.

[2] Mr. Furness' copy resembles that which formerly belonged to Asa I. Fish of Philadelphia.

The title of the 1630 edition runs:—'The late, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: Written by Will: Shakespeare.' There is a device with the motto *In domino confido*, as in the 1632 edition of *Lucrece*. The imprint is given in two different forms. On some copies it appears as 'LONDON, | Printed by *I. N.* for *R. B.* and are to be sould | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*. 1630. | The other imprint is: LONDON, | Printed by *J. N.* for *R. B.* 1630. | The signatures run A–I2 in fours. The leaves number thirty-four without pagination. Sig. E2 is wrongly printed D2. Leaf B4 is marked. Usually the signatures H1 and I2 are omitted. The text ends on the recto of I2. THE EDITION OF 1630.

Copies with the short imprint are reckoned the more valuable, though they seem to be almost as frequently met with as those with the long imprint. Copies with the SHORT IMPRINT, 1630.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 40), which measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$, was acquired on November 9, 1858, from J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted this manuscript note:—'Most copies of this edition vary considerably in the title-page. See my other copy which has quite a different imprint. The present is of great rarity, if not unique.' The top of leaf C3 has been torn and mended. No. XL. British Museum copy.

The copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington measures $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$. Inside the cover is pasted a manuscript note, presented to Dyce by Halliwell[-Phillipps], pointing out the rarity of the short imprint. No. XLI. Dyce copy.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library measures $6\frac{11}{16}'' \times 5''$, and is bound in red morocco. It was presented to the University in 1872 by Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted a note describing its excessive rarity. No. XLII. Edinburgh University copy.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, and was sold in 1857, at the sale of the library of E. V. Utterson, for four guineas. No. XLIII. Lenox collection, New York Public Library.

THE EDITION OF 1630.
No. XLIV. Barton copy, Boston Public Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library was acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1858 for £5 12*s.* 6*d.*, and was bound in green morocco by Rivière.

Untraced copies.
No. XLV. Tite copy.
No. XLVI. Lamb copy.

Of two untraced copies, one was sold at the Tite sale in 1874, to Mr. Sabin, the American agent, for four guineas, and the other at the sale of A. G. Lamb, of Dundee, February 7, 1898, to Messrs. Pickering for £1 1 5*s.* 0*d.*

COPIES WITH LONGER IMPRINT, 1630.
No. XLVII. British Museum copy.

A copy, with the longer imprint, in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39) measures $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 7\frac{3}{8}''$. It belonged to Garrick.

No. XLVIII. Bodleian copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library belonged to Malone (Malone 222). It is bound up with other pieces, and measures $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{13}{16}''$.

No. XLIX. Edinburgh University copy.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library was presented by J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1872. He seems to have paid five guineas for it. The copy belonged to Theobald, who has placed on the title-page this inscription:—'Collated wth an Old edition exactly wth the same Title Printed for T. P. 1619. L. Theobald.' At the back of the title-page is another note, signed by Theobald, stating that he had collated it also with the edition of 1609, which he calls 'another old Edition'. Marks of Theobald's collation are scattered through the volume. The title-page and a few leaves are mended. At the end of the volume, which measures $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ and is bound in morocco, three leaves from another copy of the same edition are pasted down; they show slight discrepancies of typography, which indicate that they were a first rough proof; they contain a greater number of wrong letters than appear in the ordinary copies.

No. L. Capell copy.

The copy in the Capell collection measures $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$.

No. LI. Lenox collection, New York Public Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the library of Sir Charles Aldis.

No. LII. Barton copy, Boston Public Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library, acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in May, 1857, for £5, is bound in red morocco by Bedford. The lower edge of the title-page has been clipped.

Private American owners include Mr. H. C. Folger, junior, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.

THE EDITION OF 1630.

No. LIII. Folger copy.

No. LIV. Furness copy.

A copy in the Tite sale in 1874 was purchased for £4 10*s.* 0*d.* by Mr. Sabin, the American agent.

Untraced copy.

No. LV. Tite copy.

The title-page of the 1635 edition is identical with that of 1630 save that 'Said Prince' now appears in place of 'Sayd Prince': while Shakespeare's name is now given as 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'Will Shakespeare', and there is the fresh imprint, 'Printed at *London* by *Thomas Cotes*, 1635.' The number of leaves is thirty-four as in the 1630 edition. There is no pagination. The signatures run A–I2 in fours. B4 is marked, but I2 is omitted. There is the same printer's device as in the 1619 issue, with the motto HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.

THE EDITION OF 1635.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 41) measures $6\frac{11}{16}'' \times 5\frac{1}{16}''$. The binding is in red russia, and some of the leaves are closely shaved.

No. LVI. British Museum copy.

The copy in the Bodleian is numbered Malone 875. It measures $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$, and is bound separately in nineteenth-century binding. It did not form part of the original Malone collection.

No. LVII. Bodleian copy.

Other copies are in the Capell collection (measuring $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5''$) and in the Howley Harrison Library at Canterbury Cathedral.

No. LVIII. Capell copy.

No. LIX. Canterbury Cathedral copy.

The copy at Bridgewater House, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, forms part of the library originally brought together by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater (1622–1686). The leaves have been much cut down, and the copy measures $6\frac{9}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$.

No. LX. Bridgewater House copy.

A copy bound in morocco by Bedford, which is now in the Britwell library, was sold for £15 at the sale of W. H. Crawford's Lakeland library, March 12, 1891. It seems at one time to have belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps].

No. LXI. Britwell copy.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library has on the title-page an early transcript note running: 'Left by Sir George Etherege [something obliterated

No. LXII. Lenox collection, New York Public Library.

THE EDITION OF 1635.

and undecipherable] 1689.' Etherege the dramatist died in 1691.

No. LXIII. Barton copy, Boston Public Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is in good condition, and is bound in red morocco.

No. LXIV. Perry copy, U.S.A.

Mr. Perry's copy, which was acquired with the Halliwell [-Phillipps] collection of Shakespearean rarities in 1895, measures $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$. It has the book-plates of Sir Francis Freeling and John Kershaw, and some manuscript notes by Halliwell[-Phillipps].

No. LXV. Furness copy, U.S.A.

Mr. H. H. Furness possesses an imperfect copy, which was at one time in the possession of Theobald, who has inserted many marginal notes.

No. LXVI. White copy, U.S.A.

Other American owners are Mr. W. A. White, of Brooklyn; and Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York.

No. LXVII. Folger copy, U.S.A.

Untraced copies.

The ownership of the following seven copies has not been traced with certainty:—

No. LXVIII. Tite copy.

The Tite copy, bound by Bedford, was sold to Ellis and White in 1874 for £6 10*s.* 0*d.*

No. LXIX. Sewall copy.

A copy bound in half-calf was bought at the sale of Mr. Henry F. Sewall's library by Bangs & Co. of New York in January, 1897, for £13.

Nos. LXX, LXXI. Cosens copies.

Two copies belonging to F. W. Cosens were sold Nov. 11, 1890, to Messrs. Pickering; one bound by Zaehnsdorf in morocco for £14 5*s.* 0*d.*; the other, with head-lines cut into, for £12 5*s.* 0*d.*

No. LXXII. Tyrrell copy.

A copy belonging to Lieut.-Col. Walter R. Tyrrell was sold at Christie, Manson & Woods', Dec. 7, 1891, to Mr. Ellis, the London bookseller, for £8 15*s.* 0*d.*

No. LXXIII.

A copy, unbound, was sold July 18, 1900, to Messrs. Pickering for £21 10*s.* 0*d.*

No. LXXIV.

A large and unwashed copy, bound in morocco by Rivière, was sold at Sotheby's, May 16, 1901, to Messrs. Pickering for £66, the highest price which this edition has yet reached.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

Aaron, D. H.
Abel, Henry.
Aberdeen University Library.
Adam, Peter.
Adam, William.
Adams, Samuel.
Adelaide Public Library.
Adelaide University Library.
Aldenham, Lord.
Allen, E. G., & Son.
Allen, W. T.
Anderson, William.
Andrews, F. E.
Arnold, A. A.
Arnold, William H.
Asher, A., & Co.
Athenæum Club.
Bain, J.
Bains, W. M.
Baker, J., & Son.
Bang, W.
Bangs, L. W.
Barratt, Thomas J.
Barrett, Thomas.
Bartlett, A.
Bates, E. B.
Battersea, Lord.
Baxter, F. W.
Bellars, W. B.
Berlin, Königliche Bibliothek.
Bickers & Son.
Billson, Charles James.
Birkenhead Public Library.
Birmingham Corporation Reference Library.
Birmingham University Library.
Blackwell, B. H.
Bland, F. M.
Boden, J.
Bonn, Königliche Universitäts-Bibliothek.
Boston Athenæum Library, Boston, U.S.A.
Boston Public Library, Mass., U.S.A.
Bouton, The Estate, J. W.
Bowen, Henry J.
Breadalbane, The Marchioness of.
Brentano's.
Bretherton, H. J.
Brooke, The Rev. Stopford A.
Brooks, The Rev. C. C.
Brophy, Michael M.
Brown, G. B.
Brown, Thomas.
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THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie, aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince:

As also,

The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter *MARIANA.*

As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side.

By William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c.
1609.

The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a Song that old was ſung,
From aſhes, auntient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eyes:
It hath been ſung at Feaſtiuals,
On Ember eues, and Holydayes:
And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
Haue red it for reſtoratiues:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in thoſe latter times,
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your Wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you, like Taper light.
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefeſt Seats.
The fayreſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſaye:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So buckſome, blith, and full of face,
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Inceſt did prouoke:
Bad child, worſe father, to intice his owne

I. 1–27

To euill, ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, account'd no ſinne;
The beautie of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To ſeeke her as a bedfellow,
In maryage pleaſures, playfellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe:
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle tould, not, loſt his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grimme lookes do teſtifie.
What now enſues, to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her prayſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterpriſe.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* rained,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her preſence,
The Seanate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her, their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughtēr.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer racte, and teaſtie wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and ſway in loue;
That haue enflamde deſire in my breaſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee ſtandes this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory; which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt die:
Yon ſometimes famous Princes, like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, aduentrous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeachleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without couering, ſaue yon field of Starres,
Heere they ſtand Martyrs ſlaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes, aduiſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on deaths net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. *Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortalitie to know it ſelfe;
And by thoſe feareful obiectes, to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For Death remembered ſhould be like a myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to truſt it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as ſicke men doe,
Who know the World, ſee Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earſt they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince ſhould doe;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnſpotted fire of Loue, to you:
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wayte the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.
Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,
But faythfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a Father;
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband mild;
I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue resolue it you.

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you powers!
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayde your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhowne.
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſtes
Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſsion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *loue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *loue* doth ill:
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the Wombe that their firſt beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſinterpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time, our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Peri. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which pleaſures fittes a husband, not a father)
And ſhee an eater of her Mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they Poyſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for Wiſedome ſees thoſe men,
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murther's as neere to Luſt, as Flame to Smoake:
Poyſon and Treaſon are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head:
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thali. Doth your highnes call?

Antio. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde partakes her priuat actions,
To your ſecrecie; and for your faythfulnes,
We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:
Behold, heere's Poyſon, and heere's Gold:
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fittes thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thali. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Antio. As thou wilt liue, fie after, and like an arrow shot from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs, why shold this chãge of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me so vsde a guest, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe stould sleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life, by care
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor boots it me to say. I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,
Which care of them,not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine,and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace,peace,and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered,but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate,and stronger
Glowing,whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men,for they may erre,
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince paadon me,or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else:but let your cares ore-looke,
What shipping,and what ladings in our hauen,
And then returne to vs,*Hellicans* thou hast
Moouede vs,what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nourishment?
Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from (thee.
Hel. I haue ground the Axe my selfe,
Doe but you strike the blowe.
Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee fort, and heauē forbid
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Sit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?
Hel. To beare with patience such griefes as you your selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.
Per. Thou speakst like a Physition *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a potion vnto me:
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propogate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest harke in thine eare, as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seemd my good protector, and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed,
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,
And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprou'dst me sort.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood frõ my cheekes,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leaue to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuat treason,
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie, if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.
The care I had and haue of subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who thinks not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,
That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,
Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard solus.

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: t'is daungerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't: for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Hush't, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords.

Helli. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre* further to question mee of your kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicensed of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'de so: and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please: hee scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'le present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Act. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire, as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our toungs and sorrowes to sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till toungs fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. Ile doe my best Syr.

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clowds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cle. But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouernour?

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst in

in haſt, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcryed vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portlie ſaile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſuccede as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours, ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadie,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like himnes vntuterd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhowe, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt,
If warres, wee are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo wee heare you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian Horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, riſe; we do not looke for reuerence,
But for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & men.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our ſelues,
The Curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when the which (I hope) ſhall neare be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.
Per. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then, as men ſhould bee,
Till he hath paſt neceſsitie:
I'le ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is writ, he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidinges to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dombe shew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the traine with them: Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles, Pericles *shewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him. Exit* Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Helicon* that stayde at home,
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his prince desire,
Sau'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliart* came full bent with sinne,
And hid in Tent to murdred him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffize the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fiſher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maiſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirr'ſt now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Maiſter, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were caſt away before vs euen now.
1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it grieued my heart to heare,
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarce helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maiſter, ſayd not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay they're halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maiſter, I maruell how the Fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why, as Men doe a-land;
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers to nothing ſo fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallow'd
The whole Parith, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A prettie morall.
3. But Maiſter, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed mee too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Belles, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. *Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honeſt Fiſher-men.

2. Honeſt good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:
Hee askes of you, that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buried.

1. Die

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend: You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle: But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir; doe you know vvhere yee are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pentapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney: And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man can not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at last; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yeat that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge euen as he left his life,
Keepe it my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
I'le pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'le shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it: and the Gods gine thee good an't.

2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters: there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe

Vpon

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.
2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.
Per. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?
1. Lord. They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
To present them selues.
King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing wonder at.
Tha. It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.
King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
T is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.
Tha. Which to preserue mine honour, I'le performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?
Tha. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tha. A

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolcera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight. Kin.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. Kin.* What is the fourth,

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Quis me alit me extinguit.*

Kin. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight. Thai.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. Kin.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

Kin. A pretty morrall frō the deiected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shouts, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.
Tha. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.
Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.
King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Peri. Some other is more fit.
1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.
Peri. You are right courtious Knights.
King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.
Tha. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauery,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.
Kin. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

Or so; so let it passe.

Tha. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other, in this royall presence.

King. Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-
As if the entertainement in our Court, (choly,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa.*

Tha. What is't to me, my father?

king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moue me else.

Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

king.

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
Tha. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.
Peri. I thanke him.
Tha. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Tha. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?
Peri. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes:
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men;
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.
Tha. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*: who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.
king. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels:
Euen in your Armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuse with saying this,
Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Measures are as excellent.
Peri. In those that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Peri. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this heynous
Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.
Escanes. T'was very strange.
Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,
But sinne had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.
2. Lord. It shall no longer grieue, without reprofe.
3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.
1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.
1. Lord. Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'le ſeeke him out:
If in his Graue he reſt, wee'le find him there,
And be reſolued he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cauſe to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe death in deed, the ſtrongeſt in our ſenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus ſubmit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellicane*.

Hell. Try honours cauſe; forbeare your ſuffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wiſh, I leape into the ſeas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts eaſe)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbeare the abſence of your King;
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
I ſhall with aged patience beare your yoake:
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe ſearch like nobles, like noble ſubiects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wiſedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld:
And ſince Lord *Hellicane* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauour.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claſpe hands:
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer ſtands.

Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore, the Knightes meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)
king. Fayth, by no meanes, shee hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cynthya* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.
3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
king. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.
Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
king. Sir, you are Musickes maister.
Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)
king. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?
Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.
king. And she is faire too, is she not?
Peri. As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

king.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Peri. I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.
king. She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of *Tyre*?
T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Peri. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
king. Traytor, thou lyest.
Peri. Traytor?
king. I, traytor.
Peri. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.
Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie.
king. No? heere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire.
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any tilable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

At

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad on't with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Tha. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Pers. Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Ambo. Yes, if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eacht,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

Enter Pericles *and* Symonides *at one dore with attendantes, a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lords kneele to him; then enter* Thaysa *with child, with* Lichorida *a nurse, the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Perycles* the carefull search,
By the fower opposing Crignes,
Which the world togeather ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and sayle and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helycanus* would set on
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, hee there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twise sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Iranyshed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; their veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mou'd,
Varies againe, the griſled North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare:
And what enſues in this fell ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke
The ſeas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble ſulphirous flaſhes: ô How *Lychorida!*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the ſea-mans Whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the eares of death
Vnheard *Lychorida? Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patrioneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe that cry by-night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauayles? now *Lychorida.*

Enter

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Peri. How? how *Lychorida?*
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſsiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. Sayl. Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou:
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. Sayl. But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board; the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lyes sir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,
Must cast thee scarcly Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must orewelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: ô *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chist beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meat for these poore men,
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.

Seru. I haue been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured:

Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.*Gent.* Good morrow.

2.*Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,

Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1.*Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

2.*Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1.*Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship,
Hauing rich tire about you, should at these early howers,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with Paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

I haue togeather with my practize, made famyliar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2.Gent. Your honour has through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your perſonall payne,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chiſt.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Chiſt; tis of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2.Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2.Gent. T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe tis caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2.Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2.Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured with full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, perfect mee in the Characters:

Heere

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue lost*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King:
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,
The Gods requit his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2.Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:
I heard of an *Egiptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
Who was by good apply aunce recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:
The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?
The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'st aboue fiue howers:
See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1.Gent. The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praysed water doth appeare,
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shee moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What

What world is this?

2.*Gent.* Is not this ſtrange? 1.*Gent.* Moſt rare.

Ceri. Huſh (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
To the next Chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter muſt be lookt to for her relapſe
Is mortall: come, come; and *Eſcelapius* guide vs.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharſus, with Cleon and Dionisa.

Per. Moſt honor'd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone, my twelue
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* ſtandes in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulneſſe,
The Gods make vp the reſt vpon you.

Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tally

Di. O your ſweet Queene! that the ſtrict fates had pleaſ'd,
you had brought her hither to haue bleſt mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for ſhe was borne at ſea, I haue named ſo,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manere'd as ſhe is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers ſtill fall vpon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglection ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duety: but if to that,
My nature neede a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till ſhe be maried,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good Madame, make me bleſſed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath ſhore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentleſt winds of heauen.

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deereſt Madame, O no teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your litle Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Tharſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea I well remember, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly ſay : but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votariſſe.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, shee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records with mone, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayses, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might ſtand peerleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poſt one the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer ſhall bee knowne, thou canſt not doe a thing in the worlde ſo ſoone to yeelde thee ſo much profite: let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming, thy loue boſome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pittie which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her.
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,
Thou art reſolude.

Leon. I am reſolude.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to ſtrowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth laſt: Aye me poore maid,

borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide, this world to me is a laſting ſtorme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe yow keep alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruãt.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect him here, when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mari. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt, remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mari. My thanks ſweete Madame, Is this wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mari. My father, as nurſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed good

good sea-mew to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping industrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come say your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it, pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

Mari. Why would shee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing creature: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept fort. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and saue poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pira. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue

her aboord ſodainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine
Whome they haue rauiſht, muſt by mee be ſlaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Searche the market narrowely, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. Wee were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones whatere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conſcience to be vſde in euerie trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſayſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, but ſhall I ſearche the market?

Bawde. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pandar. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnwholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhe made him roaſt-meate for wormes, but Ile goe ſearche the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could picke vp ſome prettie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wilbe ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come other ſorts offend as well as wee.

Pand. As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo, if not I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. *Boult*, has ſhee anie qualities?

Boult. Shee has a good face, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presenly, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pease.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Baud. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feed you, men ſtir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almoſt to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prethee tell me, how doſt thou find the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers teſtament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie deſcription.

Baud. We ſhall haue him here to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounſieur Verollus*?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his diſeaſe hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, wee ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profite, where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers ſeldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home Miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt bee quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome doe, and ſome doe not, but Miſtreſſe if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changd yet.

Baud. *Boult*, ſpend thou that in the towne: report what a ſojourner we haue, youle looſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framde this peece, ſhee meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles as my giuing out her beautie ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, kniues ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpoſe.

Baud. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much lesse in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earthith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child?

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, not euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilest ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittring golde characters expres

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that supersticiously,
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our sceanes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while,
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gour. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,
Thetis being prowd, swallowed some part ath'earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis byrth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint,
Make raging Battery vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villanie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered;
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
In her vnholie seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin.*

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when shee should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our professiion, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualereea, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised.

Boult. Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lysim. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so t'is the better for you that your resorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

there neuer came her like in *Meteline.* (say.

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to say wel enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is shee not a faire creature?

Ly. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea. Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Ma. If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

Ma. What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend. (name it

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Ma. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeuen?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the houſe you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of ſale.

Ma. Doe you knowe this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come intoo't? I heare ſay you're of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee prettie one, my authoritie ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to ſome priuate place: Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue beene ſolde deerer then Phiſicke, that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge mee to the meaneſt byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, nere dremp't thou could'ſt, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preſerue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows ſauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curſe vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doeſt heare from me it ſhalbe for thy good.

Boult. I beſeeche your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would ſincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? wee muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breakefaſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your (wayes.

Ma. Whither would you haue mee?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cõmon hãg-man ſhal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe miſtris, ſhee has heere ſpoken holie words to the Lord *Liſimachus.*

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and ſhee ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt maliable.

Boult. And if ſhee were a thornyer peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhee ſhall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: ſhees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtitie with roſemary & baies.

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold ſo deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to bee my maſter, or rather my miſtris.

Ma. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'ſt a place for which the painedſt feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is ſuch as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may ſerue 7. yeers for the loſſe of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doeſt, emptie olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filthe, ſerue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of theſe wayes are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold ſafely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie ſchollers.

Boult.

Boult. But can you teache all this you ſpeake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And proſtitute mee to the baſeſt groome that doeth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well I will ſee what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Ma. But amongſt honeſt woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongſt them, But ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, theres no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honeſt-houſe* our Storie ſayes:
Shee ſings like one immortall, and ſhee daunces
As Goddeſſe-like to her admired layes. (ſes,
Deepe clearks ſhe dumb's, and with her neele compo-
Natures owne ſhape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art ſiſters the naturall Roſes
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the curſed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at *Anchor:* the Citie ſtriu'de
God *Neptunes Annuall* feaſt to keepe, from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe eſpies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

 And

And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you, O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Lys. Hayle reuerent Sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Li. You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hell. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one, nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

Hell Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not see him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hee will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Ly. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metiline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

Holl. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Lys. O hee'rs the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mari. I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-

ter

ter might haue beene : My Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch , as wandlike-ſtraight, as ſiluer voyſt, her eyes as Iewell-like, and caſte as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who ſtarues the eares ſhee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtraunger; from the decke , you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hyſtorie , it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, & thou ſeemeſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil beleeue thee, & make ſenſes credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou lookeſt like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camſt from good diſcending. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou ſaidſt thou hadſt beene toſt from wrong to iniurie , and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſed, and ſed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtorie, if thine conſidered proue the thouſand part of my enduraunce , thou art a man, and I haue ſuffered like a girle, yet thou doeſt looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues , and ſmiling extremitie out of act , what were thy friends? howe loſt thou thy name, my moſt kinde Virgin? recount I doe beſeech thee, Come ſit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced God ſent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would beleeue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried; well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*:
But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke mee an impoſture, no good fayth: I am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoe

Hell. Hoe, *Hellicanus?*

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise, in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee weepe.

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*; but tell mee now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Pe. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*; she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustific in knowledge, she is thy verie Princes; who is this?

 Hel. Sir

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernor of *Mitaline*, who hearing of your melancholie ſtate, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleſſe my girle,
But harke what Muſicke tell, *Hellicanus*! my *Marina*!
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat:
How, ſure you are my daughter; but what muſicke?

Hel My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Muſicke of the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly Muſicke.
It nips me vnto liſtning, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*;
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar ſacrifice; There when my maiden prieſts are met together, before the people all reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife; to mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters; call, & giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*; but I am for other ſeruice firſt;
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles;
Eftſoones Ile tell thee why; ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore, and giue you golde for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede?

Lyſ. Sir,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina.*

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee;
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin.*
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promisde to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild;
And wishes fall out as they 'r wild;
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund;
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre;*
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaisa*; at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom, O Goddesse wears, yet thy siluer liuerey; shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars

 brought

brought her to *Meteline*; gainst whose shore ryding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

Per. What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-boord with these verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

Pe. T'is most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ste her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I inuite you; looke *Thaisa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine; my sanctitie will to my sense bende no licentious eare, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you spake, like him you are; did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Th. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drowned.

Per. I, mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I knowe you better; when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindenes makes my past miseries sports; you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be

scene,

scene; O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Th. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Per. You haue heard mee say, when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord; this man through whom the Gods haue showne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer, more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall he showne you all was found with her. How shee came placde heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bless thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:-
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter seene,
Although assayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
Vertue preserd from fell destructions blast,
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.
In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,
A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemde so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

FINIS.

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